

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL





# PREVIOUSLY:

The world now knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie. Matt's old foe, the persuasive Purple Man, reemerged in San Francisco, along with his offspring, whose abilities prove to be even more compelling than their father's. When they encountered Daredevil, he was inescapably overwhelmed by their powers of intense emotional control.



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Depression is a living  
thing. It exists by  
feeding on your  
darkest moods. And it  
is always hungry.

Anything that challenges  
it--*anything*--it wants  
that thing to stop. Anything  
that makes you feel good,  
anyone who brings joy, it will  
drive away so it can grow  
without interference.

Its primary goal is to  
isolate you. At its worst,  
it will literally paralyze you  
rather than allow you to  
feel anything at all.

At its worst,  
you are numb.  
You are drained.





You are  
immobilized.

I haven't felt this way in a  
long time. But a few minutes  
ago, a band of extraordinary  
children used their empathic  
powers to stir up and amplify  
all my half-buried shadows.

The kids are gone, but the  
damage lingers, warm and  
familiar. I could be in the  
middle of Times Square right  
now, and I would still feel no  
one else's reach, no one  
else's touch.



I am  
utterly  
alone.

Except for  
the man who's  
about to  
kill me.







...TELL ME  
WHERE...MY  
DAMNABLE  
CHILDREN  
WENT...



TELL...  
ME!



I hear pieces of  
*bone* inside him, tearing  
*muscle*. I'm being  
bludgeoned by a *rag doll*--

--named  
*Killgrave*.

He sounds like his  
larynx was crushed.  
I barely recognize  
his *voice*--



NO...  
COMEBACK?  
WHAT'S...WRONG,  
MURDOCK...?



SHOULDN'T  
YOU  
*PROTEST*?



--until he starts  
croaking out his  
hypnotic *commands*,  
and my brain  
involuntarily tries  
to *obey* them.



SHOULDN'T  
YOU *BE ANGRY*?  
SHOULDN'T YOU  
PUT UP A  
*STRUGGLE*?

But that's how  
far down the pit  
I've *fallen*.

I can't even  
respond to his  
*orders*.

COME ON.  
THIS IS TOO *EASY*.  
DON'T ROB ME OF A  
VICTORY I'VE WAITED  
*YEARS* FOR.



All I can do is sink  
into the blackness. I  
can't feel pain. I can't  
move because I have  
nothing to *push*  
against. *Nothing*.

SHOW  
ME SOME  
*FEAR*.







That.



That, I  
know how  
to fight.



Get up. You have  
momentum now.  
Don't lose it.



Don't let the shadows  
pull you back in.  
Inertia is the enemy.  
Do something. Move.



Move,  
Matthew.



Okay.

That's a  
start.



NO, DAD, MATT  
HASN'T MADE A  
DECISION YET, AND  
HOW ARE YOU?

**KIRSTEN MCDUFFIE**  
and  
**FINE, HE'S DAREDEVIL, OKAY?**  
**ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?**  
**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**

BUSINESS  
IS FINE.  
EVERYTHING'S  
SWELL.

AS  
A MATTER  
OF FACT,  
YES.

MATT, IN PARTICULAR, HAS A COUPLE  
OF *VERY* IMPORTANT COURT CASES  
ON HIS DOCKET.

THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR *CONCERN*, BUT IF  
MATT ACCEPTS YOUR OFFER, IT  
WILL BE BECAUSE HE *WANTS* TO  
TELL HIS STORY, NOT BECAUSE  
HE HAS TO--

**FINAL NOTICE**  
**FINAL NOTICE**  
**FINAL NOTICE**

**KTHUNK**

DAD,  
I'LL HAVE TO  
CALL YOU  
BACK.

**BIP**

JKL 5 MNO 6  
WXYZ 9

**BIP**

1 A  
GHI 4 JKL 5

1





















JOEY. JOEY. YOU CHILDREN LEAVE A **SPOOR** OF **EMOTION** THAT I CAN **TRACK**.

THE FIVE OF YOU CAN OUTWILL ANYONE IF YOU'RE TOGETHER, IS THAT IT? POWER IN **NUMBERS** AND ALL THAT?

YOU'RE FORCING ME TO BREAK UP THE **FAMILY**, JOEY...















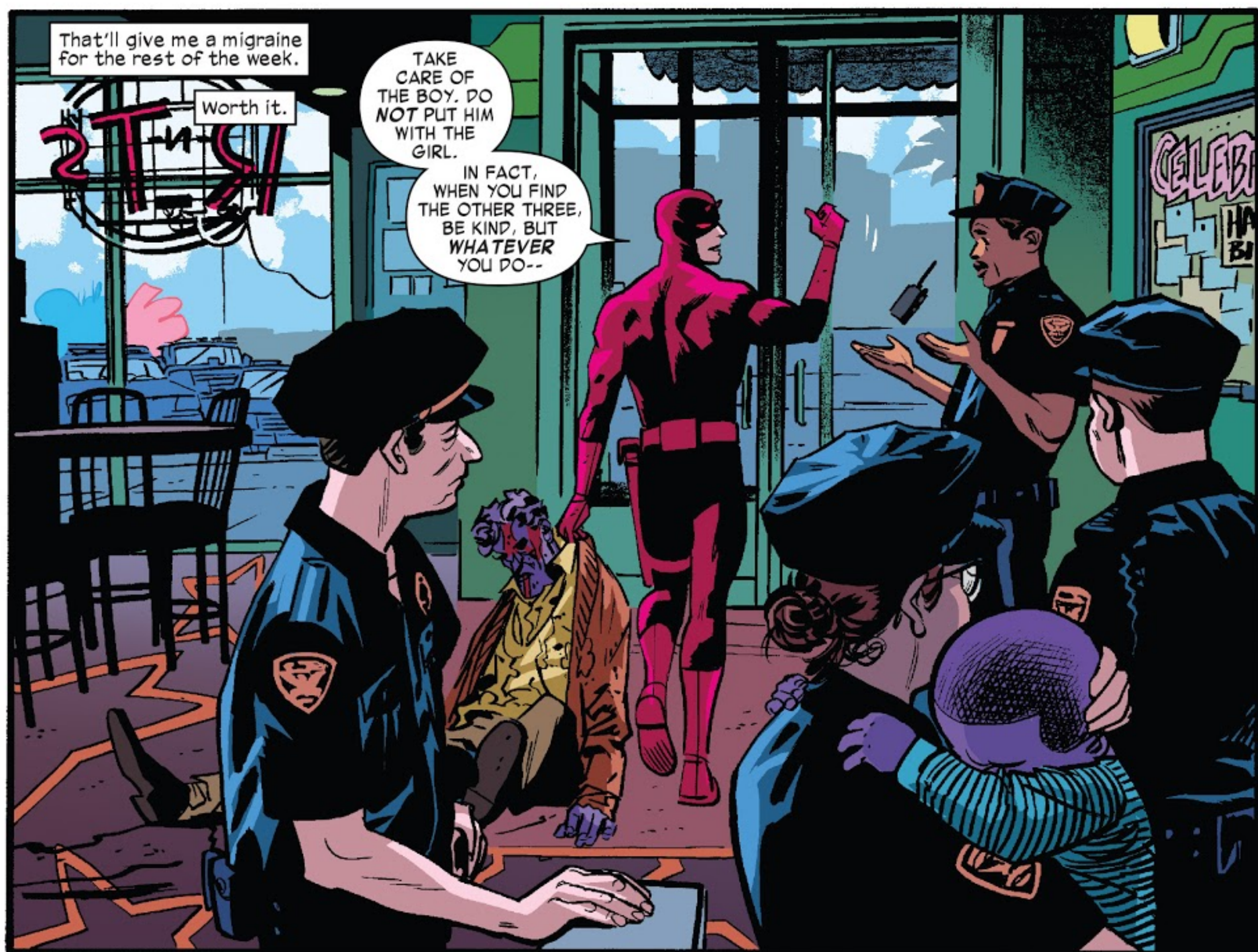




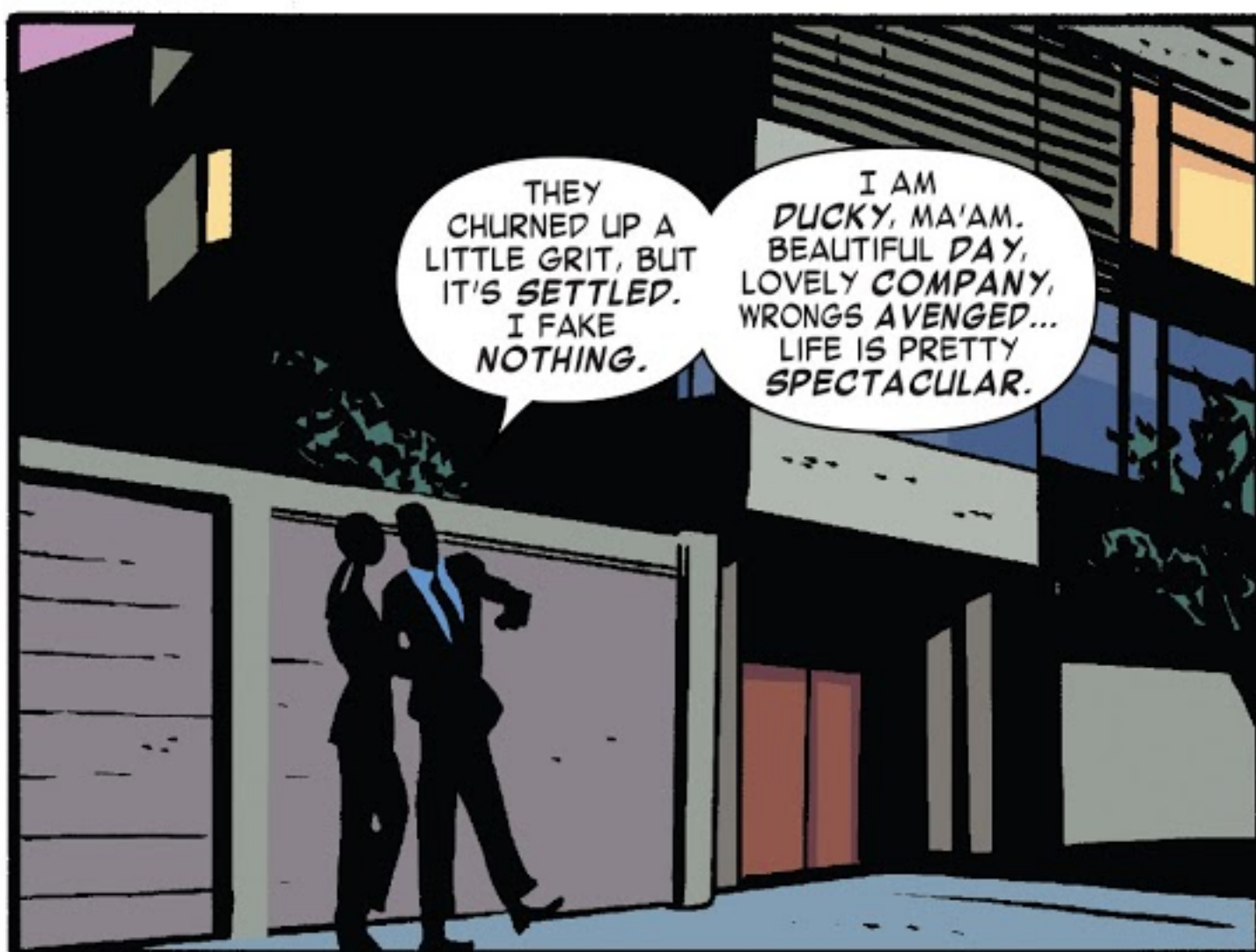
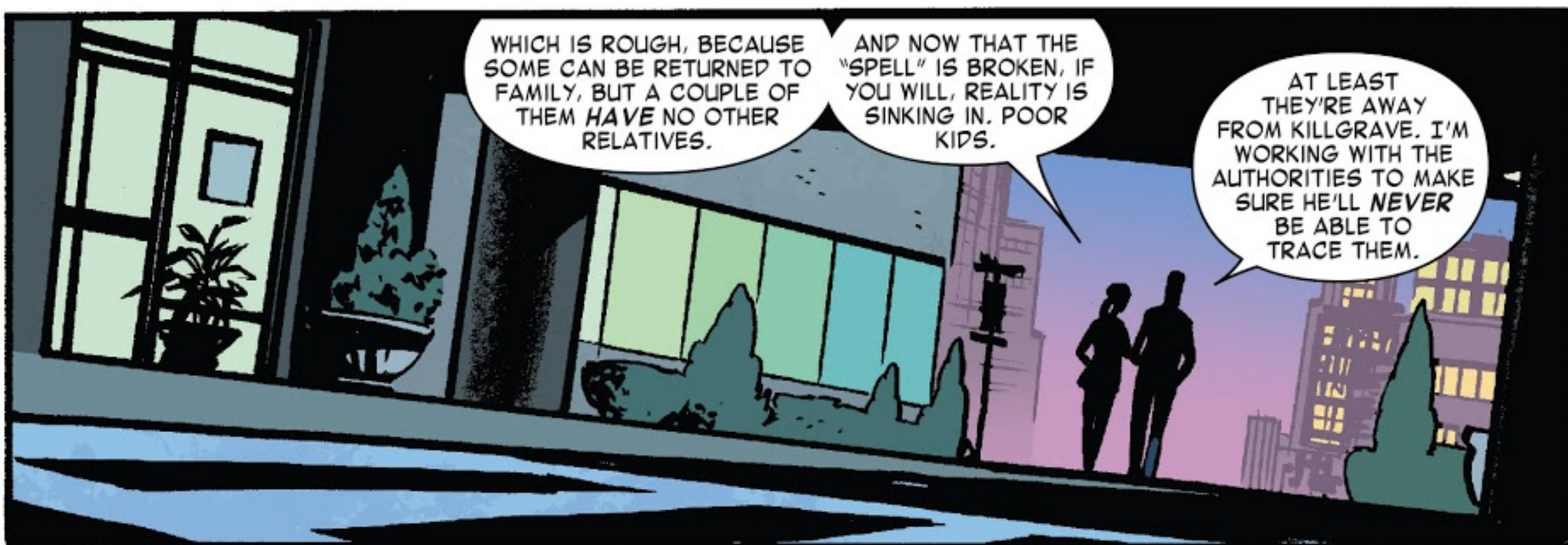
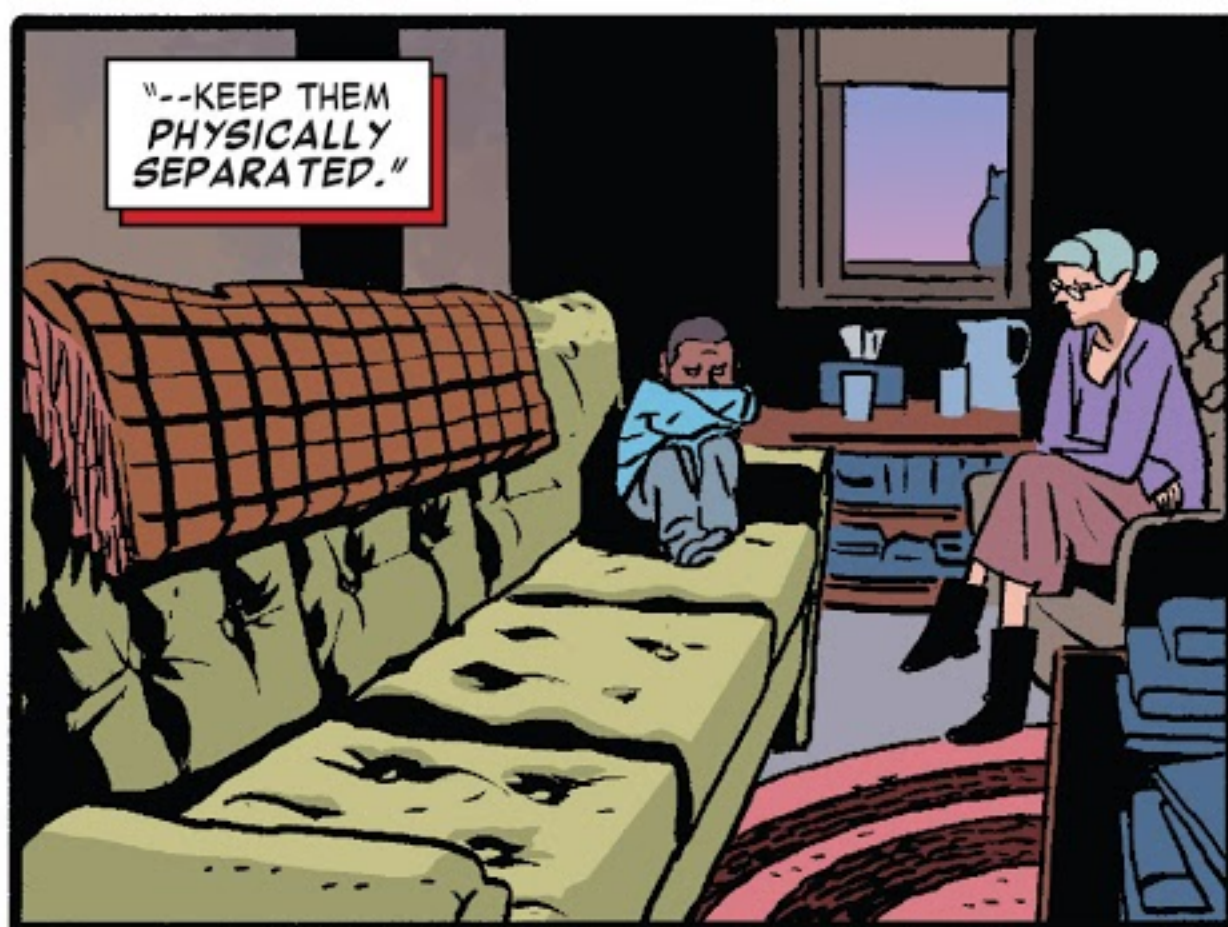


















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The world knows that blind lawyer Matt Murdock is Daredevil. After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect the people he loves, Matt came clean in a court of law. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record. In order to protect his best friend and former law partner, Foggy Nelson, from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie. With his identity out in the open, several of Daredevil's old foes have popped up in his new city, looking to get revenge. In addition to his super hero stresses, Matt was recently propositioned by Kirsten's father, a well-to-do publisher, to write an autobiography chronicling his life as The Man Without Fear.



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I'M BEING TRUTHFUL, FOGGY.

IF I'M GOING TO GHOST YOUR MEMOIRS AND MAKE SURE YOUR PUBLISHER GETS WHAT HE'S PAYING FOR, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO BE ABOUT EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS MORE TRUTHFUL.

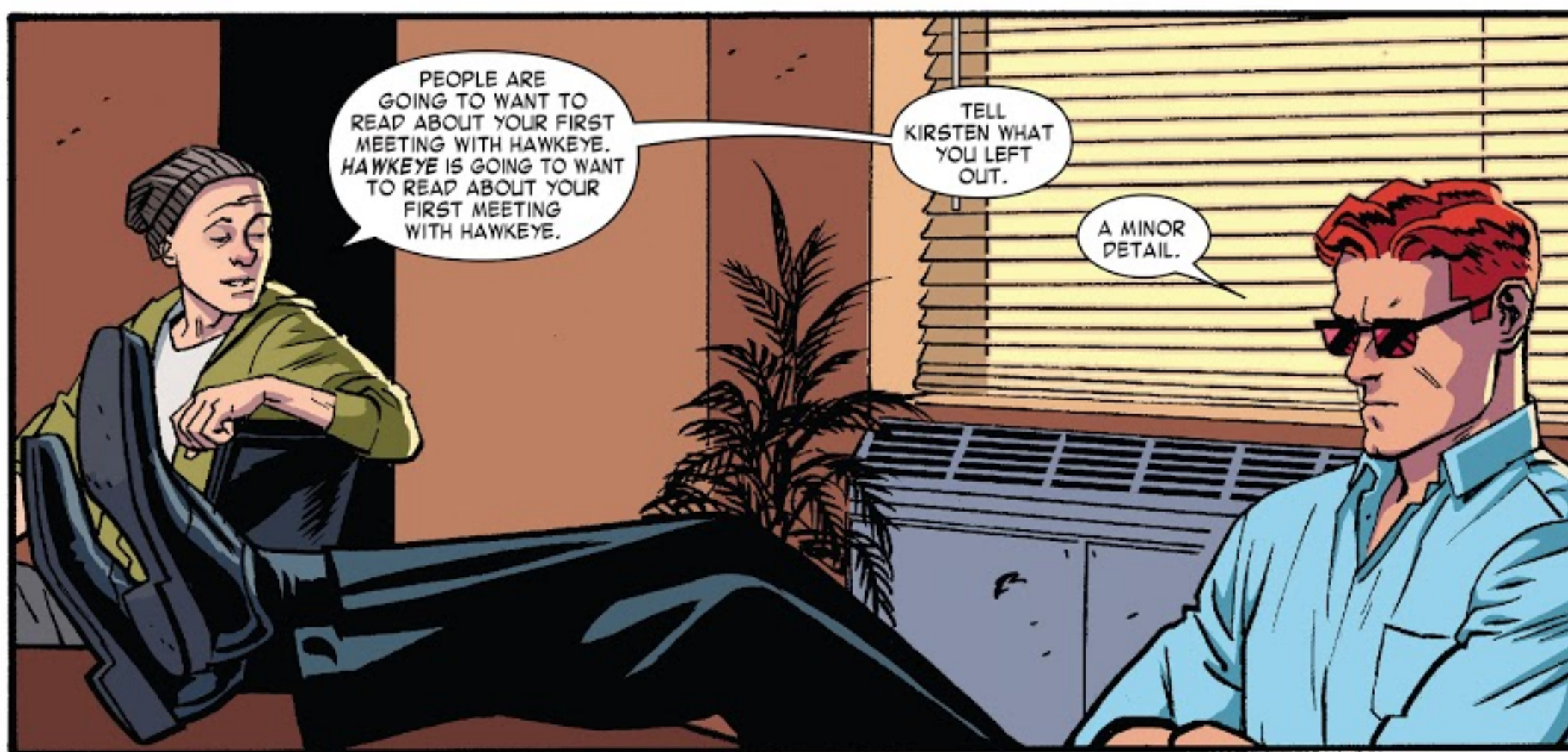


SHOWMANSHIP. YOUR FATHER WILL BE OKAY WITH A LITTLE EMBELLISHMENT HERE AND THERE, RIGHT?



YOU'RE A LAWYER.

HERE'S HOW TO REPORT THINGS. I'M GONNA SPELL THE ADVERB. YOU LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU RECOGNIZE IT. H-O-N-E-S-T-L-  
OKAY.



PEOPLE ARE GOING TO WANT TO READ ABOUT YOUR FIRST MEETING WITH HAWKEYE. HAWKEYE IS GOING TO WANT TO READ ABOUT YOUR FIRST MEETING WITH HAWKEYE.

TELL KIRSTEN WHAT YOU LEFT OUT.

A MINOR DETAIL.



THE BEST PART OF THE STORY.

"SO HAWKEYE--LIKE ALL OF US BACK THEN, NOT KNOWING THAT PAREDEVIL IS BLIND--PUTS A PHOSPHORUS ARROW TO MATT'S NOSE, AND IT ISN'T UNTIL HAWKEYE ARTICULATES UTTER CONFUSION THAT MATT REMEMBERS HIS CUE."



AAAAH!  
MY EYES! THE PAAAIN! THE PAAAAIN--!

"FUN PAREDEVIL FACT: EVERY SINGLE TIME MATT HAS TO IMPROV, HE COURSE-CORRECTS BY OVERACTING."



IT'S SO TRUE!

THEN WHAT? WHAT DID HAWKEYE DO?



OH, YOU MEAN WHILE LORD HAMBONE WAS PLAYING TO THE CHEAP SEATS? HAWKEYE FLATTENED HIM WITH ONE PUNCH.

BWAH HA HA HA HA  
"OH, THE PAAAAAIN!"



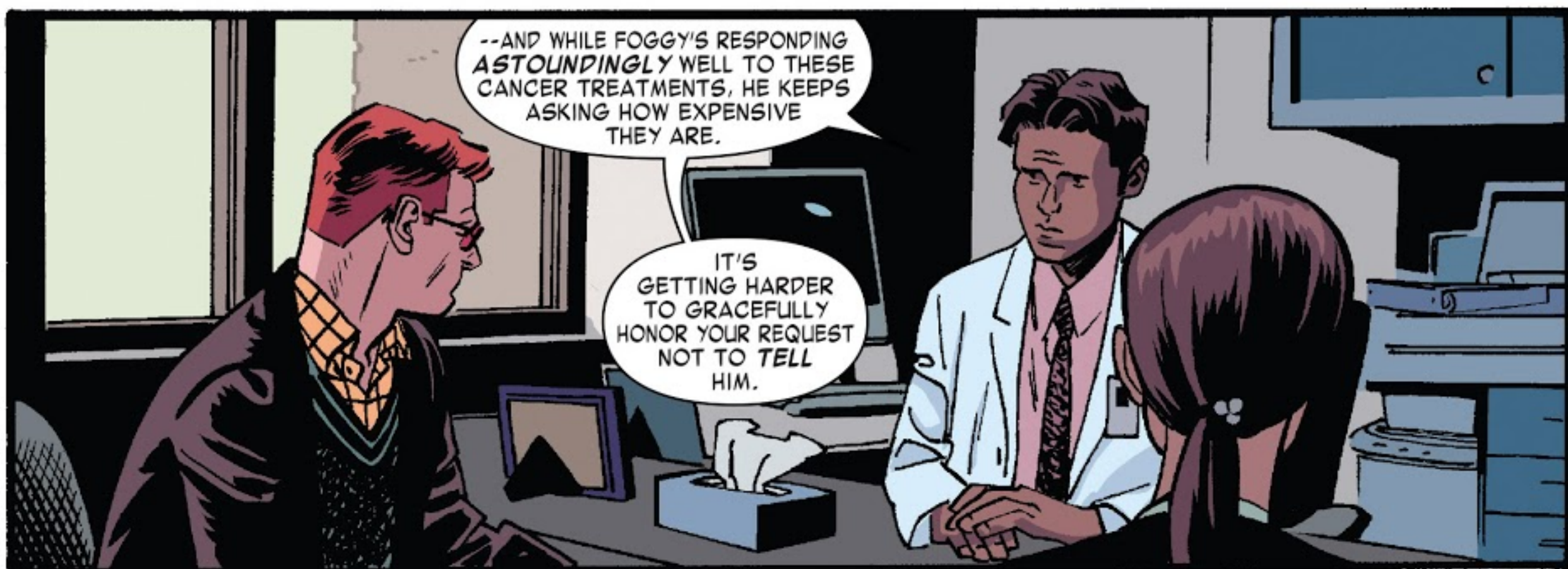
IT WAS A SECRET IDENTITY THING--

IT'S THE PERFECT SUMMATION OF YOUR ENTIRE PAREDEVIL CAREER. "I TOLD A LIE AND GOT BEATEN UP."

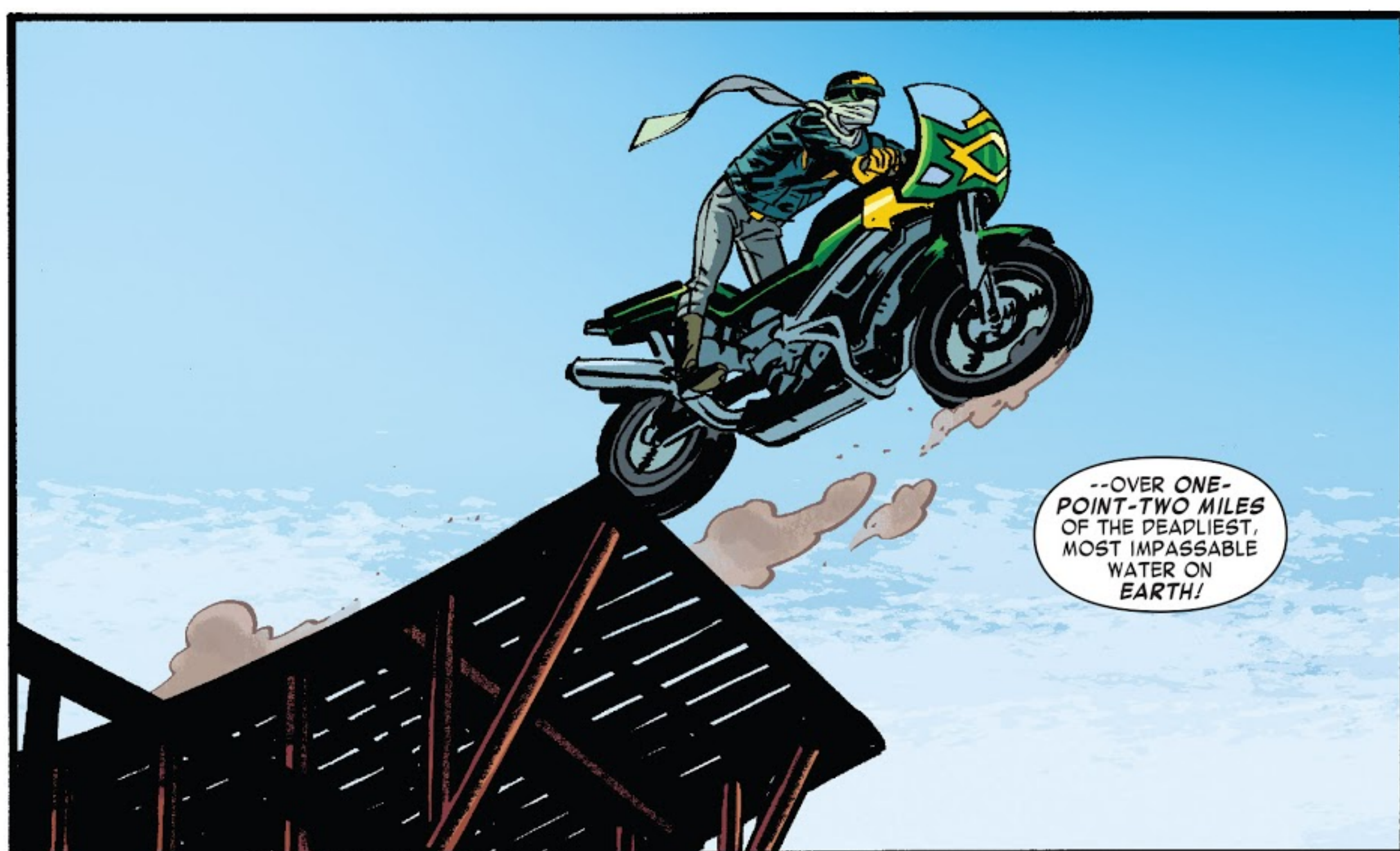
I ALREADY ORDERED IT FOR HIS TOMBSTONE.

MATT, WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. KIRSTEN'S DAD OFFERED YOU A HELL OF AN ADVANCE TO DO THIS. DO YOU WANT TO BACK OUT?





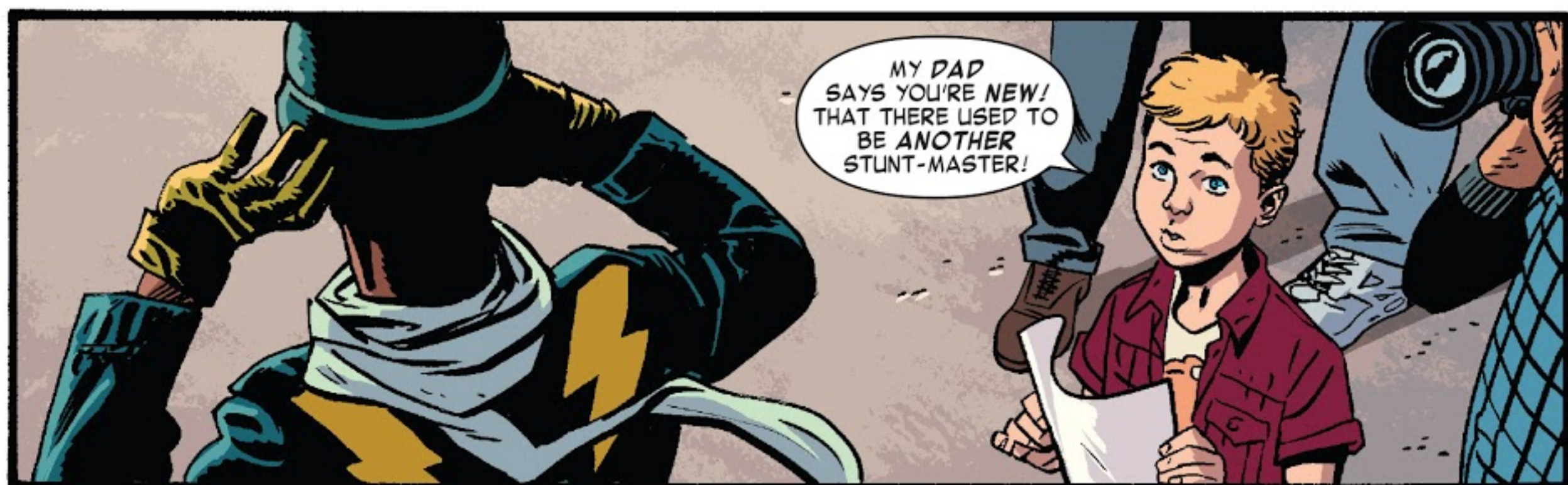
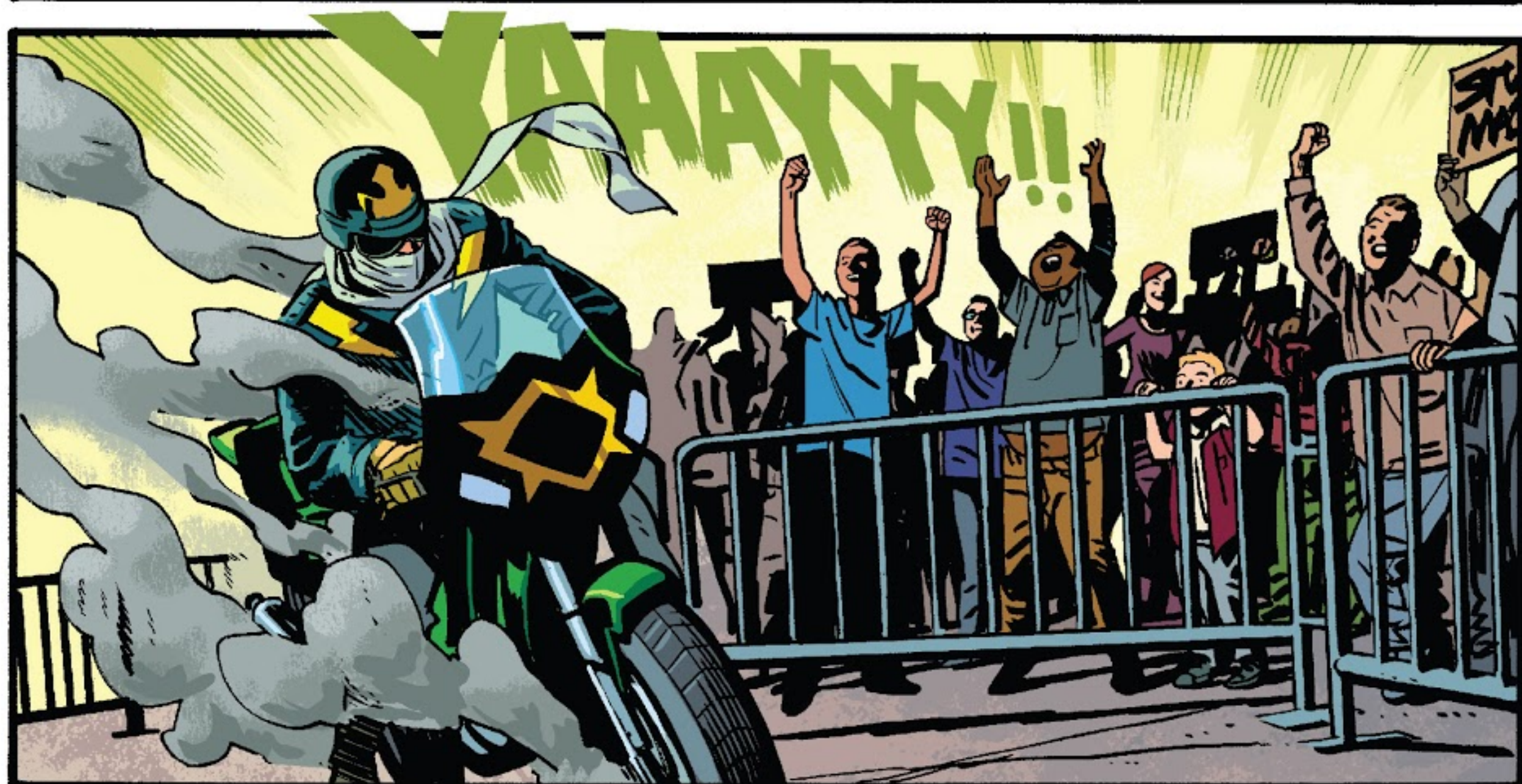




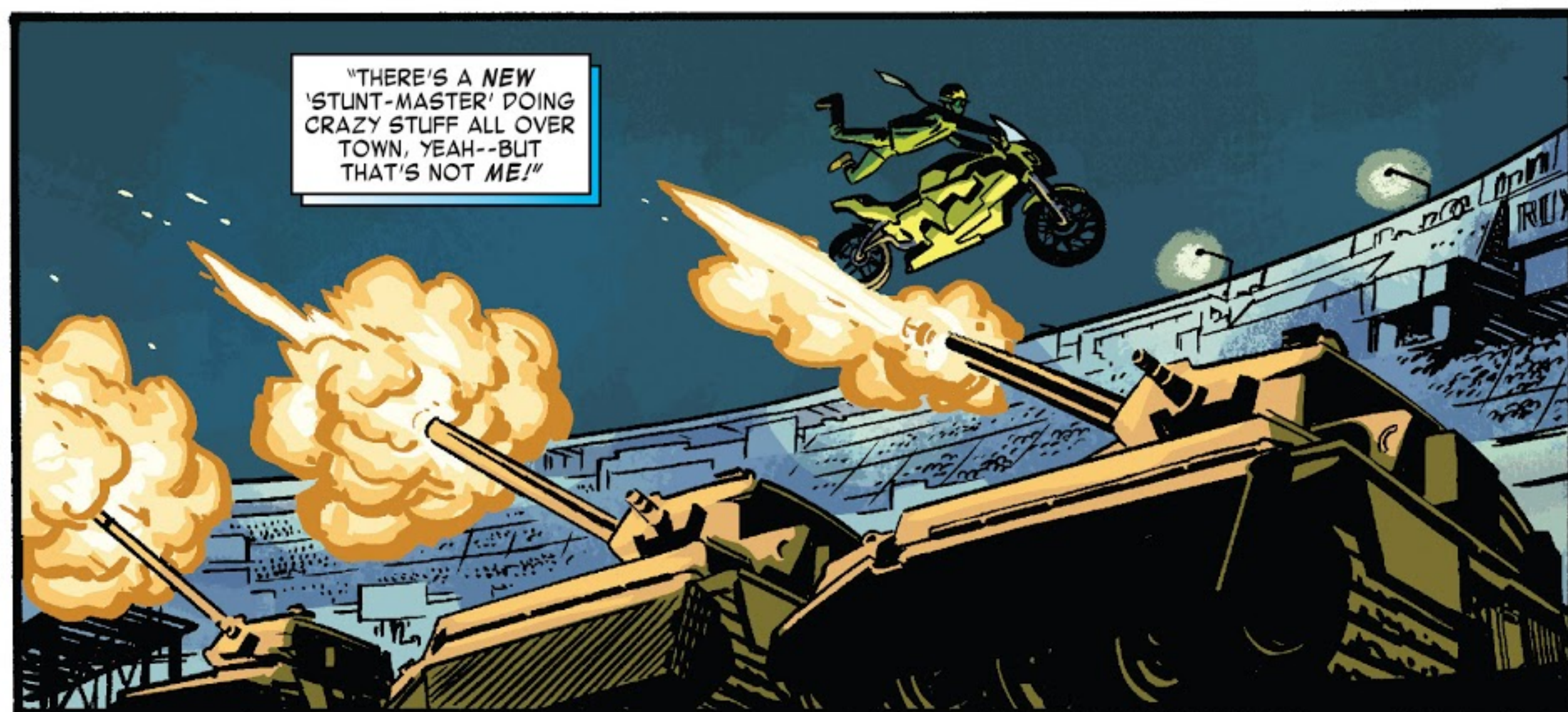














George pauses for impact (ever the showman). My heart breaks for him.

Some time back, he got rich and famous as one of the world's greatest stunt bikers. A TV show, merchandising revenue...the life.



But his jaw still clicks from the fractures. When he crosses the room, I can hear the scrape of the pins holding his bones together.



Injuries came with the job...and they eventually caught up with him, retired him.



Now his world smells of mildew and stale beer. Arturo Pani armchairs have been replaced with thrift-store love seats.

The cost of making one bad deal.



I WAS GOING THROUGH YOUR CONTRACT ON THE WAY OVER, MR. SMITH, AND I WON'T SHINE YOU ON: YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE A CASE. YOU TRY TO RECLAIM THE NAME, YOU'LL LOSE IN COURT.

FOR A FEE, YOU SIGNED ALL YOUR MERCHANDISING AND I.P. OVER TO A PRODUCTION COMPANY--

--THAT I *TRUSTED*! THEY SWORE THEY'D KEEP ME IN THE *LOOP*--GIVE ME *SAY* OVER ANY DEVELOPMENT--



AND THEY MAY HAVE BEEN SINCERE. BUT THAT CONTRACT WAS SINCE BOUGHT BY A MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION--

--THAT DOESN'T KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT *BIKES* OR *SHOW BUSINESS* OR--OR--

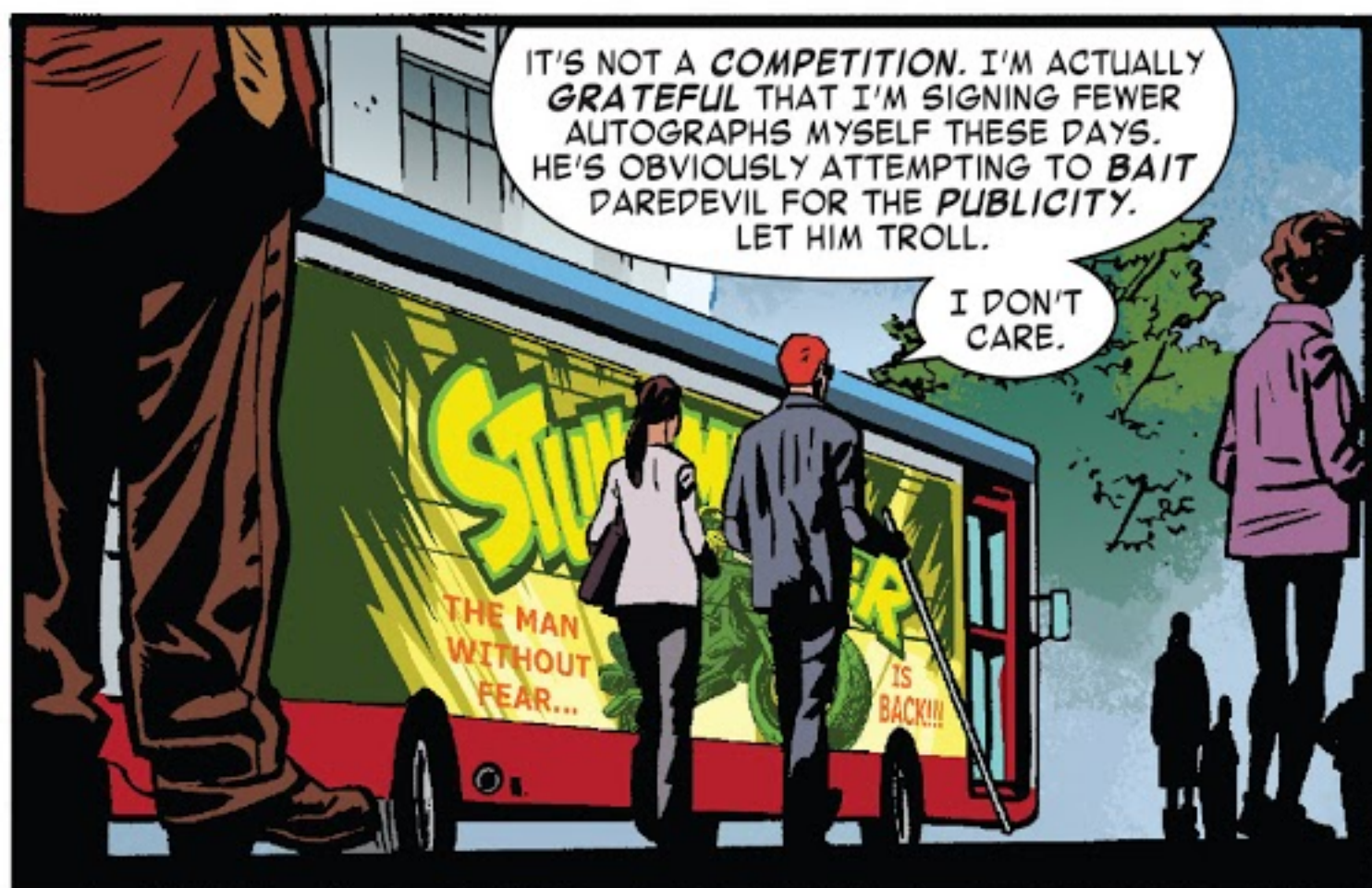
--THEY'RE A *PHARMACEUTICAL* COMPANY, FOR GOD'S SAKE!















--SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY!  
SEE THE STUNT-MASTER PERFORM  
HIS WILDEST FEAT YET AT THE  
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE--LIVE  
ON PAY-PER-VIEW!

...I SWEAR  
I'LL CALL IF I  
HAVE ANY NEWS,  
GEORGE.

YES, I  
KNOW IT'S TOUGH.  
I SYMPATHIZE. YOU'VE  
JUST GOT TO HANG IN  
THERE, BUDDY. WE'RE  
TRYING. I WISH YOU  
HADN'T GONE TO  
THE PAPERS--



BECAUSE  
NOW LEVERON AND  
THIS NEW GUY ARE  
THREATENING TO SUE YOU,  
WHICH IS UNBELIEVABLY  
LOW OF THEM,  
BUT--

GEORGE,  
NO. STOP. WE'RE  
NOT GOING TO LET  
YOU LOSE EVERYTHING,  
OKAY? FIND SOMEONE  
TO TALK TO. PHONE  
ME BACK IF  
YOU NEED.



DAREDEVIL, THIS  
IS THE STUNT-MASTER!  
IF YOU'RE LISTENING, SWING  
ON BY THIS SUNDAY! LET'S  
FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL  
WHO THE TRUE MAN WITHOUT  
FEAR IS IN THIS TOWN--  
IF YOU DARE!

TURN  
THAT  
OFF.

GETTING  
TO YOU? IT SHOULD.  
I GOT A CALL TODAY FROM  
YOUR PUBLISHER, WHO WISHES  
TO REMIND YOU THAT "MAN  
WITHOUT FEAR" IS TENTATIVELY  
THE NAME OF YOUR BOOK,  
AND THIS IS BAD  
PUBLICITY.



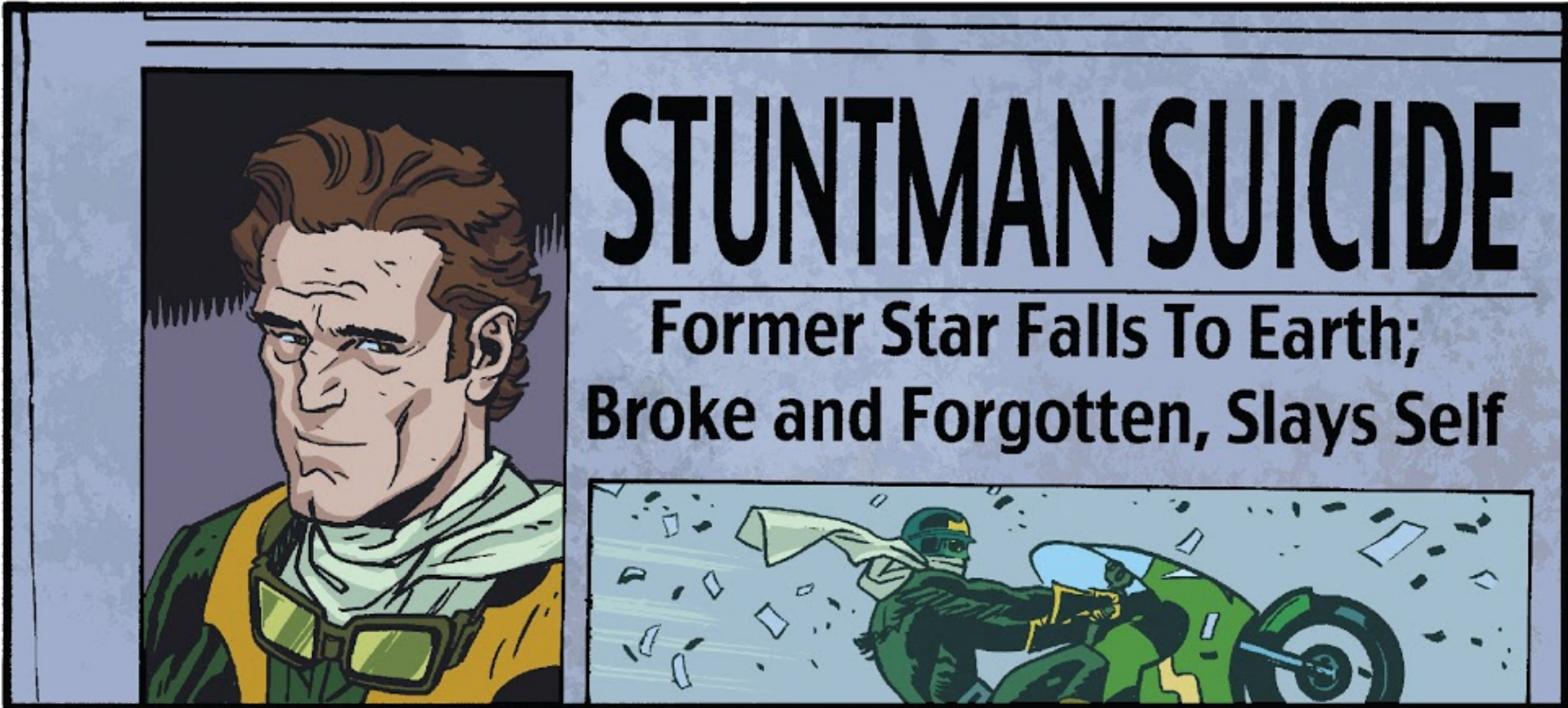
I REPEAT: I WILL NOT BE CALLED  
OUT BY A CHUMP ON A BIKE. IF  
ANYTHING, I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT  
GET INVOLVED AS DAREDEVIL ON ANY  
LEVEL BECAUSE IT MUDDIES OUR  
CASE WITH PETTINESS.



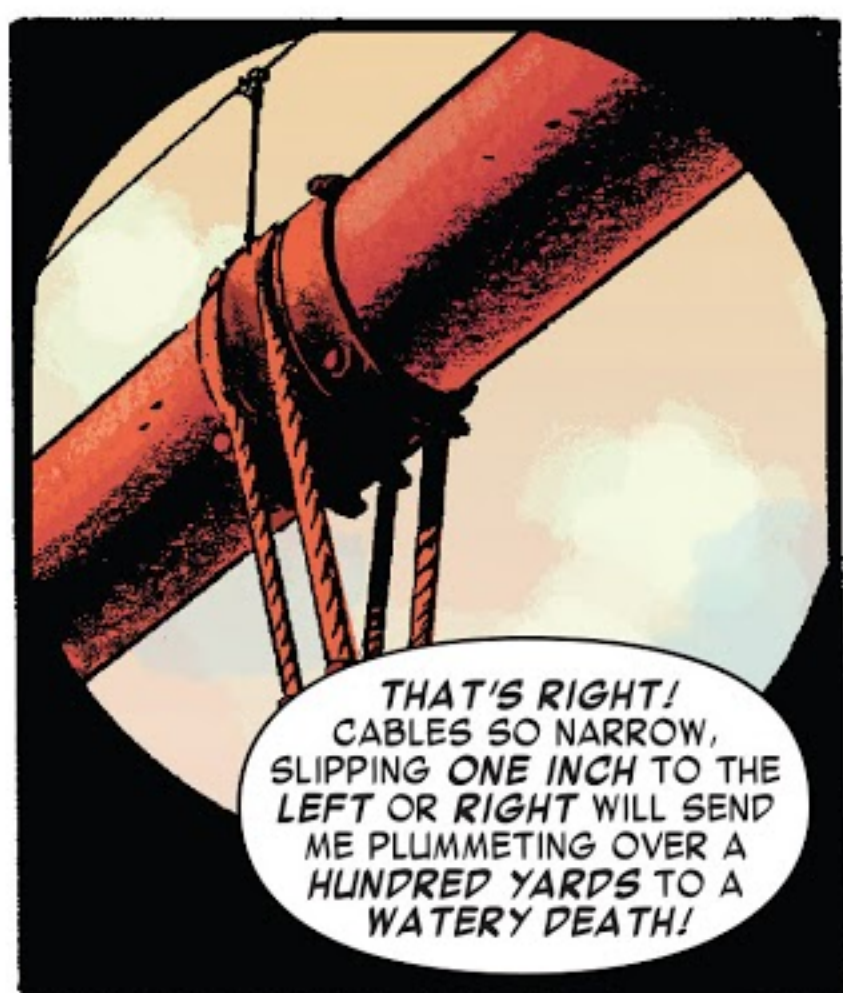
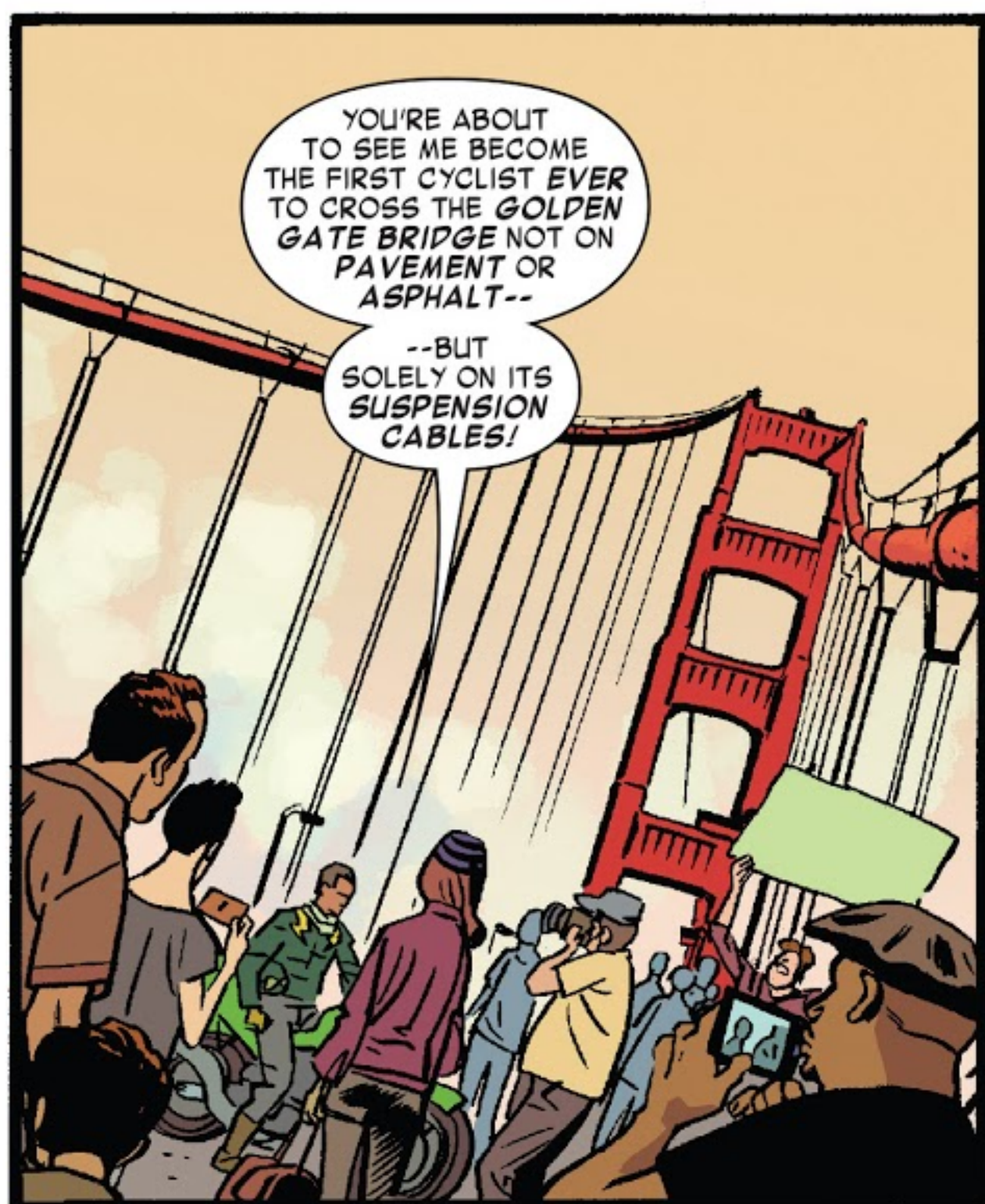
HE WANTS A  
SPECTACLE?

I  
DO NOT  
CARE.

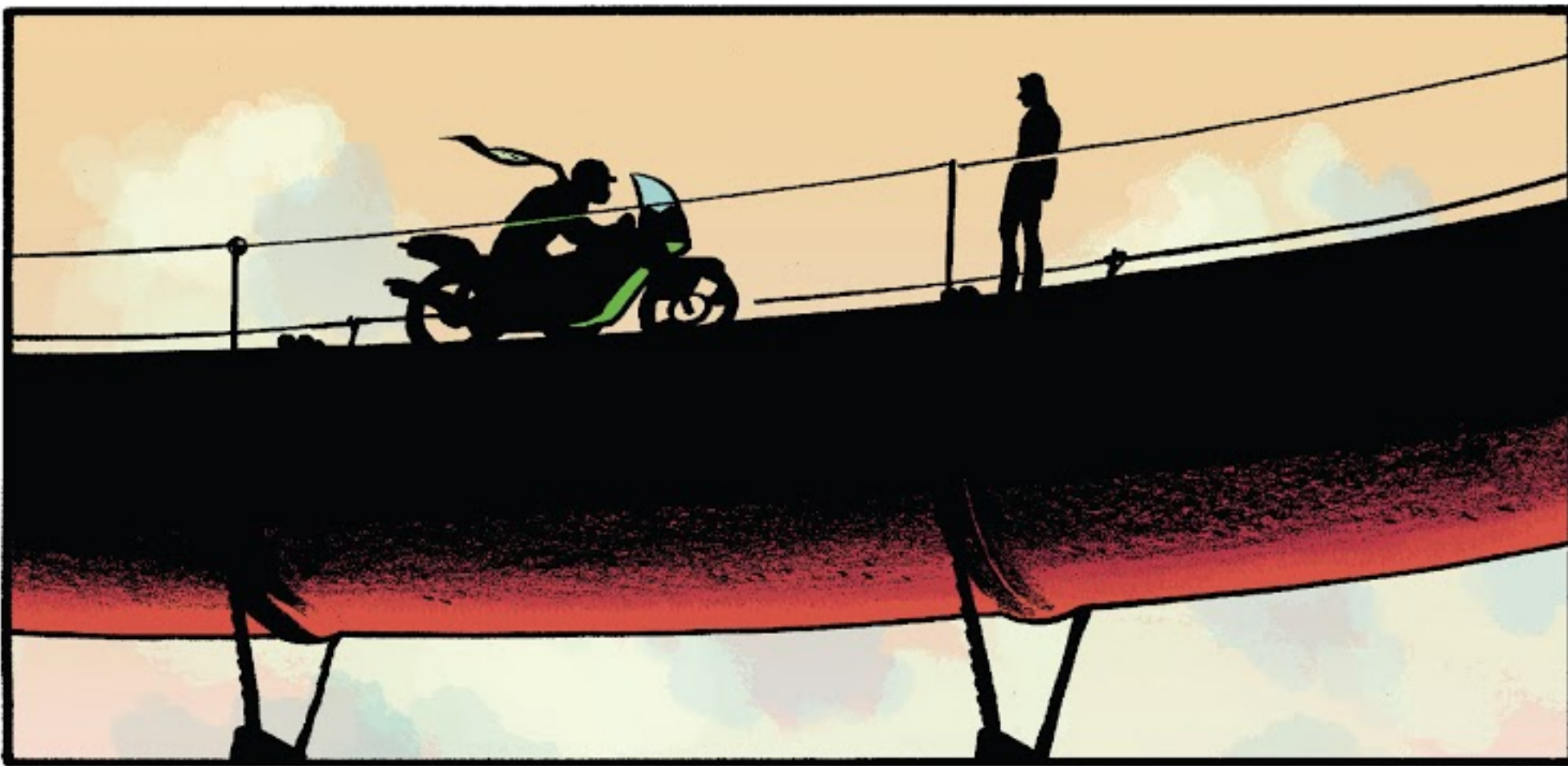
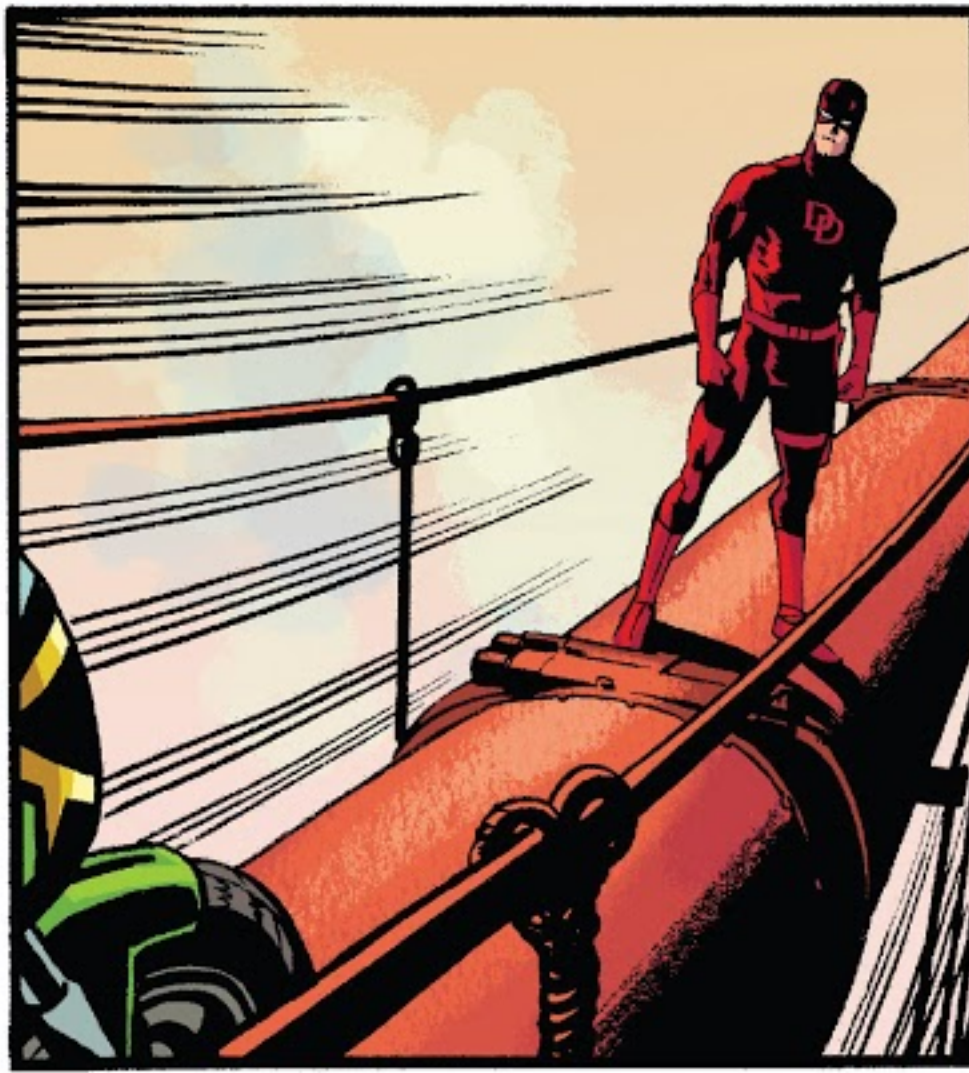
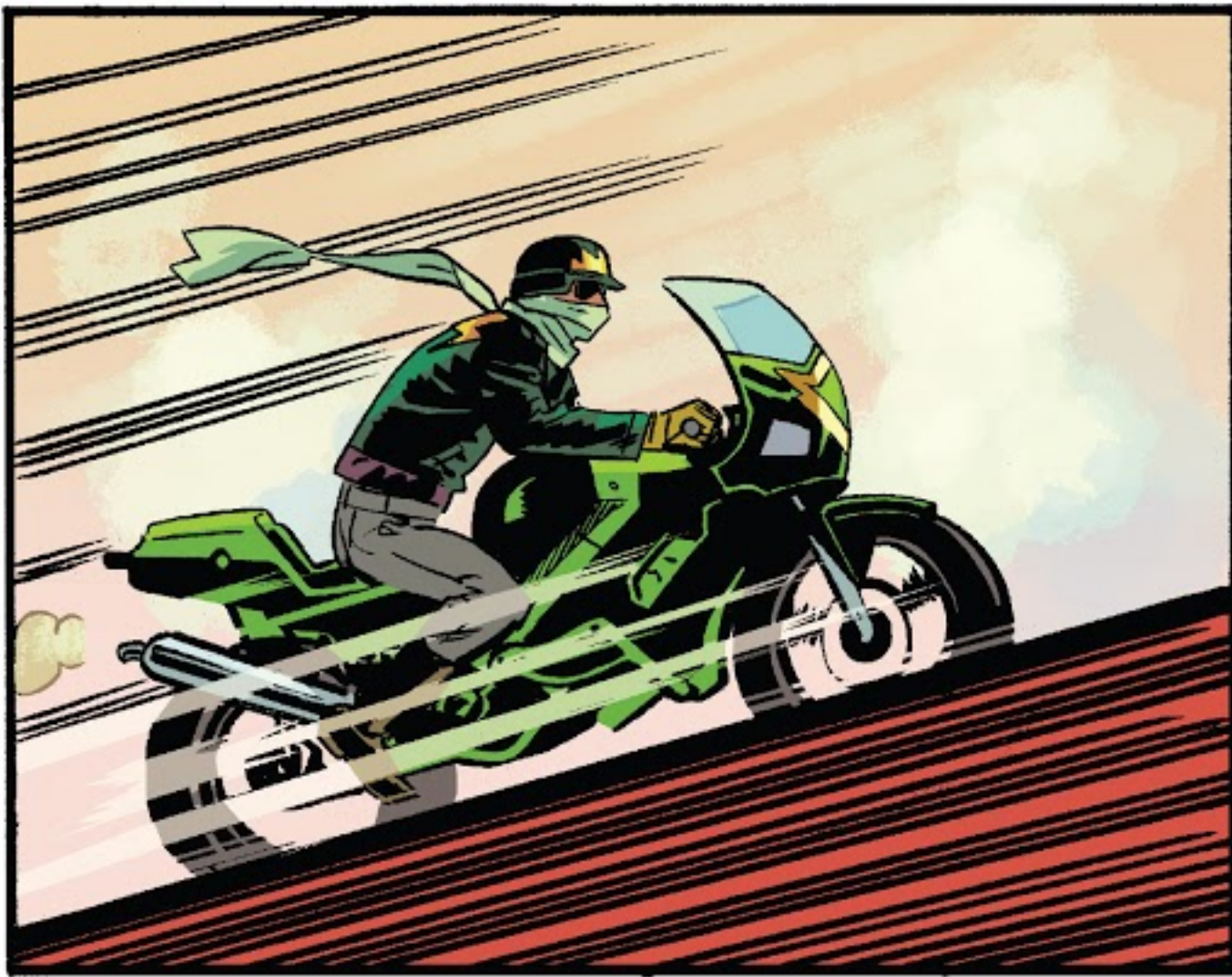
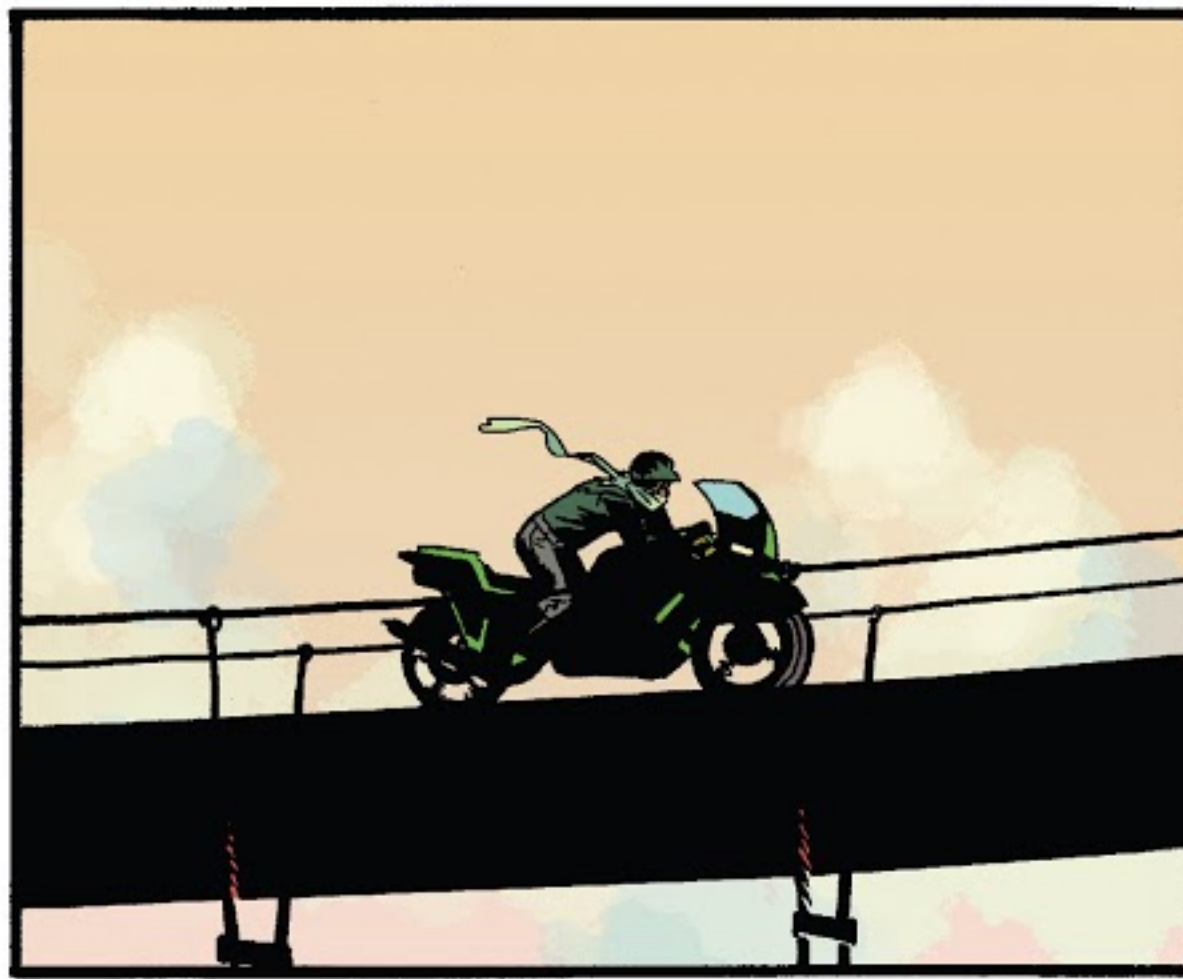








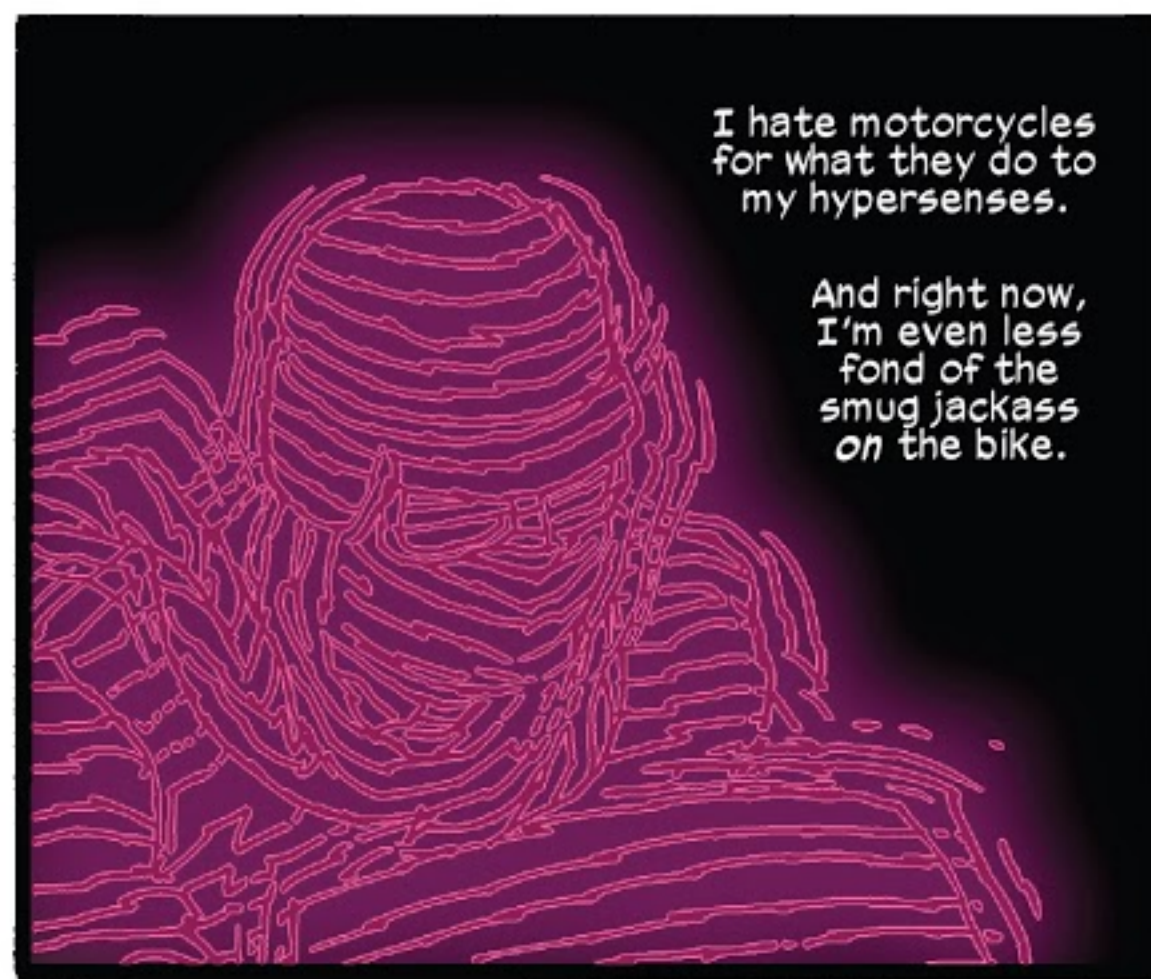








He guns his engine just to brag.  
And/or to assault my ears with  
crippling noise, flood my nose and  
lungs with burning rubber.



I hate motorcycles  
for what they do to  
my hypersenses.

And right now,  
I'm even less  
fond of the  
smug jackass  
on the bike.



WELL,  
WELL. LOOK  
WHO CAME OUT  
TO PLAY.

SHUT  
UP.



I'M HERE  
TO INFORM YOU  
THAT YOU CHIPPED  
AWAY AT A MAN'S  
DIGNITY UNTIL  
HE DIED.

AND THAT  
I WILL MAKE IT MY  
PERSONAL MISSION  
TO HOLD YOU  
ACCOUNTABLE.



I WILL NOT BE A  
PART OF YOUR  
CIRCUS ACT, AND  
NOTHING YOU SAY  
OR DO COULD  
POSSIBLY  
PROVOKE ME.

REALLY?

--he said in a  
whisper only  
I can hear--

WHAT IF  
I TOLD YOU  
GEORGE SMITH  
ISN'T ACTUALLY  
DEAD?



MY BOSSES  
FAKED THE *SUICIDE*.  
THEY HAVE SMITH--  
AND IF YOU EVER WANT  
TO SEE HIM ALIVE  
AGAIN--



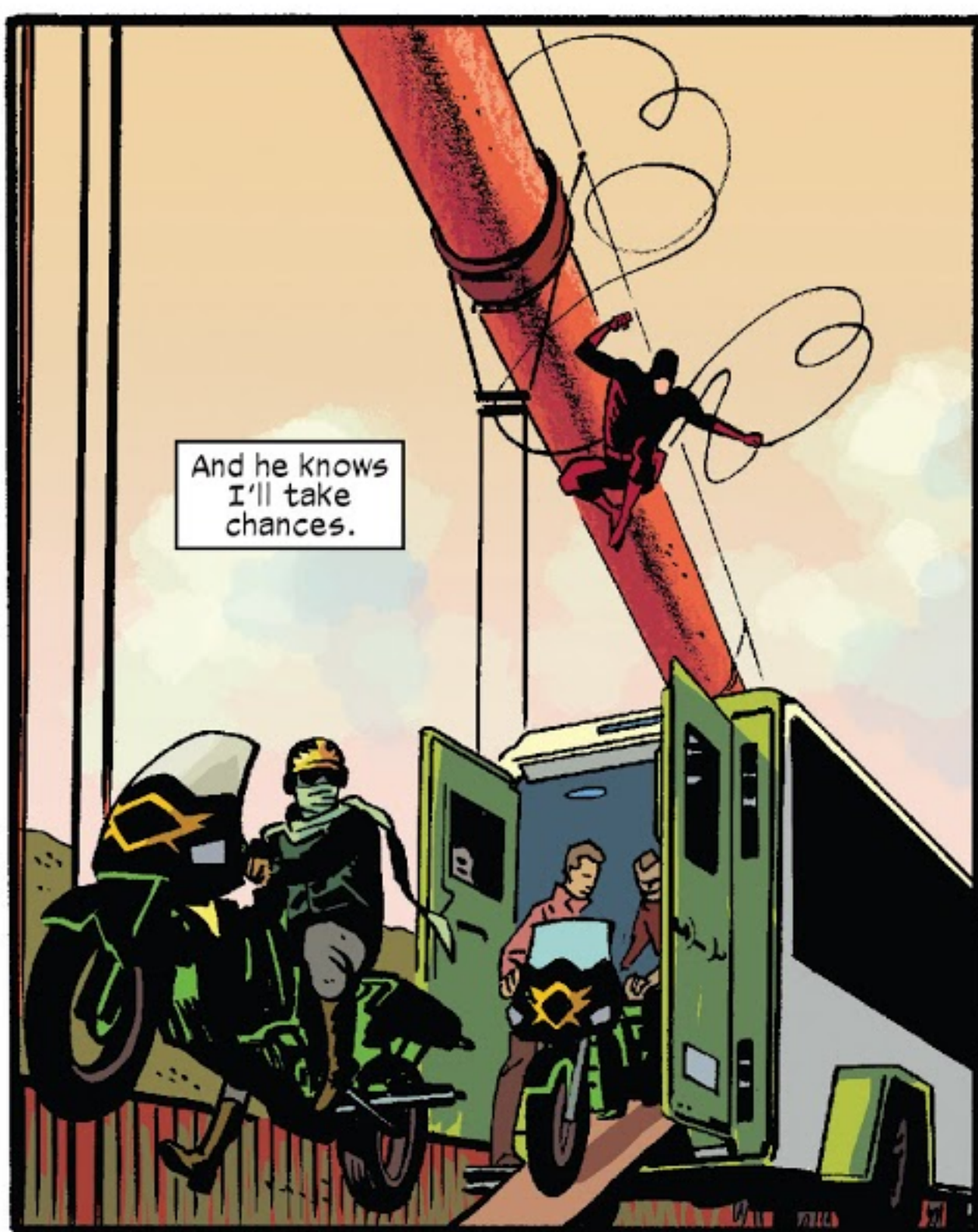
--I'D  
SUGGEST  
YOU PLAY  
ALONG.





I can't tell if he's lying. I can't hear his heartbeat over the exhaust roar.

There's a chance he's telling the truth.



And he knows I'll take chances.



So I guess we're going to race.

This is a trap. Of course it's a trap. This guy is slick-- everything about his act, from the bombast to the death--

--cheating--



Oh, my God. Oh, my dear, sweet God.

I can hear--just *barely* over the engines, I can hear a sound I *know*.

That's it. That's how the Stunt-Master "cheats" death.



He went *in* the truck--but he *didn't* come out. That's not him.

It's *never* him.



He sends sacrificial  
replacements to  
die in his place.



Given the deafening roar  
of his bike, given the  
masking stench of fumes,  
even I never would have  
noticed the *switch* but  
for the *familiar sound*:



The sound of  
the *pins* in  
George Smith's  
bones.



**NEXT: MAN IN HIGH GEAR**



**MARVEL** 012

# DAKREDEVIL

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SAMNEE  
MW

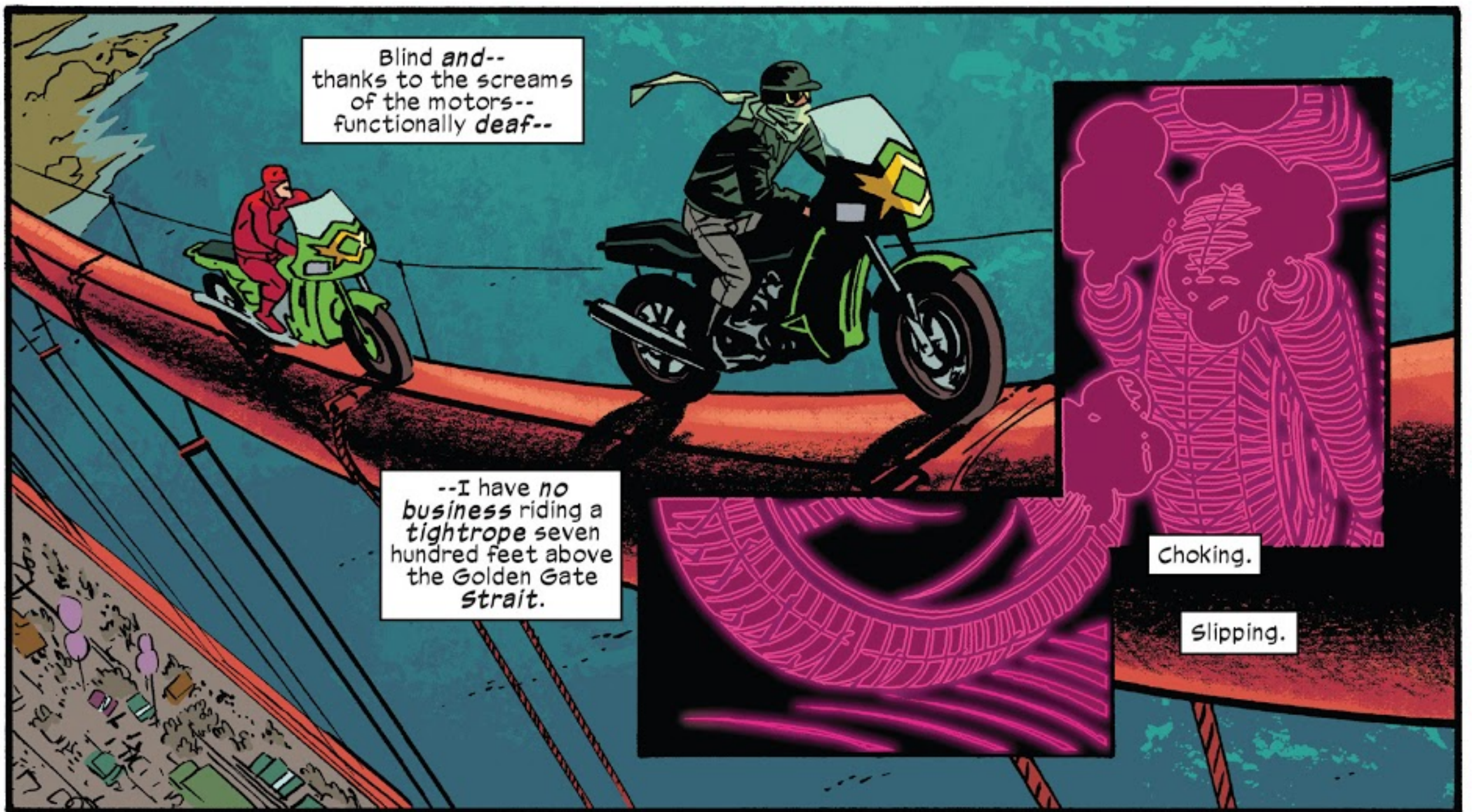
**50**  
YEARS  
WITHOUT  
FEAR!





On occasion, I have to convince people that I'm not suicidal.

This will reassure no one.



Blind *and*-- thanks to the screams of the motors-- functionally *deaf*--

--I have *no business* riding a *tightrope* seven hundred feet above the Golden Gate Strait.

Choking.

Slipping.



Cycle's *vibrations* make my radar sense practically *useless*.



I never dreamed this would be so utterly impossible. But if I don't catch up to the man in *front* of me...

...he's going to *die*.



# PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend, Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Recently, Matt was hired by ex-foe, George Smith, the retired Stunt-Master, to build a case against a younger stuntman who had stolen the mantel. Instead, the new Stunt-Master challenged Daredevil, causing Smith to take his own life. Daredevil confronted the charlatan, only to discover that Smith's death had been faked and he'd been kidnapped!



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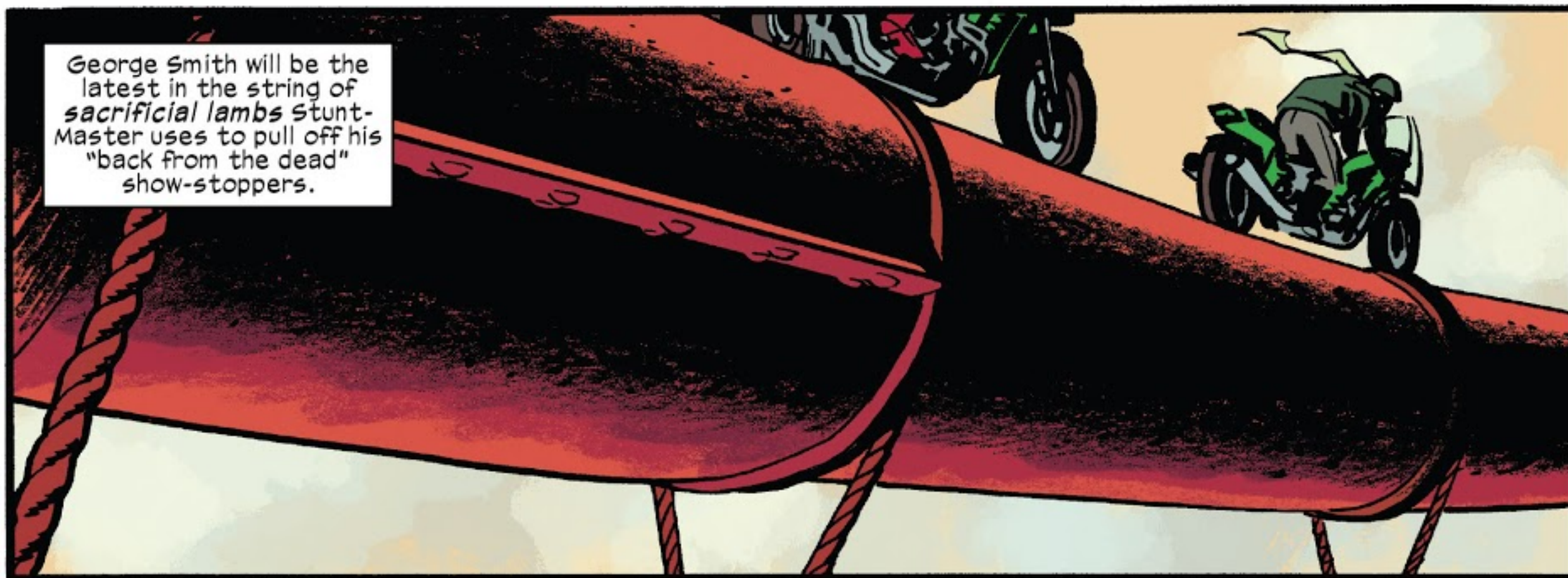
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George Smith will be the latest in the string of *sacrificial lambs* Stunt-Master uses to pull off his "back from the dead" show-stoppers.



George is helpless, his bike remote-navigated and almost certainly booby-trapped.

So why would the Stunt-Master give me a chance to *save* him, unless--



HE'S CATCHING UP? WITHOUT EYES? HOW--

NEVER MIND. IF DAREDEVIL'S NOT GOING TO DO US THE COURTESY OF FALLING, THEN HAND ME THE CONTROLS!



--unless I never *had* a chance!



SELF DESTRUCT









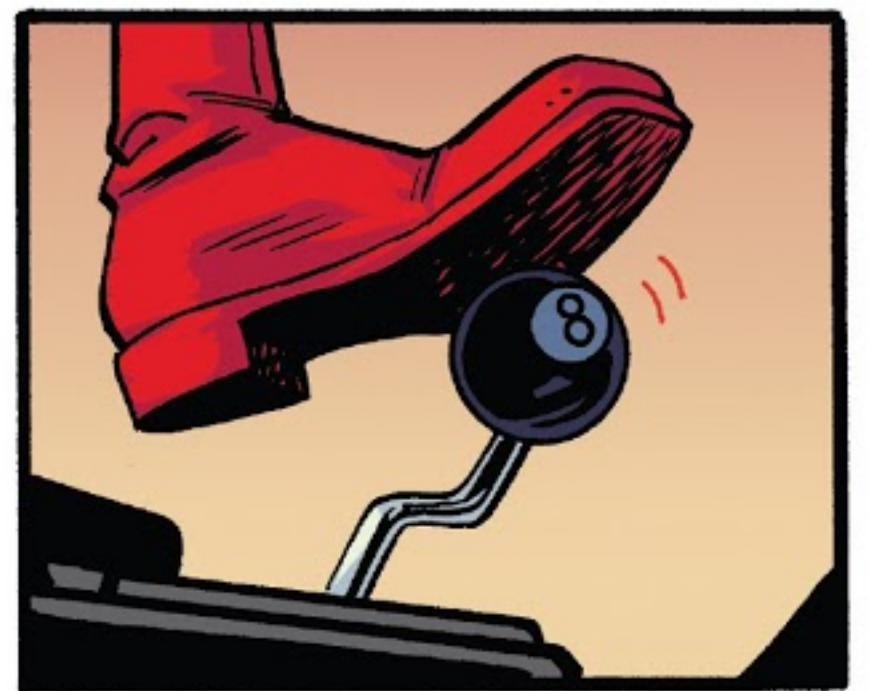
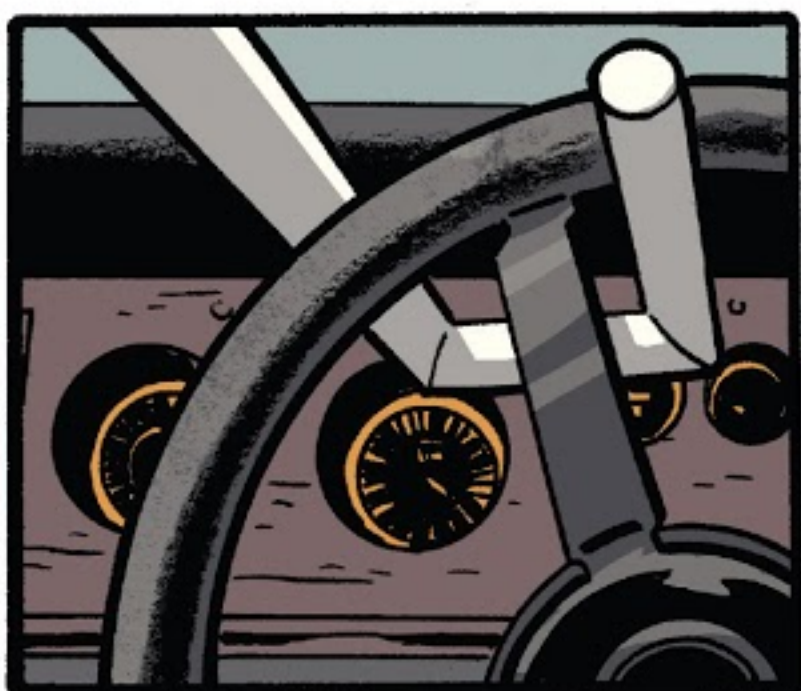








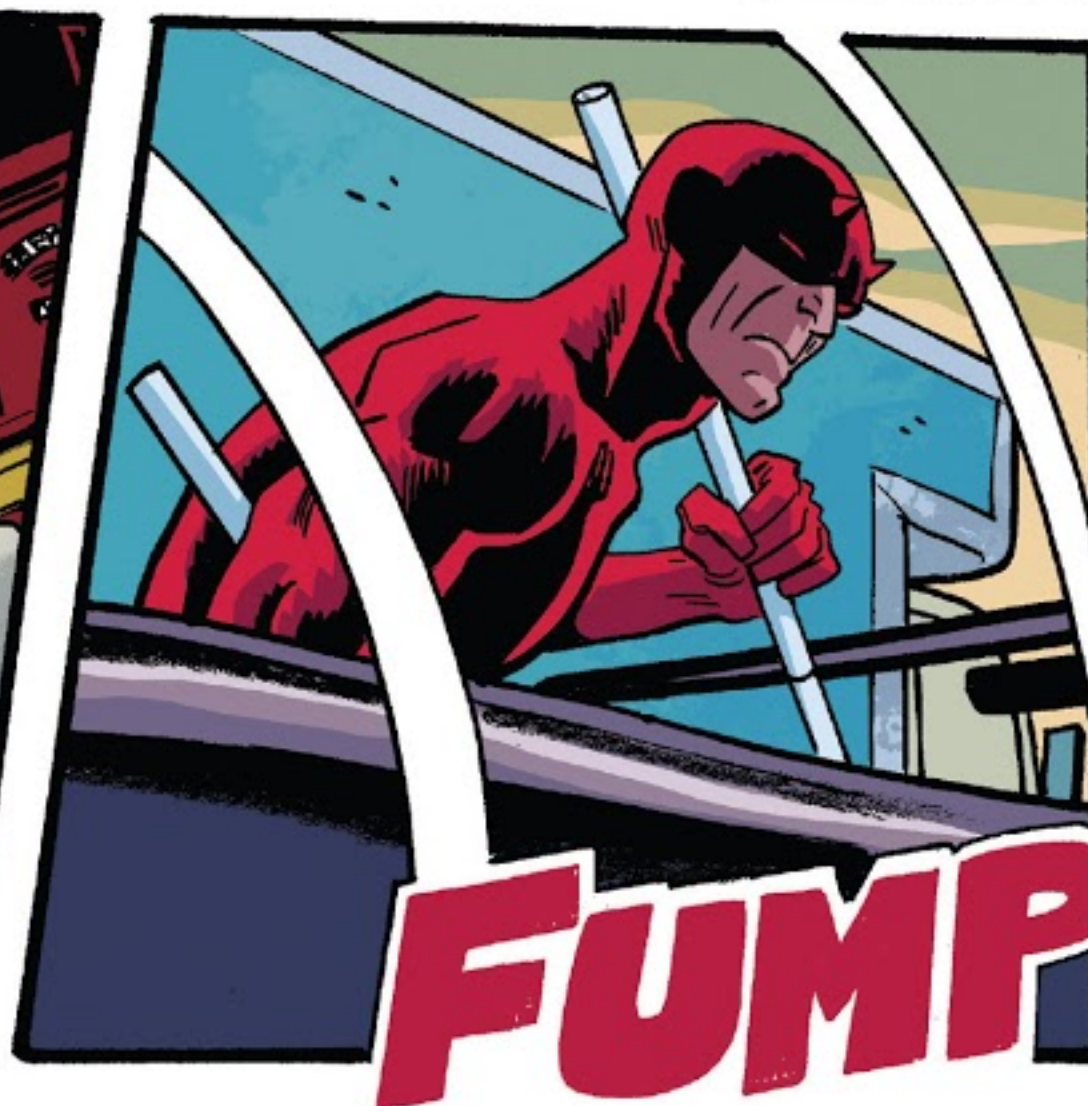
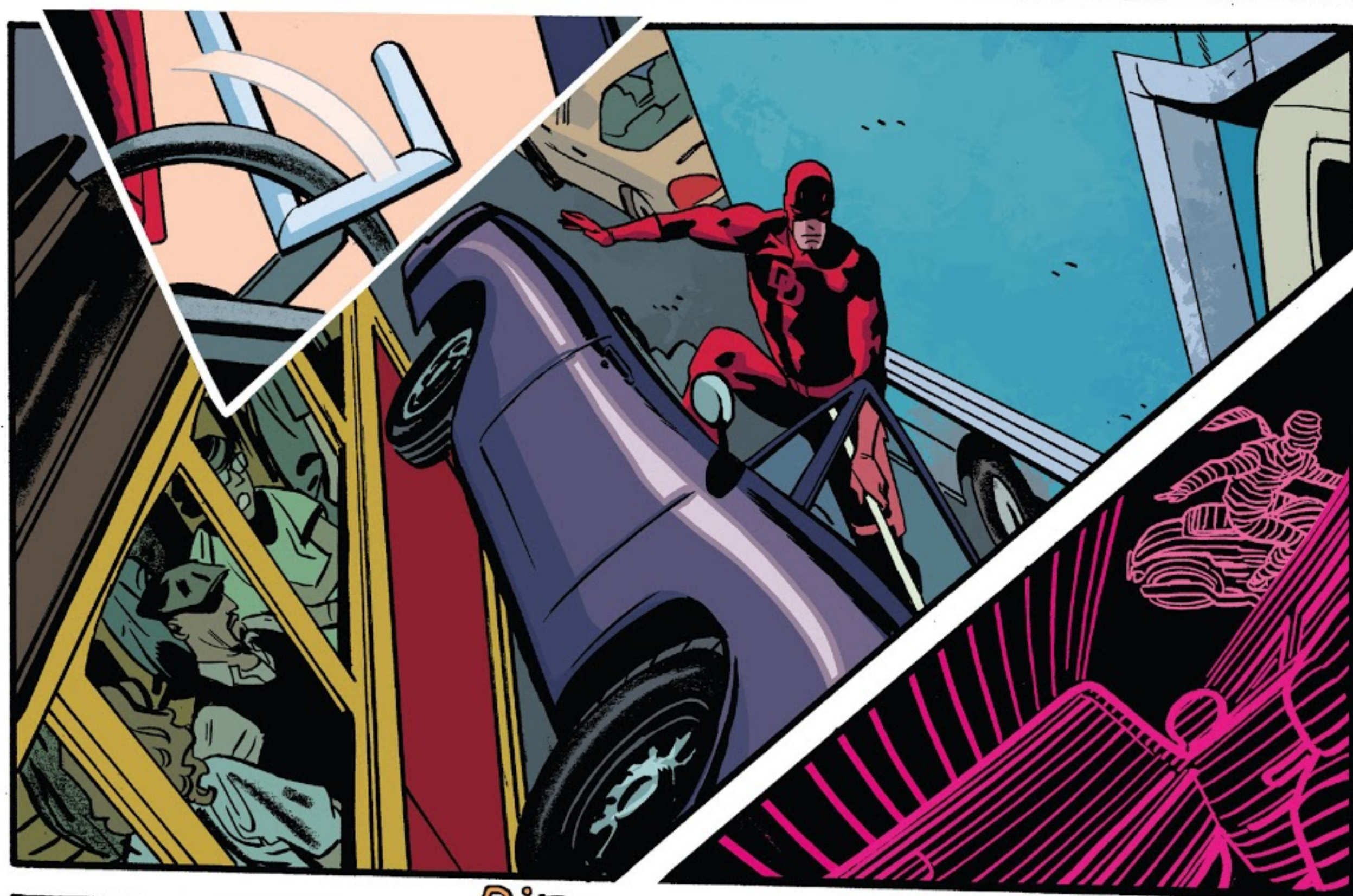








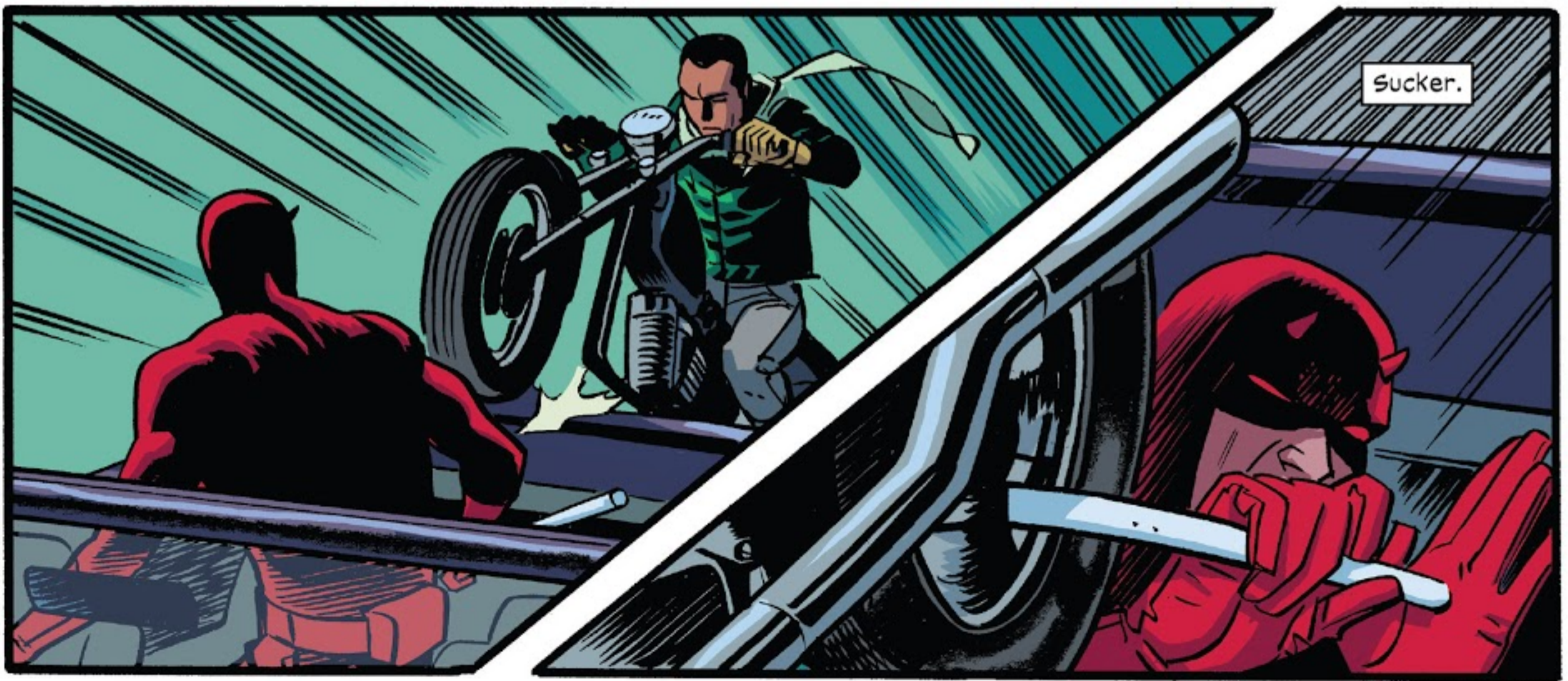




































**NEXT: EYES EVERYWHERE**



MARVEL

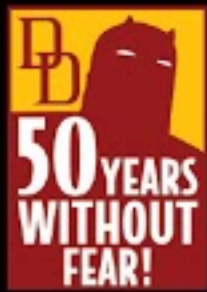
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# DAREDEVIL



SAMNEE-14  
MW











Be happy.



Stay in the moment.

Don't wake her.



She'll know something's wrong.

Why did you do it, Matt?



Why did you tell her that you *love* her?





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In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Matt recently enlisted Foggy to ghostwrite an autobiography chronicling his life as The Man Without Fear for Kirsten's father, a wealthy publisher. But with his identity out in the open and old foes looking to get even, Daredevil's second-guessing whether or not he and his friends will ever be safe.



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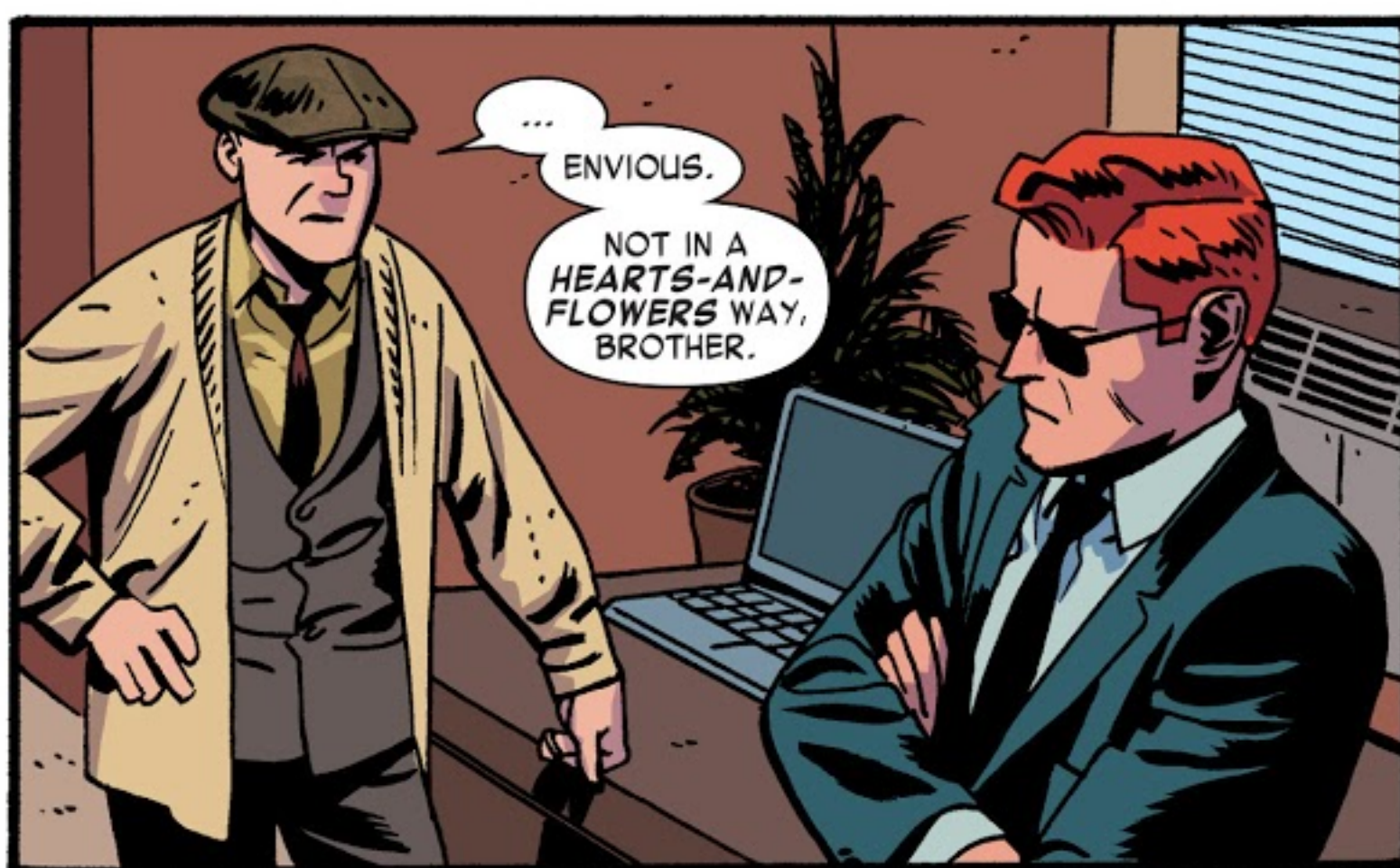
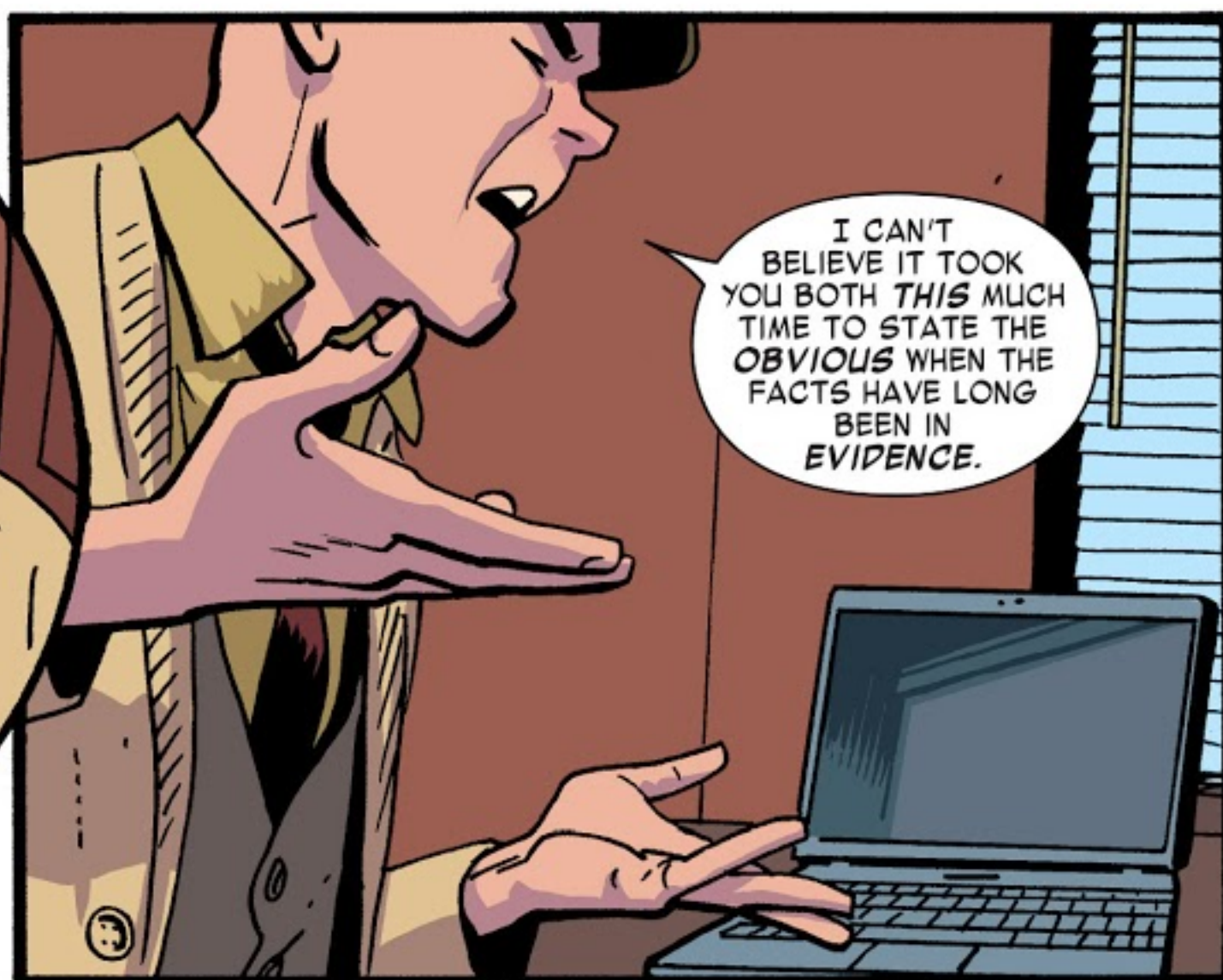
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FIRST: YOU'RE DOING WHAT SHE HATES MORE THAN ANYTHING. YOU'RE THINKING OF HER STRICTLY AS "DAREDEVIL'S GIRLFRIEND."

THE WOMAN WHO ONCE BROKE UP WITH YOU BECAUSE SHE WANTED, JUSTIFIABLY, TO BE THE STAR OF HER OWN LIFE, NOT "A SUPPORTING PLAYER IN 'THE ADVENTURES OF DAREDEVIL.'"



SECOND, YOU'RE SELF-SABOTAGING. YOU'RE NOT USED TO BEING THIS HAPPY FOR THIS LONG, SO YOU'RE INSTINCTIVELY FIGHTING THE UNFAMILIAR.

I WOULD INVITE YOU TO CONSIDER THAT THIS IS YOUR *DEPRESSION* LASHING OUT. BEING HAPPY DOESN'T FIT THE *PATTERNS* IT KNOWS.



LIKE THE PATTERN OF GETTING PEOPLE AROUND ME KILLED?



MATTY, YOU HAVE TWO SPEEDS: *UNDERTHINK* AND *OVERTHINK*.

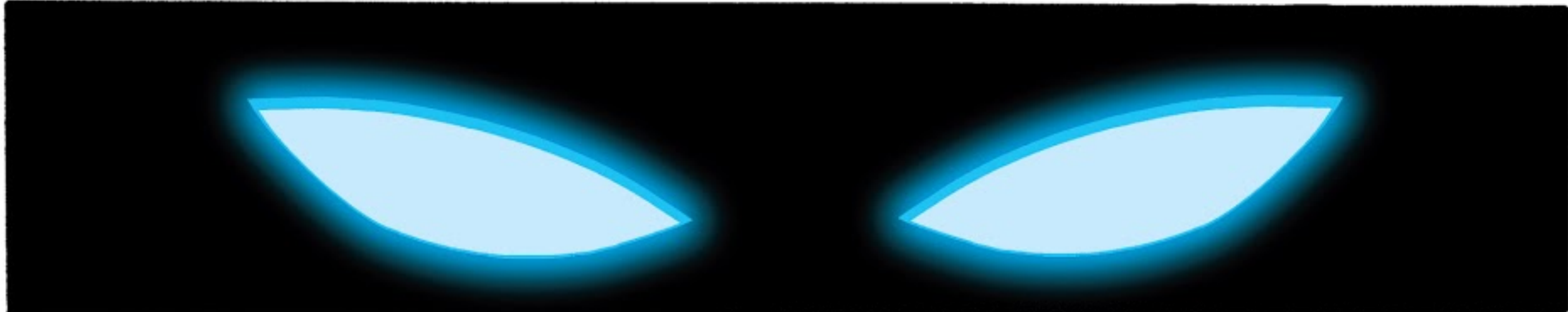
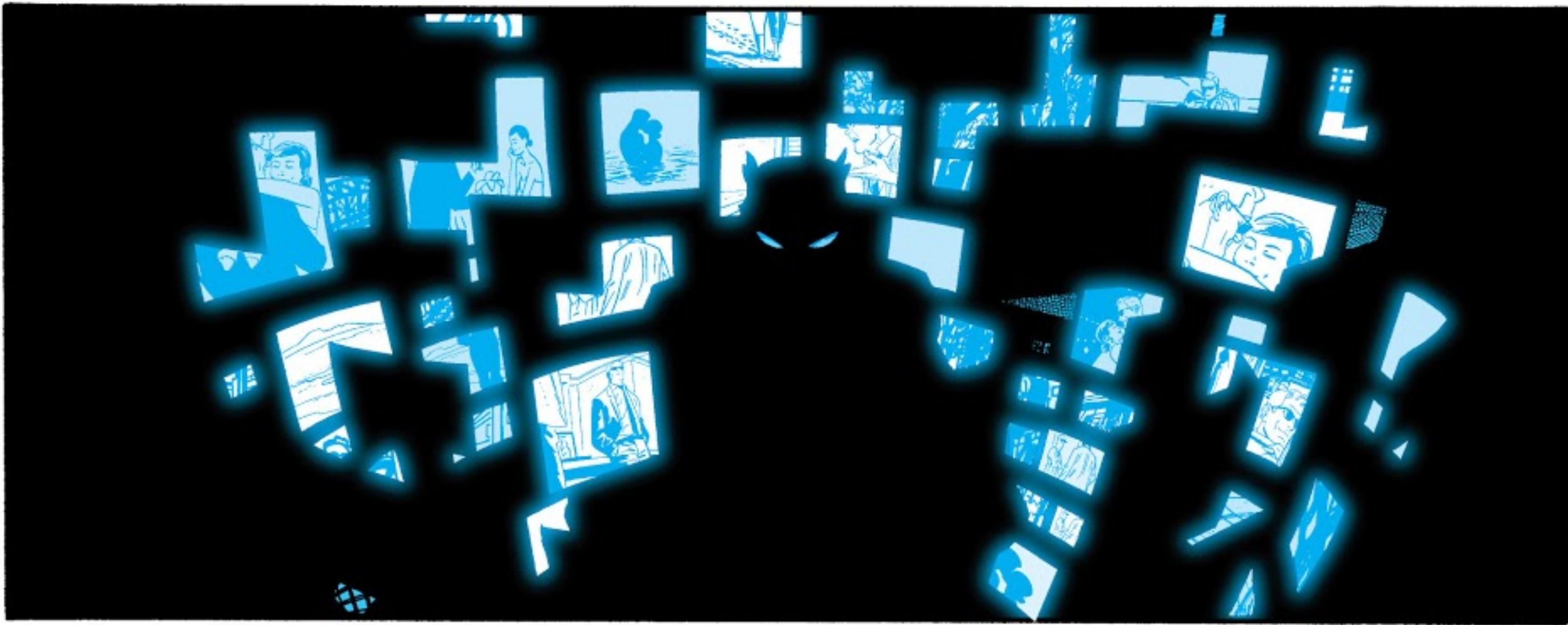
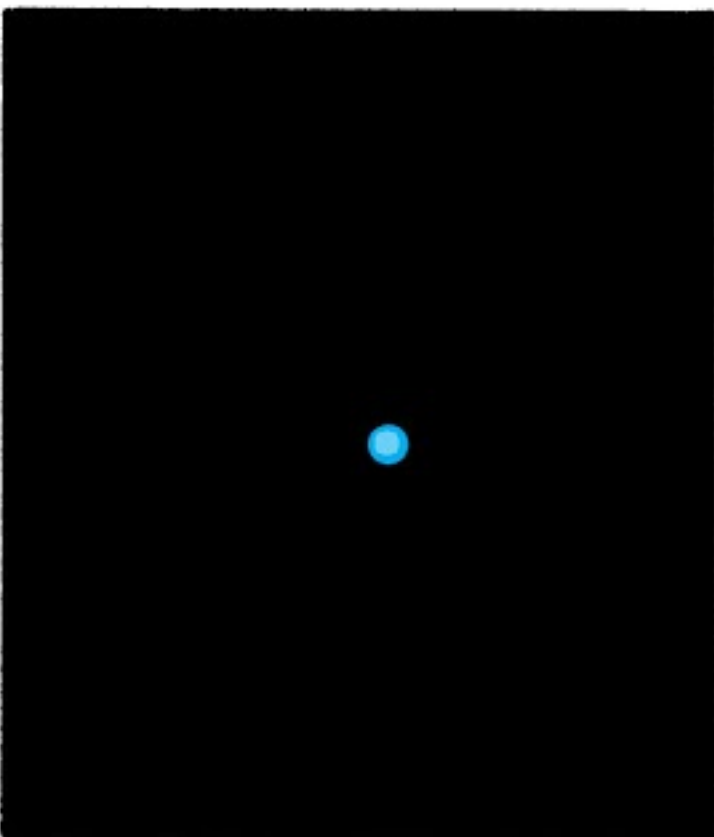
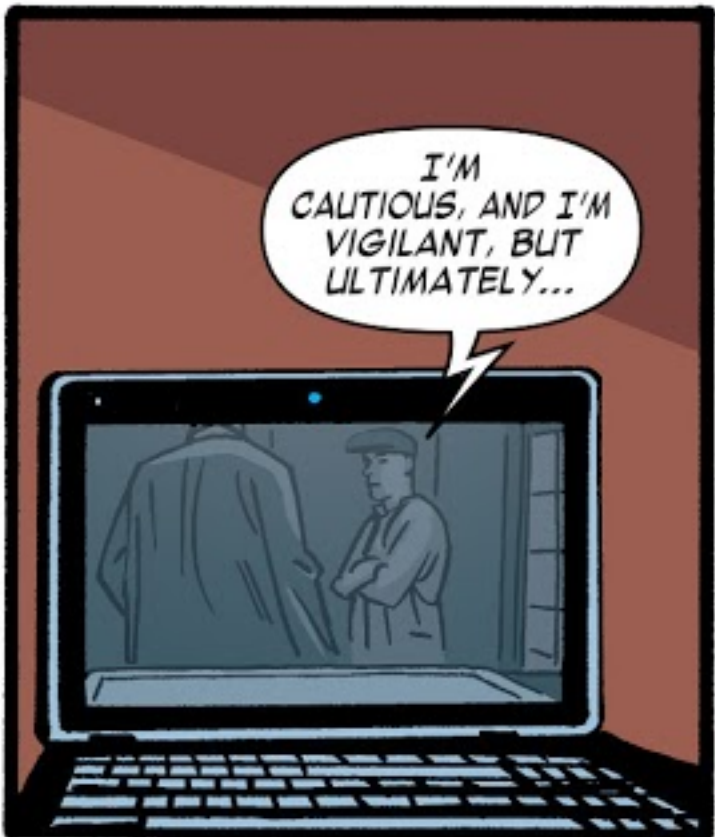
RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE *OVERTHINKING*.



"KIRSTEN IS A SMART, BRAVE WOMAN. SHE WAS AN ASSISTANT P.A. IN NEW YORK. SHE HELPED DAREDEVIL FIGHT THE SONS OF THE SERPENT AND THE OWL."

"SHE'S NOT MADE OF GLASS. SHE'S A FIGHTER."









...I HAVE  
NO IDEA WHO  
MIGHT BE  
WATCHING US,  
OR FROM  
WHERE.





YOU'RE  
SPYING  
ON ME?

DAD,  
WHAT THE  
HELL...?

I'M NOT.  
I JUST...I LIKE TO  
KEEP AN EYE ON MY  
DAUGHTER BECAUSE  
HER BOYFRIEND HAS  
ENEMIES. IS THAT NOT  
FORGIVABLE?



"BECAUSE MY  
BOYFR--"

--OH, GOOD LORD,  
WOMEN REALLY DO  
MARRY THEIR  
FATHERS...

PARDON?



YOU PUT  
BODYGUARDS  
ON ME WITHOUT  
TELLING ME.  
SECRET  
BODYGUARDS.  
WELL, DON'T I  
FEEL LIKE A  
PRETTY, PRETTY  
PRINCESS!



I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
WHY YOU'RE  
TAKING A  
TONE.



BECAUSE THE *BEST*  
I CAN THINK OF THIS  
IS THAT YOU'D RATHER  
THROW *MONEY* AT A  
PROBLEM THAN  
TALK TO ME.

AND THE *WORST* I CAN THINK  
IS THAT YOU DID THIS BECAUSE  
IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO ME,  
YOUR *PUBLISHING COMPANY*  
IS SCREWED BECAUSE IT MIGHT  
MAKE *MATT'S MANUSCRIPT*  
LATE--

HEY!



THAT WAS  
KOFF THAT  
WAS UNCALLED  
FOR!

BUT THAT MAN HAS  
MADE SOME *POWERFUL*  
ENEMIES, AND LIKE  
IT OR NOT,  
YOU'RE--

I'M  
WHAT? A  
LIABILITY?

KAFF



...DO YOU *SMELL*  
SOMETHING...?

KOFF









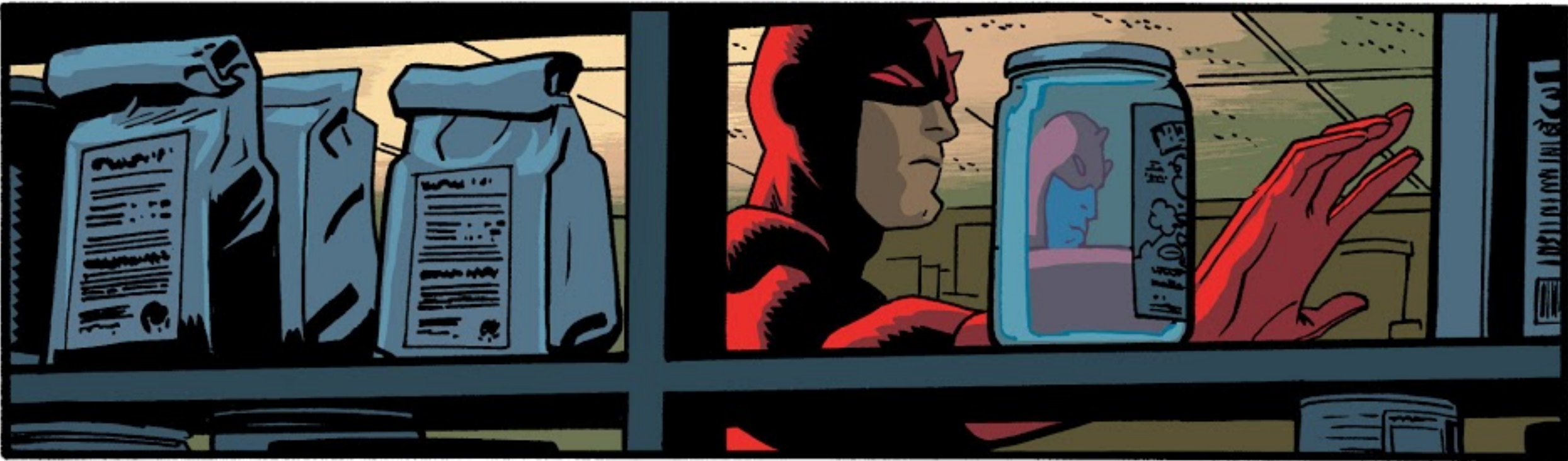
"HELLO?  
MATT?"

"MATT, IT'S  
WENDELL  
MCDUFFIE..."













I'VE BEEN  
PLANNING THIS  
CAREFULLY.

YOU  
TEND TO  
STICK TO THE  
ONE COFFEE  
SHOP.



THAT  
MADE IT  
EASY.



NOW IT  
BEGINS.





There.  
Up ahead.

Don't  
recognize  
him.

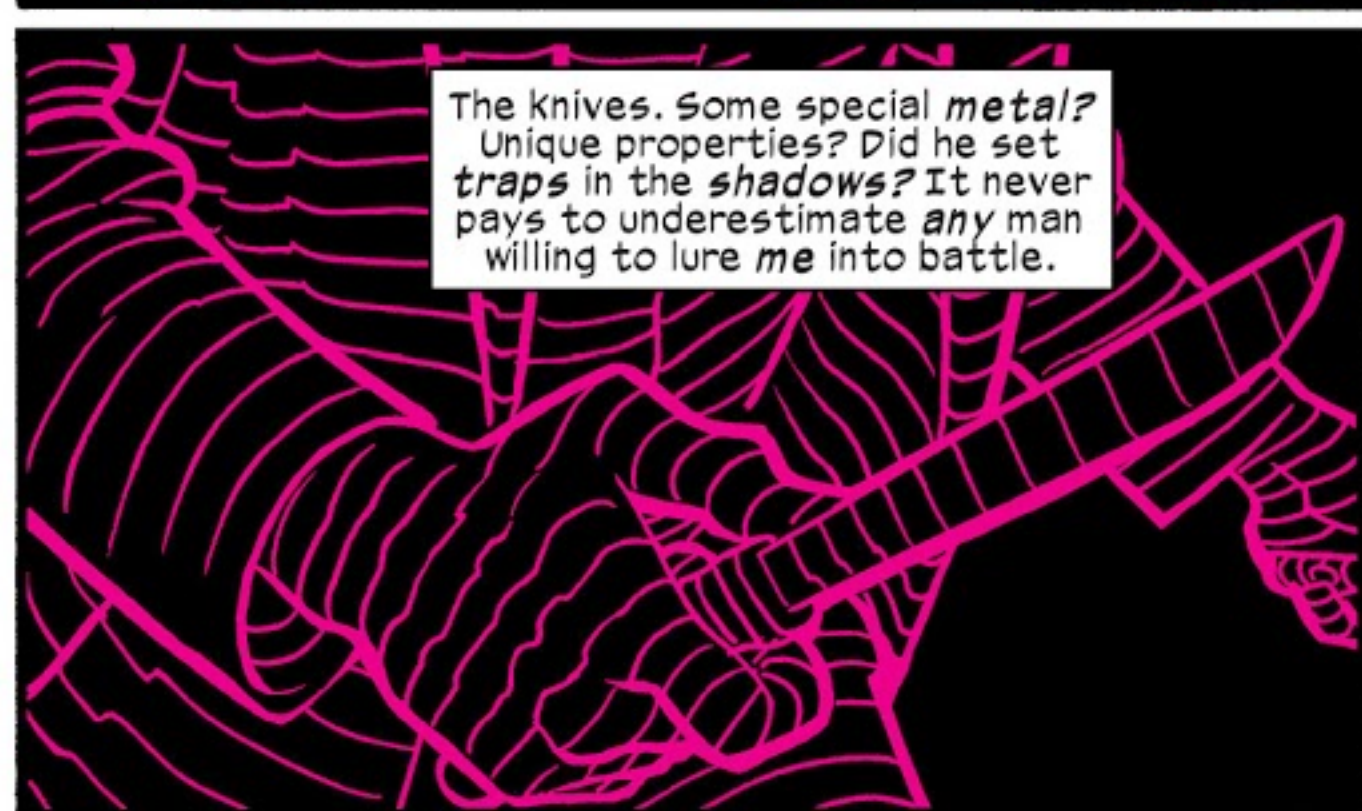
But I might  
not get to her  
*fast* enough,  
unless--



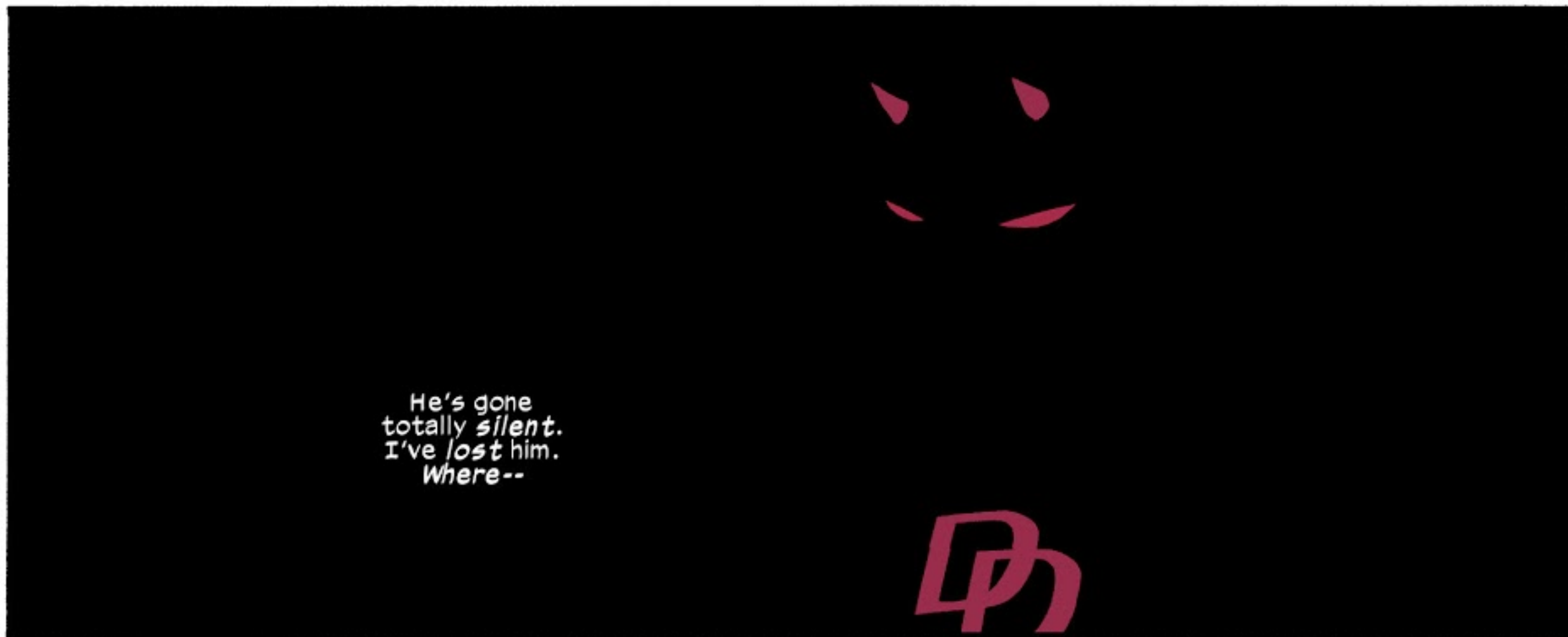




















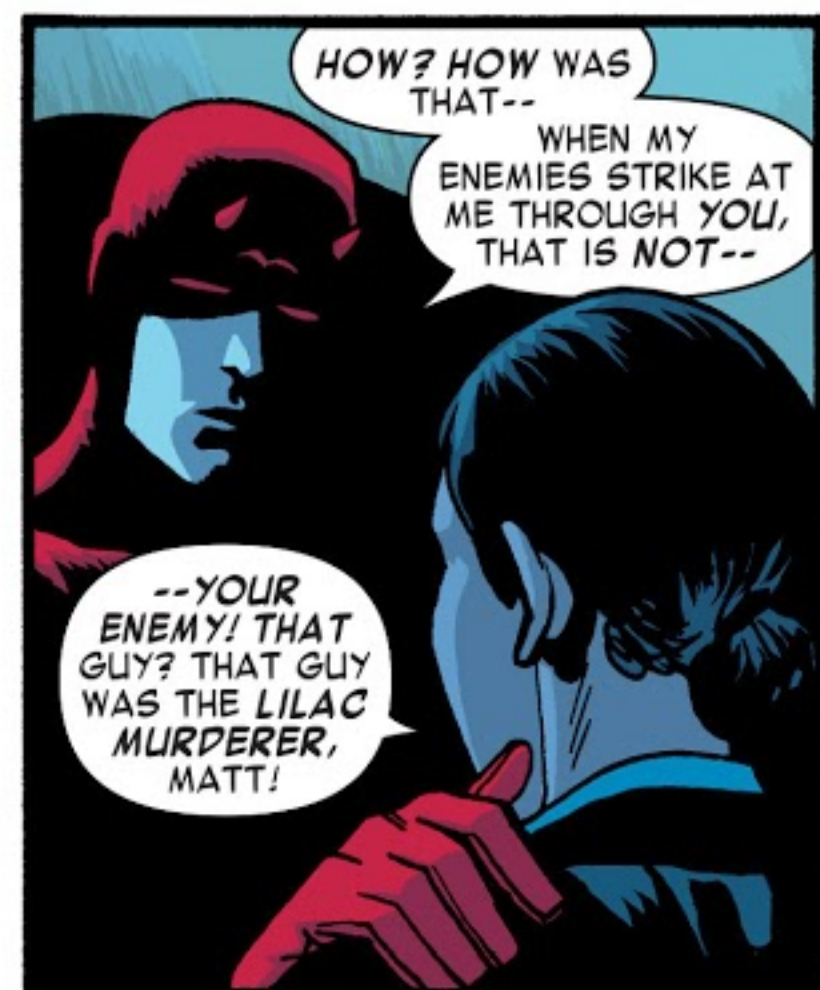
I HEARD A SCREAM. IS HE...?

BACK THERE, TIED UP WITH THE GRAPPLE LINE. I'LL HAUL HIM OUT IN A MINUTE.



THIS FIRST.

WOW. THAT WAS... THAT WAS...  
...THAT WAS AWESOME.



HOW? HOW WAS THAT--

WHEN MY ENEMIES STRIKE AT ME THROUGH YOU, THAT IS NOT--

--YOUR ENEMY! THAT GUY? THAT GUY WAS THE LILAC MURDERER, MATT!



I DON'T KNOW A "LILAC KILLER"...

"LILAC MURDERER"! READ MY LIPS!

MY! GRUDGE MATE!

SERIAL KILLER! LEFT A LILAC WITH EVERY VICTIM! I WAS THE LAWYER WHO PUT HIM AWAY FOR LIFE... MINUS, I GUESS, TIME SPENT ESCAPING PRISON AND SEEKING REVENGE!



ARE YOU SURE?

OH, MY GOD! THE STAGING! THERE ARE, LIKE, A HUNDRED LILACS ON THE FLOOR! DO YOU THINK HE DID THAT FOR YOU? DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?



I HAVE MY OWN ARCH-FOE! MY! OWN!

THAT'S YOUR TAKEAWAY FROM THIS?

I MAY HAVE PEE'D A LITTLE. ALSO, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE MY PURSE AND PHONE ARE NOW, SO THAT'LL BE AN ADVENTURE.



HEY, YOU'RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU?

OF COURSE NOT.



YOU'RE SURE? I GET SO FREAKED OUT WHEN MY ENEMIES STRIKE AT ME THROUGH MY LOVED ONES...

YOU ARE A RIOT. THIS IS YOUR ADRENALINE TALKING, YOU REALIZE?

THEN DO YOU WANT TO WASTE IT DARE-SPLAINING, OR DO YOU WANT TO HIT THE SHEETS?



GRAPPLE LINE'S STRONG, IT'LL HOLD ALL NIGHT.





HEY.  
ALL KIDDING  
ASIDE...

...I'M NOT  
GOING TO STOP  
WORRYING  
ABOUT YOU.



FUNNY.  
I WAS  
ABOUT TO  
SAY THE  
SAME  
THING.



YOU NEVER HAVE  
TO FAKE A SMILE  
AROUND ME. I CAN  
HANDLE IT.



AFTER THE SCREAM. DID  
I NOT HEAR ANOTHER  
VOICE?

MAX  
COLERIDGE  
DROPPED BY,  
BELIEVE IT  
OR NOT.



"HE JUST WANTED  
TO REMIND US  
THAT HE WAS ON  
OUR SIDE."







**NEXT: PRIDE BEFORE THE FALL**





WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL

SAMNEE '14  
MW

A NETFLIX ORIGINAL SERIES

**MARVEL**  
**DAREDEVIL**

NETFLIX

TV MA ALL EPISODES April 10



# PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity to protect those he loves, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his new girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, The Man Without Fear is constantly in the public eye. He's even landed an \$8-million book deal! Still though, Matt has been wary of his fame, worried that one of his enemies might attack those close to him. But when Kirsten finds an arch-foe of her own, Matt begins to realize having enemies may not be solely a Daredevil problem...



**MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE**

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**CHARLES BEACHAM**  
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**MATTHEW WILSON**

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LETTERER

**JOE QUESADA**  
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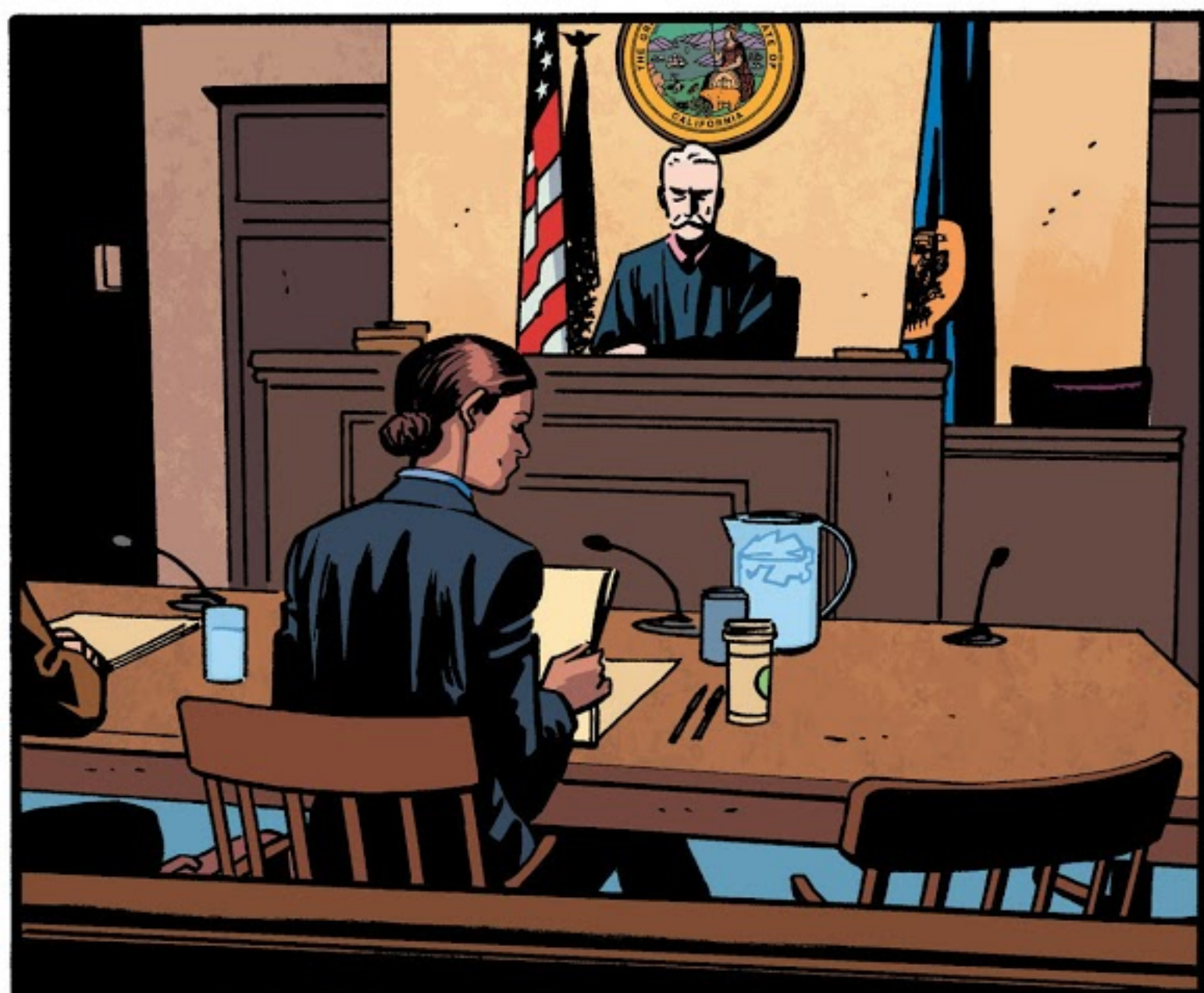
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COVER

**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ALAN FINE**  
EXEC. PRODUCER













DAREDEVIL  
FOR THE  
DEFENSE!

OH,  
GOOD  
LORD...

I can  
hear you,  
Kirsten.

You knew this  
was coming.  
It was my  
decision...

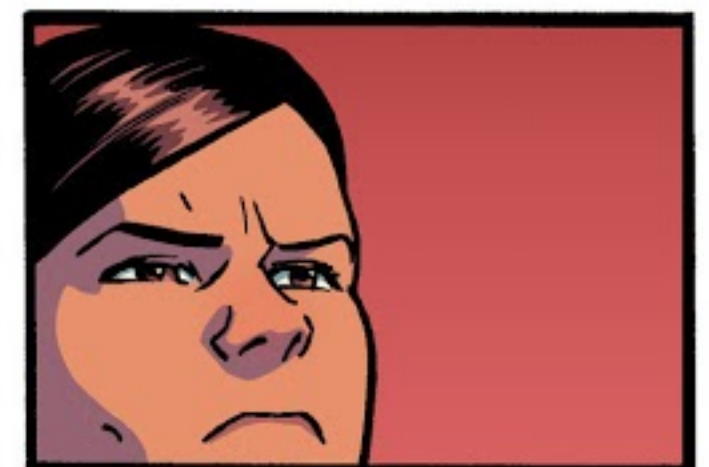










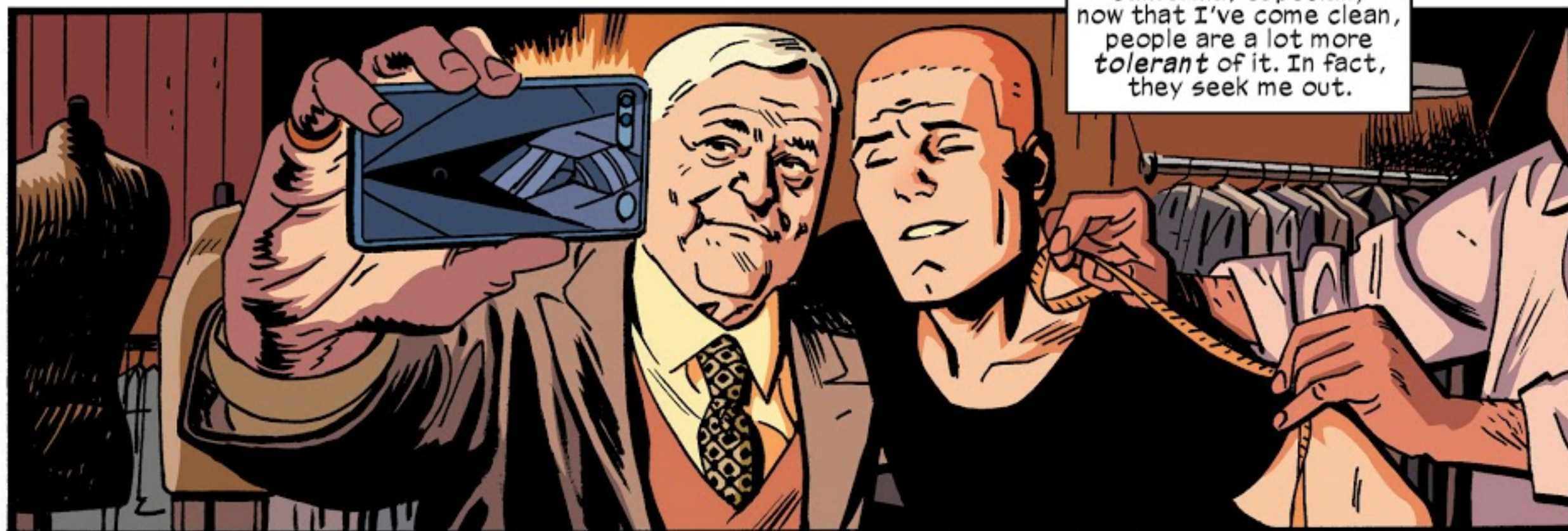






Back in New York, I had to forgo trial cases because the open suspicion that I was a masked vigilante by night was a liability in court.

In celeb-obsessed California, especially now that I've come clean, people are a lot more tolerant of it. In fact, they seek me out.



Hell, there are litigants here who would risk losing their cases just to say they were represented by Daredevil.

The old Matt Murdock turned those clients away.

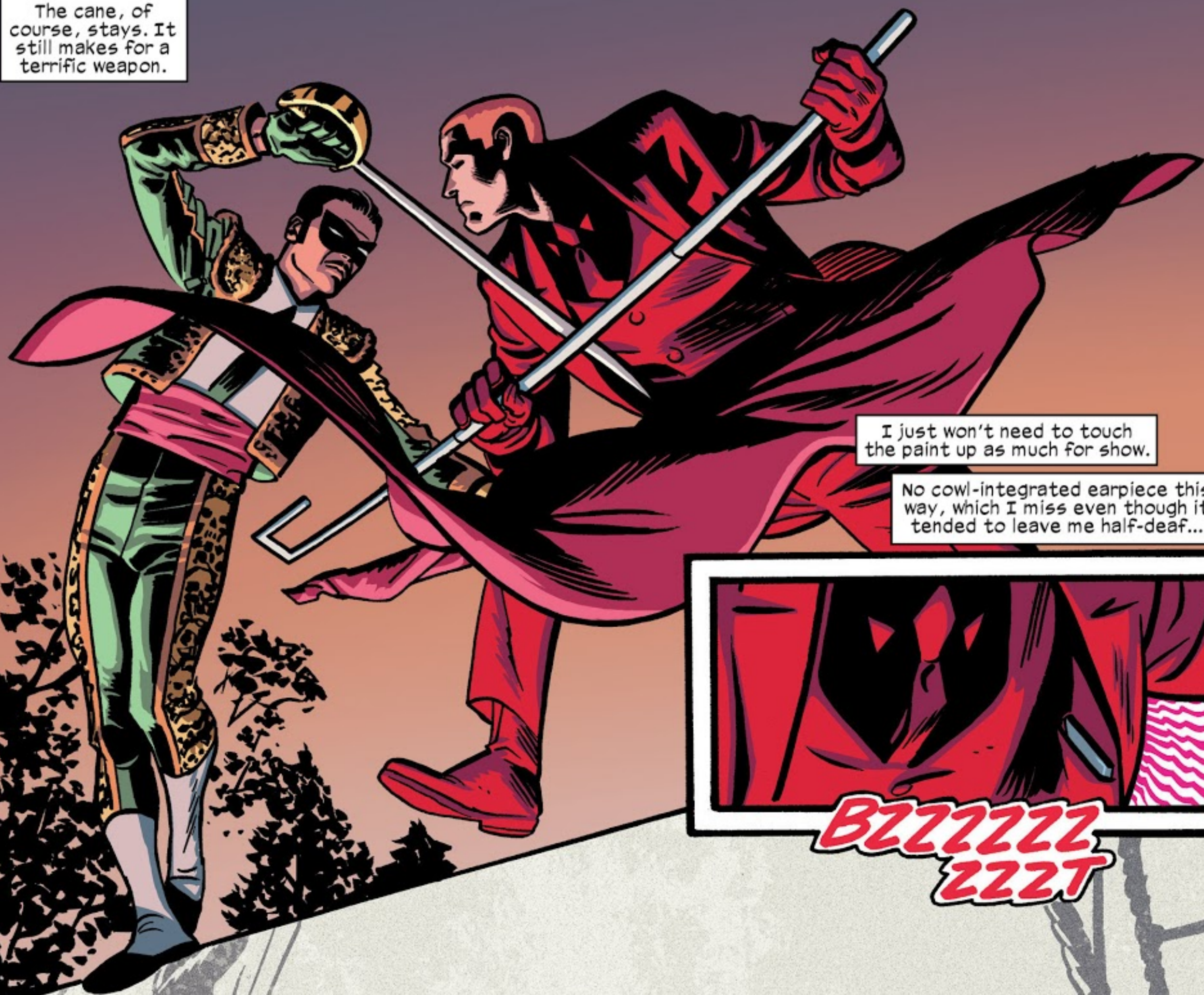


THE DEFENSE RESTS.

The new Matt remembers how much he loves being in the courtroom, defending the innocent.



The cane, of course, stays. It still makes for a terrific weapon.



I just won't need to touch the paint up as much for show.

No cowl-integrated earpiece this way, which I miss even though it tended to leave me half-deaf...



...but it's great to have pockets.



HEY, HONEY. WHAT'S UP?

CHARLIE CALLED.

Deputy mayor.

SAID THERE'S SOME WEIRD, HUMAN-BIRD PREDATOR OVER IN FILMORE.



NOT THE OWL, I HOPE. I'M TOLD HE GOT SPRUNG MONTHS AGO.

NEWS SAYS YOU'RE WAY OUT IN CONCORD. NEED A RIDE?

NAH. YOU STAY IN.



HEY! WHO WANTS TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO AN ACTIVE CRIME SCENE?

















I don't know if that's an exclamation of familiarity or not, but we can sort it out later.

For someone who weighs less than Foggy's lost, she's an incredible fighter.

She moves like a spinning clutch of razor blades.

If I could fly, that's how I'd want to fight.







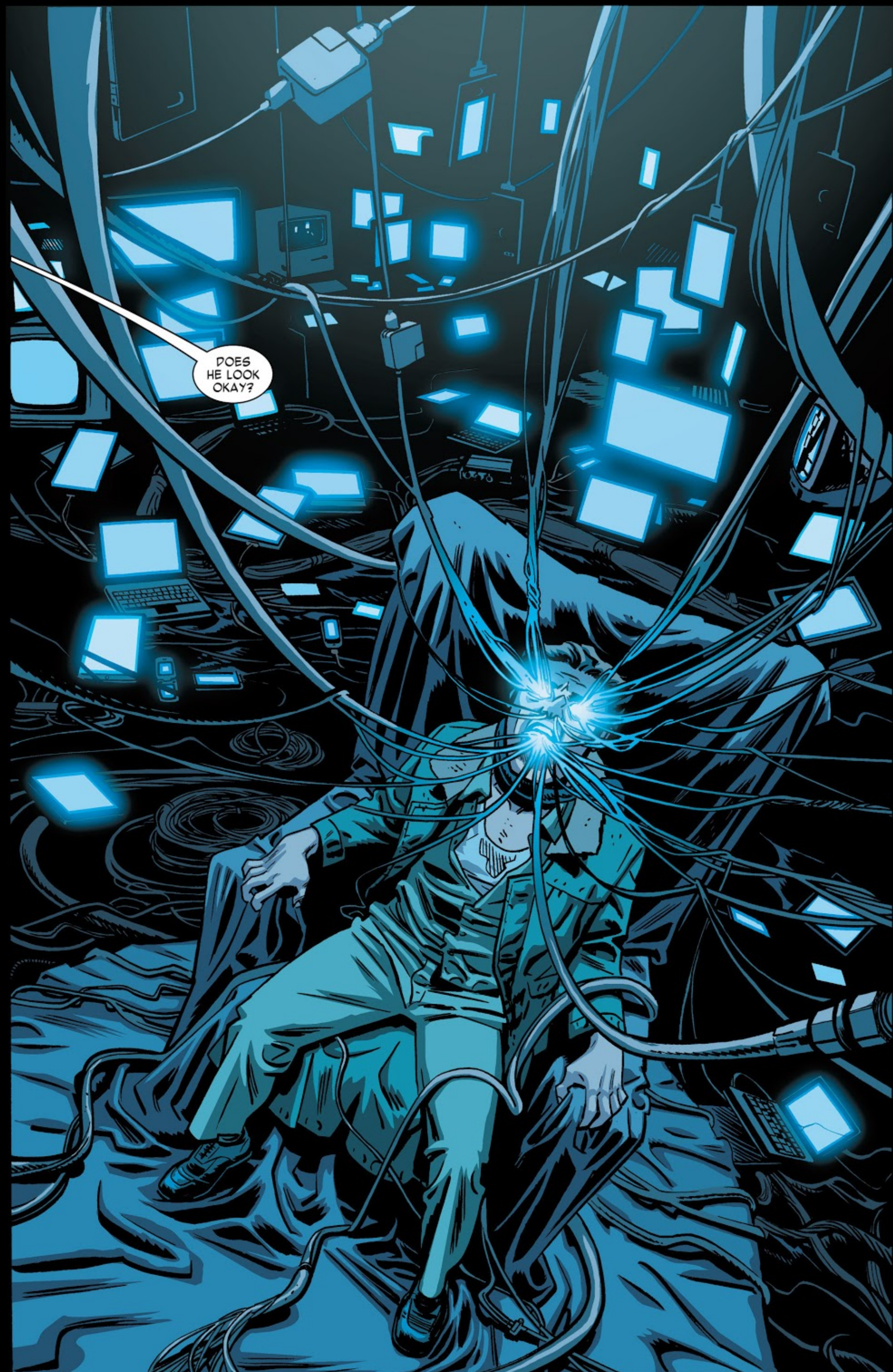
















DADDY!

Cold tendrils everywhere. Wires. What on Earth--?



MHRR-  
DDGGKK-  
K?  
Zz  
MHRR-  
DDGGKK?

Oh, God.



I think he's saying my *name*.



DON'T TOUCH HIM.

AAAH!

Who--?

The voice. The gait. One of the few people with the power to sneak up on me.

An ally. Max Coleridge, a.k.a. the *Shroud*.

IF YOU MOVE THE OWL FROM THAT CHAIR, HE COULD DIE. I'VE ALREADY LEARNED THIS.

YOU'LL NEED A DIFFERENT APPROACH.





HIS PULSE RATE IS CRITICAL. HIS HEART COULD FAIL AT ANY MOMENT, THAT'S HOW MUCH HE'S SUFFERING.

HE'S LOOKING.

WHAT'S HE DOING HERE, ANYWAY?

AT WHAT?



AT EVERYTHING. AT ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING THERE IS IN THIS CITY TO SEE. THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO HIM HAS HIM SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE.

SUCH AS--?

NEVER MIND. WE'RE ALONE HERE. LET'S JUST GET HIM FREE, FIND HIS CAPTOR LATER, WHOEVER THAT IS.



WHOEVER...



MATT!



WHAT?

NEXT: DARKNESS FALLS



**MARVEL**

015

WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL





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With his identity out in the open, Matt Murdock recently cast off his cowl and fully embraced his role as The Man Without Fear. While chasing a rumor of The Owl's escape, Matt not only discovered that his old foe has a daughter, Jubula Pride, with abilities like her father, but that Owlsley was kidnapped by another villain! Matt agreed to help Jubula find her father, if only to keep her from killing during her own investigations. Following a lead to Alcatraz Island, the two found the Owl and his captor THE SHROUD!



<b>MARK WAID &amp; CHRIS SAMNEE</b>	<b>MATTHEW WILSON</b>	<b>VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA</b>	<b>SAMNEE &amp; WILSON</b>	<b>MARGUERITE SAUVAGE</b>
STORYTELLERS	COLORIST	LETTERER	COVER	VARIANT COVER
<b>CHARLES BEACHAM</b>	<b>SANA AMANAT</b>	<b>NICK LOWE</b>	<b>JOE QUESADA</b>	<b>DAN BUCKLEY</b>
ASSISTANT EDITOR	EDITOR	SENIOR EDITOR	CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER	PUBLISHER
				<b>ALAN FINE</b>
				EXEC. PRODUCER



The girl's voice  
vanishes in  
mid-scream.

As does  
everything  
else.





Weightless.

Literally  
senseless.

And  
familiar.



Captured by the  
*living shadows*  
of the *Shroud*,  
someone I thought  
was on *my* side.

I walked right  
into his trap.

Luckily  
for *me*--



GET MY  
FATHER  
G--

--I didn't  
come in  
*alone*.

If Shroud was lying in  
wait for *Matt Murdock*,  
using the captive *Leland*  
*Owlsley* as bait--



--he hadn't  
counted on my  
bringing *Owlsley's*  
*daughter*  
with me.

--HAVE  
YOU DONE  
TO HIM?



For all his mystic  
abilities, Shroud's  
not much of a  
*multitasker*.



As Jubula Pride  
rips *into* Shroud,  
she shatters his  
*focus*--





--and I can  
free myself.



!

WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE *NOW*, MAX?  
YOU'RE *CRAZY*, YOU  
KNOW THAT?



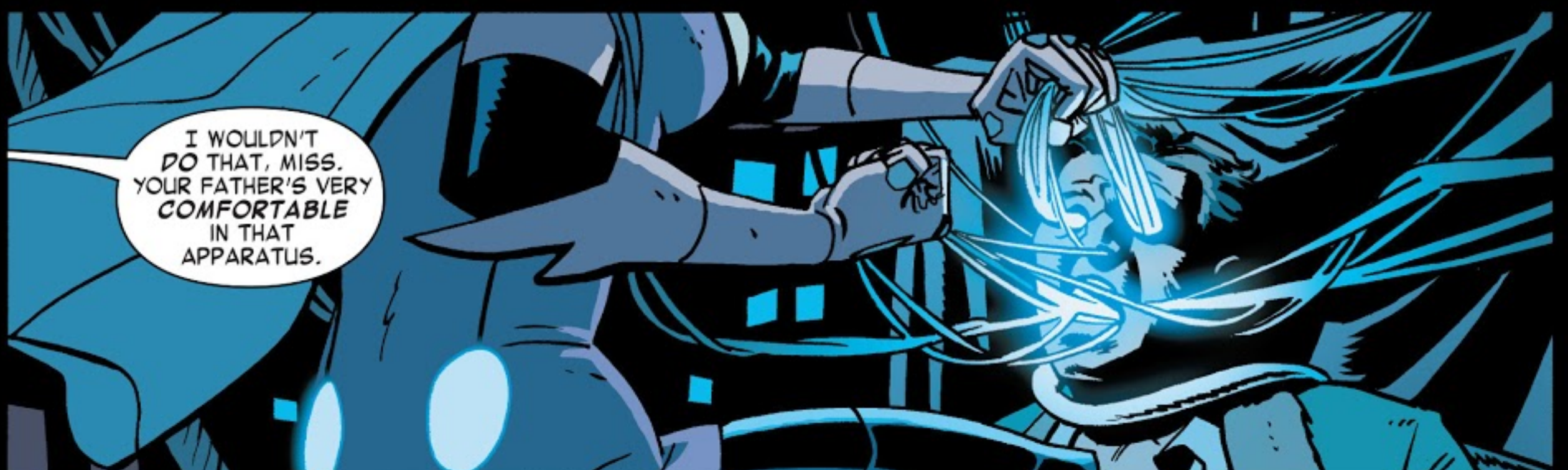
**KRAK**

EVERY  
TIME I *TRUST*  
YOU, IT *BITES*  
ME.

YOU'VE  
EXHAUSTED MY  
PATIENCE.



YOU'RE  
ONE TO  
TALK.



I WOULDN'T  
DO THAT, MISS.  
YOUR FATHER'S VERY  
*COMFORTABLE*  
IN THAT  
APPARATUS.











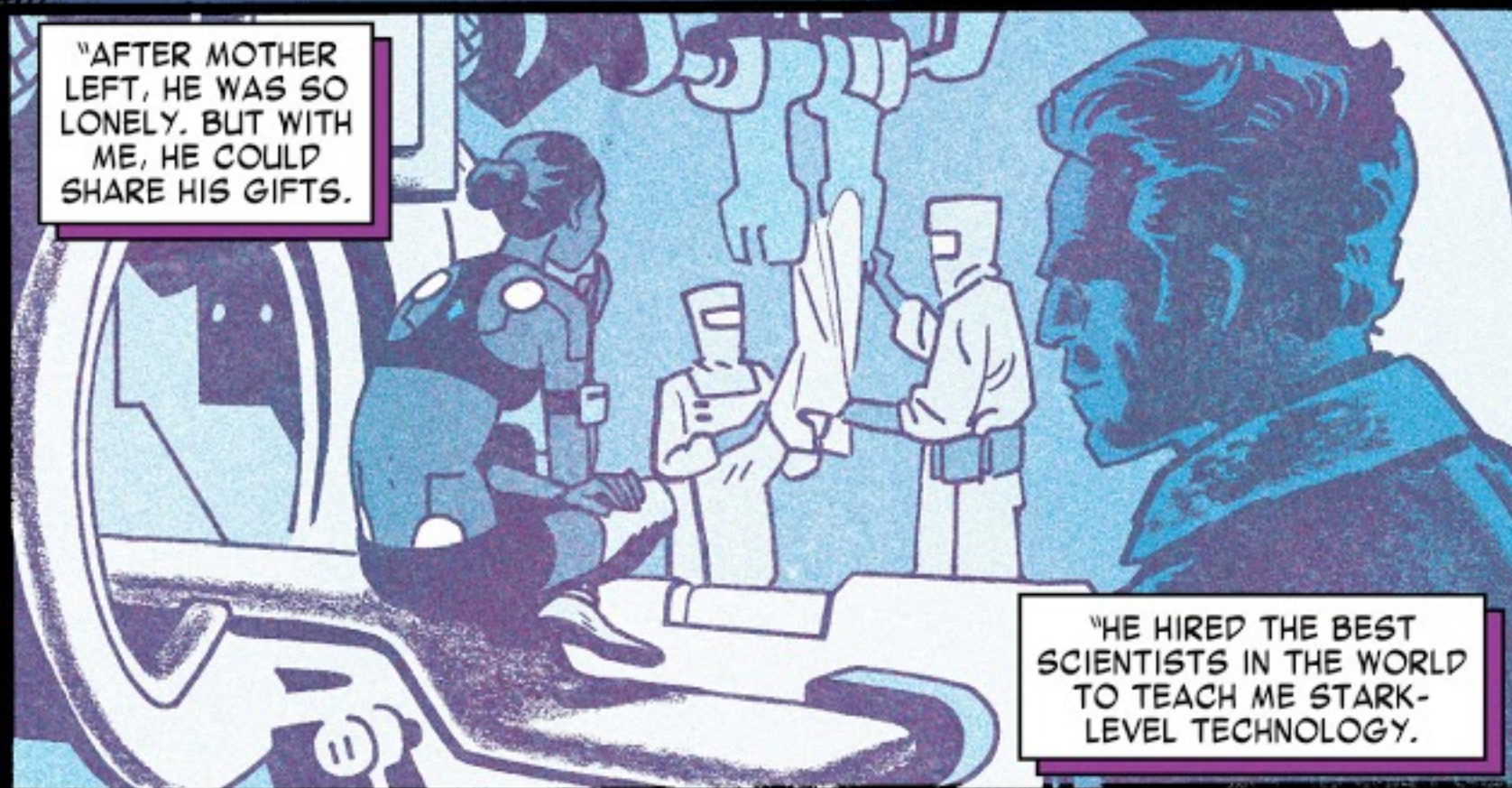
MY "STORY"  
IS THAT I'M  
WORRIED ABOUT  
MY DAD.

"THE **BEST** DAD. I WAS HIS LITTLE GIRL, AND  
HE LOVED ME WITH ALL HIS HEART, IN A WAY HE  
NEVER LOVED ANYONE OR ANYTHING ELSE.



"I KNOW THAT BECAUSE  
I FELT THE SAME EXACT  
WAY ABOUT HIM.

"AFTER MOTHER  
LEFT, HE WAS SO  
LONELY. BUT WITH  
ME, HE COULD  
SHARE HIS GIFTS.

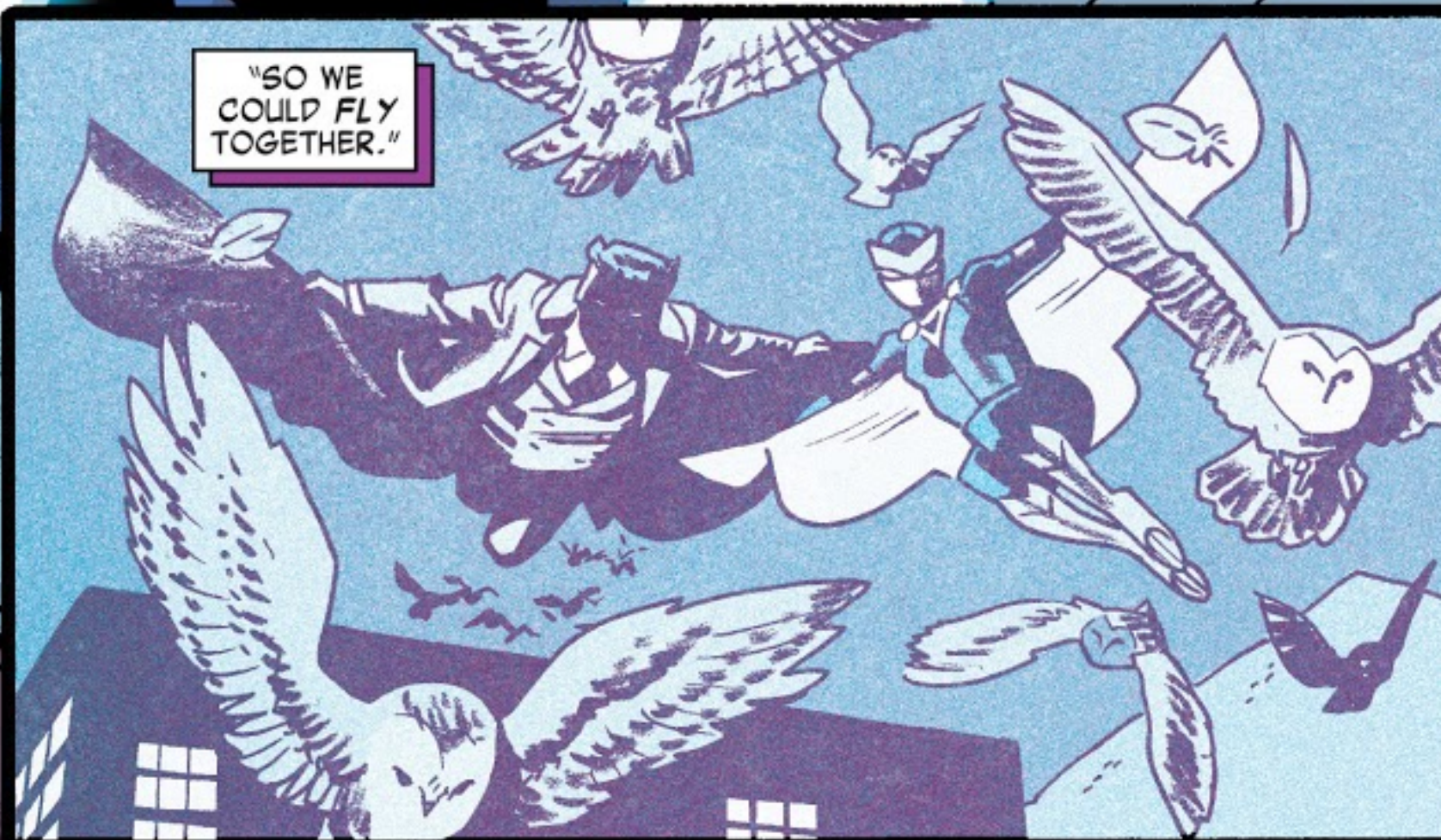


"HE HIRED THE BEST  
SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD  
TO TEACH ME STARK-  
LEVEL TECHNOLOGY.

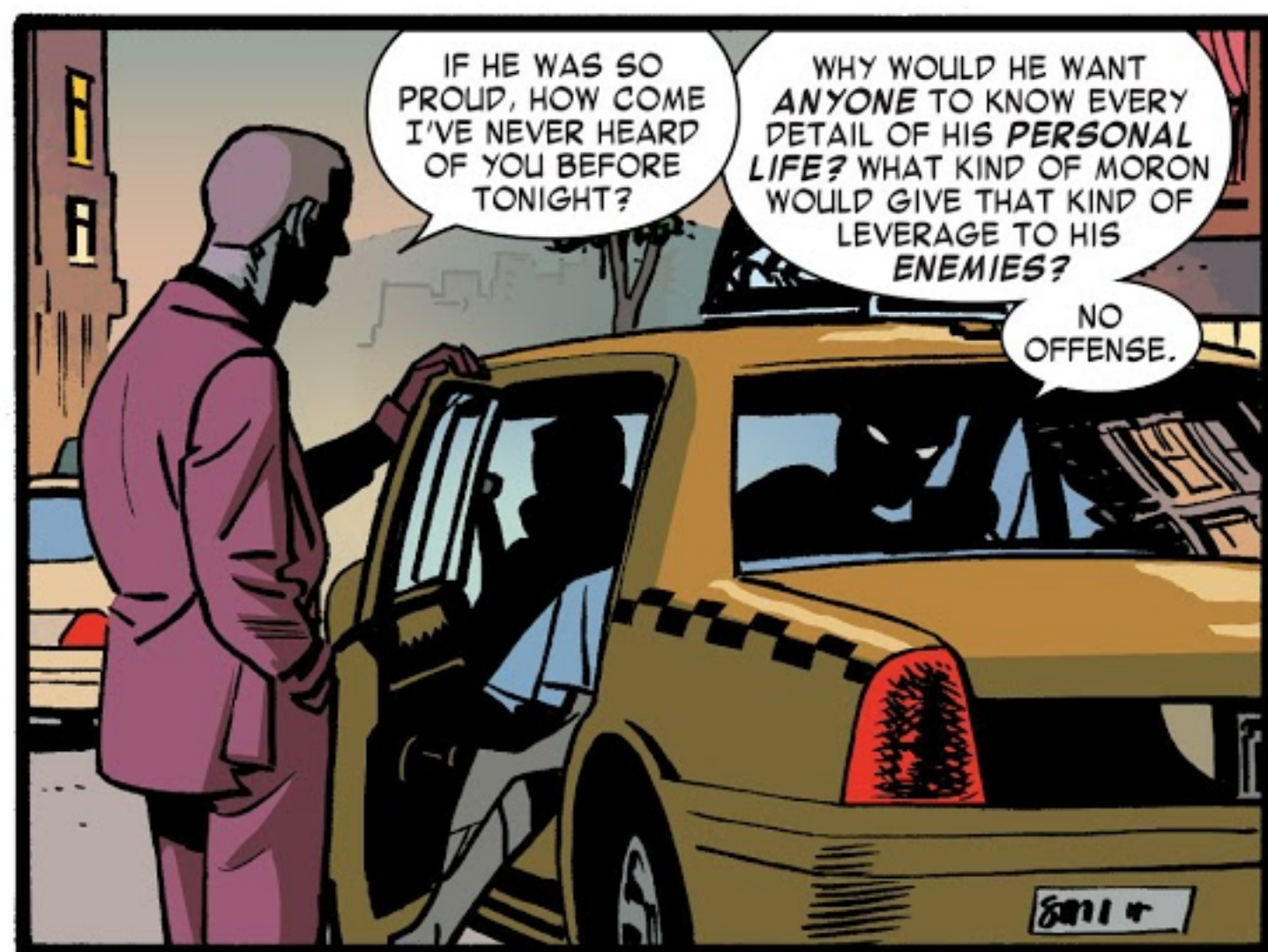
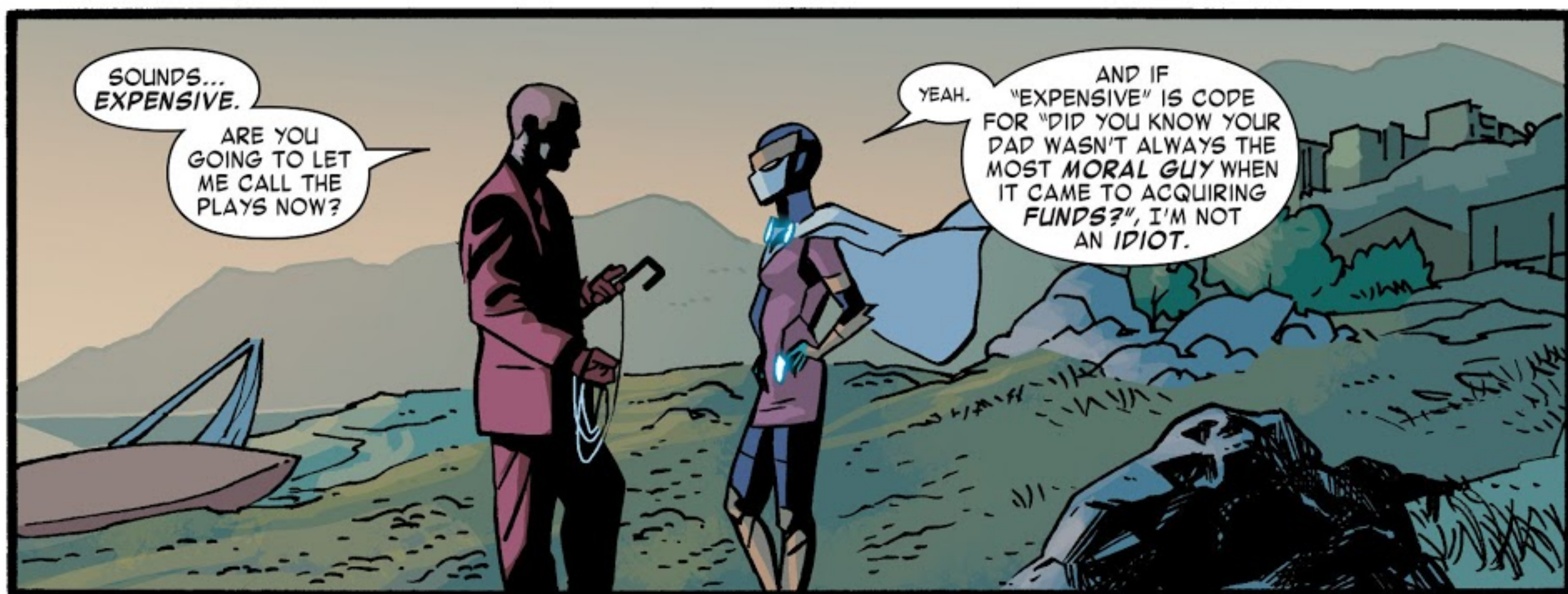


"THE BEST GENETICISTS TO  
HELP MAKE MY FLESH AND BONES  
SPECIAL, JUST LIKE HIS, SO  
WE'D ALWAYS HAVE THAT BOND.

"SO WE  
COULD **FLY**  
TOGETHER."











"OH,  
HELL, YEAH.  
YOURS?"



"..."

"NOT HIS  
STYLE."

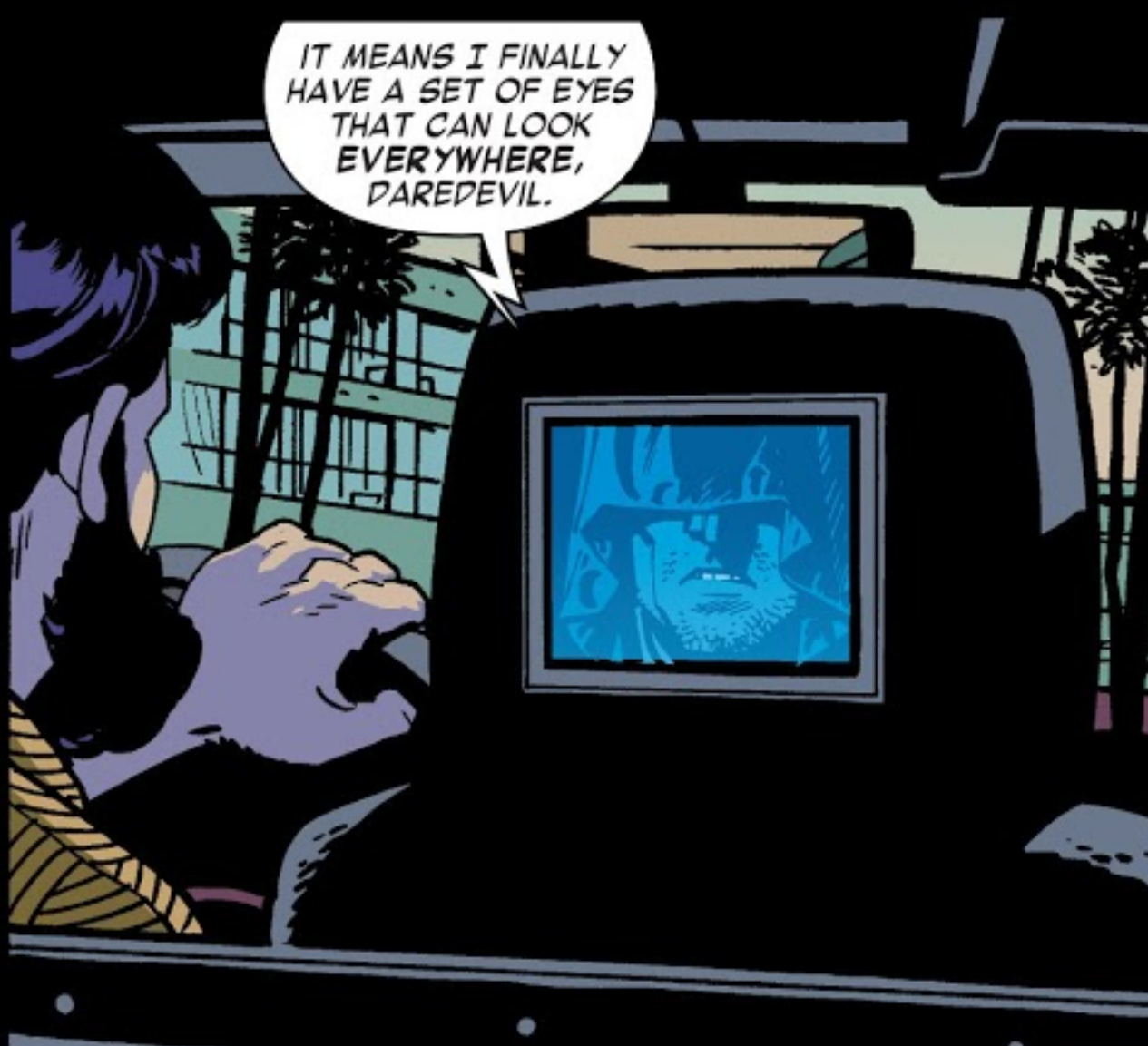
"BESIDES,  
HE DIDN'T  
KNOW WHAT  
I COULD DO."



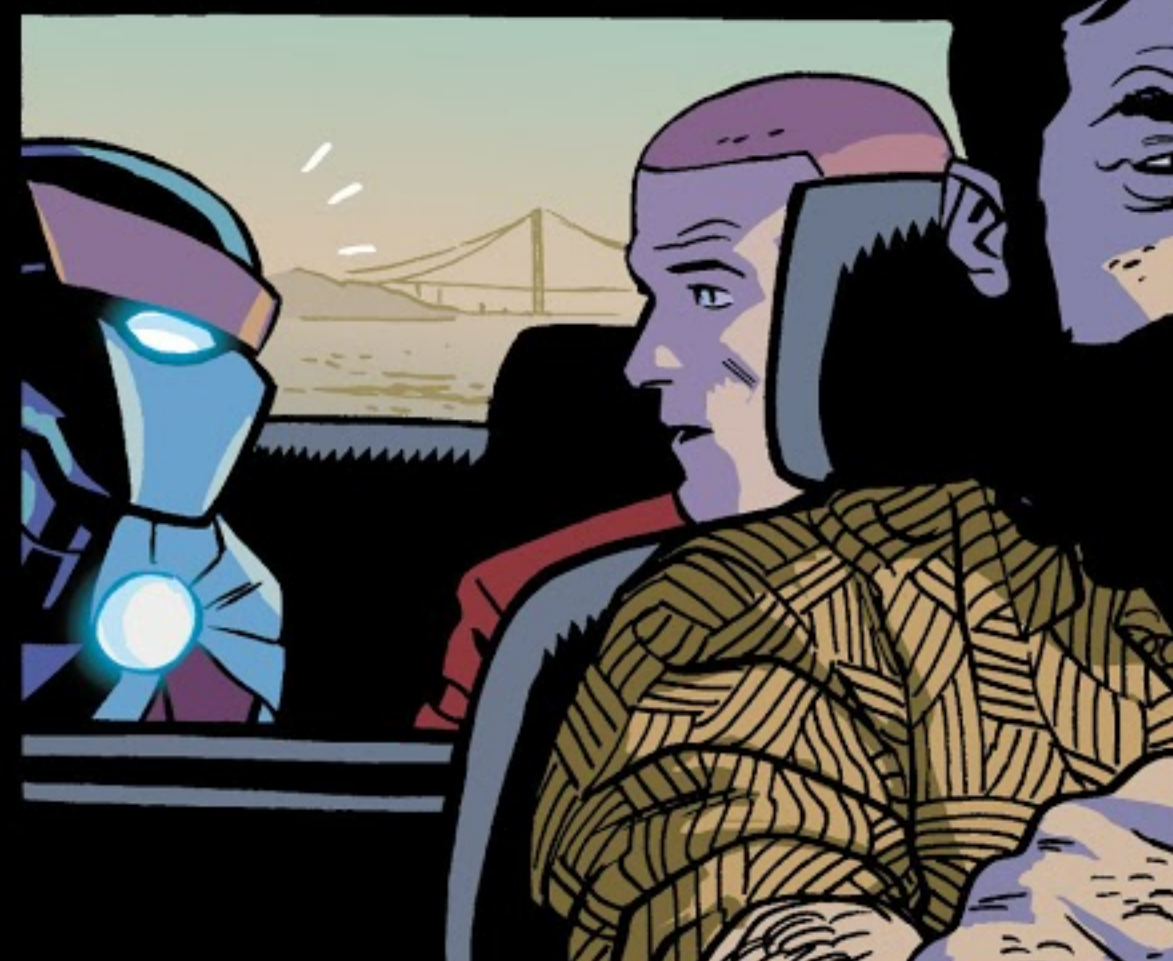
"YOU KEPT IT FROM  
HIM? THAT SOUNDS  
HEALTHY--"

"HERE AND NOW, OKAY? THE LAST  
TIME I FOUGHT OWLSLEY, HE'D BEEN  
SUBSUMED BY SOME SORT OF  
EXPERIMENTAL TECHNOLOGY THAT  
PIPED ELECTRONIC DATA DIRECTLY  
INTO THE HUMAN BRAIN."

"WHAT  
DOES THAT  
MEAN FOR THE  
SHROUD?"



"IT MEANS I FINALLY  
HAVE A SET OF EYES  
THAT CAN LOOK  
EVERYWHERE,  
DAREDEVIL."







WITH MY HELP,  
OWLSLEY'S TAPPED  
INTO EVERY ELECTRONIC  
SIGNAL IN NORTHERN  
CALIFORNIA.



HE CAN  
SEE AND HEAR  
THROUGH EVERY  
CELLPHONE--



--EVERY  
LAPTOP--



--EVERY CAMERA  
LENS AND WI-FI  
CONNECTION ON  
THE GRID.

I'M IMPRESSED. YOU'VE  
REINVENTED SURVEILLANCE.  
IS THIS HOW YOU PLAN  
TO FIND JULIA? WITH  
OVERKILL?

WHO?



HIS EX.  
MISSING, OR I'M  
BEGINNING TO SUSPECT  
HIDING FROM HIM.  
WE'VE SCOURED THE  
BAY AREA FOR  
HER, MAX!





THEN WE WON'T STOP. THE RANGE OF OWL'S SIGHT EXPANDS BY THE HOUR. SOON, THERE WON'T BE ANYWHERE ON EARTH HE CAN'T EAVESDROP.



BIG TALK. I CAN HAVE THE POWER TO ALCATRAZ ISLAND CUT OFF WITH A PHONE CALL.



YOU'RE GOING TO BE TOO BUSY PUTTING OUT YOUR OWN FIRES, MATT. WE'VE NOT ONLY BEEN WATCHING YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS FOR SOME TIME NOW...

...WE'VE BEEN RECORDING YOU AROUND THE CLOCK.



WHO'S THE BALD GUY IN THE CAP?

--IN THE--?

Oh, no.



No, no, no...



--STILL NOT SURE HOW YOU'RE EVENTUALLY GOING TO EXPLAIN TO PEOPLE HOW YOU FAKED MY DEATH, MATTY.

EVERYONE BELIEVES FOGGY NELSON DIED SAVING NEW YORK CITY. WHEN THEY FIND OUT I'M HIDING IN A SAFEHOUSE--



1922 PIERCE STREET.

--REPORTERS  
ARE GONNA LOSE  
THEIR MINDS.

MR. NELSON!  
CHRISTY BLANCH,  
CHANNEL 8  
NEWS! ARE YOU  
THERE?

SAHREN KUNI,  
CHANNEL 4! SIR,  
PROPERTY RECORDS  
SHOW SOMEONE MATCHING  
THE LIKENESS JUST  
BROADCAST TO US  
RESIDES HERE--

BILL PRESLEY,  
91-FM, REPORTING ON  
WHAT APPEARS TO BE SOME  
SORT OF BIZARRE HOAX  
PERPETRATED BY THE LOCAL  
VIGILANTE WE KNOW AS  
DAREDEVIL--

OH, GOD.  
HOW DID  
THIS--?

MATT? MATT,  
I CAN'T GET A  
SIGNAL OUT TO CALL  
YOU, BUT IF YOU'RE  
ANYWHERE NEARBY,  
I KNOW YOU CAN  
HEAR ME!

MATT, THIS  
IS REALLY  
BAD! I'M UNDER  
SIEGE HERE,  
BUDDY!

THEY'RE  
NOT GOING TO WANT  
TO HEAR HOW YOU DID  
THIS FOR ALL THE RIGHT  
REASONS! WHAT HAVE  
OUR JOBS TAUGHT  
US, MATTY?

NEVER LET  
THE PROSECUTION  
DEFINE THE  
NARRATIVE!

BZZT BZZT

THIS ISN'T  
KIRSTEN'S  
RING.

OH, I'M  
SORRY. WAS IT  
HER VOICE YOU  
WANTED TO  
HEAR?

VERY  
WELL.

WAIT--!







"ATTORNEY-  
CLIENT  
PRIVILEGE."

--I HAVE  
CHEATED ON  
HER, BUT SHE  
MUST NEVER  
KNOW--

--WILLING  
TO TURN STATE'S  
EVIDENCE IF YOU CAN  
KEEP MY NAME  
OUT OF IT--

--GOTTA  
KEEP MY DRUG  
HABIT FROM MY  
EMPLOYER--

--DON'T PUT  
ME ON THE STAND,  
MR. MURDOCK--MY  
SON CAN'T KNOW  
THE TRUTH--

--EVER  
FINDS OUT I TOLD  
ANYONE HE HITS  
ME, HE'LL KILL ME,  
SO PROMISE  
ME--

--PROMISE  
ME--

--PROMISE  
ME THIS STAYS  
BETWEEN  
US.

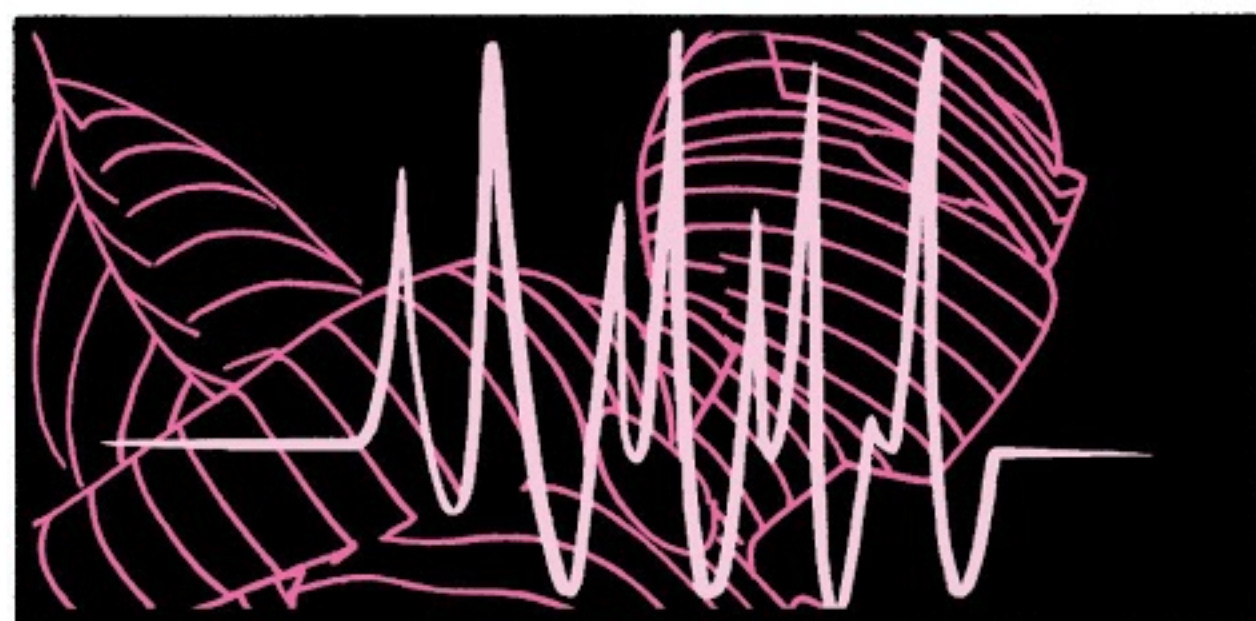












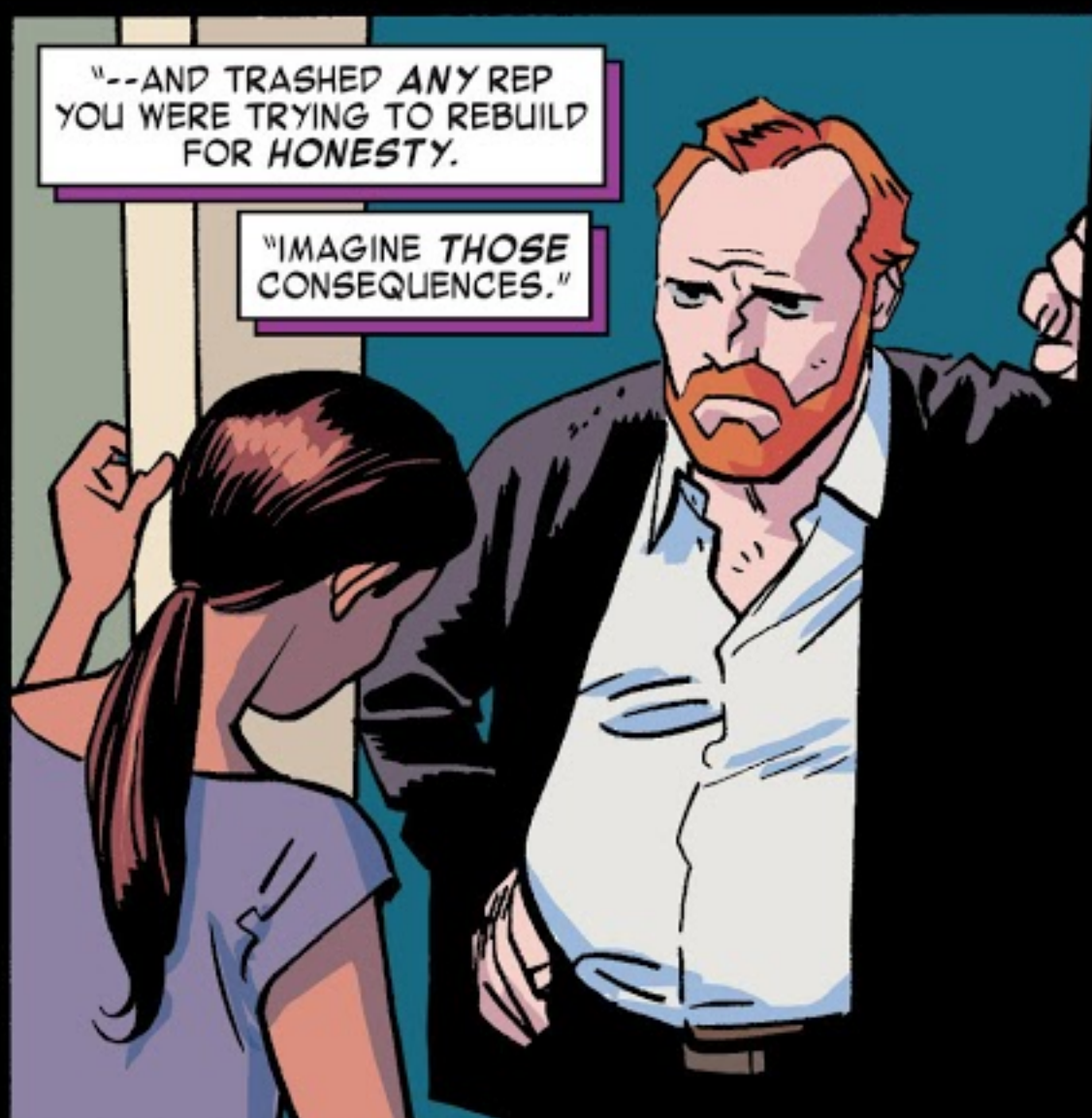




I MIGHT  
ALSO BE  
ABLE TO RETRO-  
ENGINEER ALL  
THIS SPY-  
TECH.

AND  
TAKE BACK  
WHAT'S BEEN  
BROADCAST?

I'M NOT  
GOD. THOSE  
MONKEYS ARE OUT OF  
THE BARREL FOR GOOD,  
PALLY. SHROUD JUST  
RUINED YOUR LEGAL  
PRACTICE--



"--AND TRASHED ANY REP  
YOU WERE TRYING TO REBUILD  
FOR HONESTY.

"IMAGINE THOSE  
CONSEQUENCES."



BOTH  
OF YOU! HANDS  
WHERE WE CAN  
SEE THEM!

Police.  
Only half  
the force.

The other half is  
probably storming  
Kirsten's office and  
Foggy's hideout  
even now.



BANG  
BANG  
BANG

BANG  
BANG

SWEETHEART,  
WHETHER YOU'RE  
INCLINED TO ACCEPT  
MY HELP RIGHT NOW OR  
NOT, I KNOW A GUY  
WHO CAN FLOAT US  
BOTH.

And then  
she says  
a name.



The last name  
on Earth I'd  
ever expected  
to hear again.





The last name  
I'd *want*  
to hear.

THIS ISN'T  
THE WAY, MATTY.  
THIS IS *NUTS*.  
DON'T GIVE HIM AN  
AUDIENCE. HE'S A  
*MONSTER*.



I DON'T HAVE TO LET  
MYSELF BE *BEGUILED*,  
FOGGY.

IF I DON'T  
LIKE ANYTHING HE  
SAYS, I CAN SIMPLY  
TURN AND WALK.



JUST...  
STAY OFF  
THE RADAR,  
BABY.

YOU,  
TOO.







"I can simply turn and walk."



Hopefully, my last-ever lie.



Because the man I'm meeting made his *reputation* offering deals that cannot be *refused*.



Jubula's *right*. He's the only one imaginable with enough power and influence to put this genie back in its *bottle* to save my *friends*.

I hate him with the fury of a thousand angry gods.

I go to sleep some nights imagining my hands closing around his throat.



The only thing that's saved him from me *acting* on that is that I was sure he was *dead*.

MR. MURDOCK... I'VE MISSED THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY. HAVE A *SEAT*.



MAKE YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE.



**NEXT: DEAL WITH THE DEVIL**



# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>



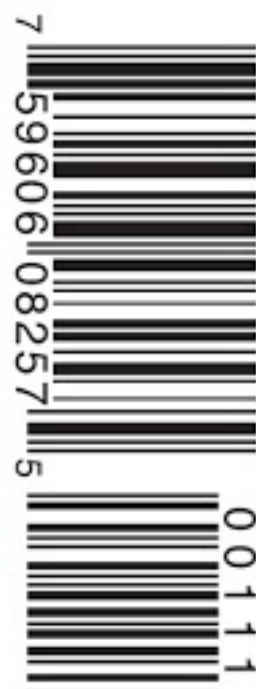
GUGGENHEIM  
WAID  
SAMNEE  
KRAUSE  
WILSON

**MARVEL**

15.1

**BONUS**  
**DIGITAL**  
**EDITION**  
see inside for details

RATED T+  
\$4.99US  
DIRECT EDITION  
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# DAREDEVIL



RATED T+  
\$4.99US  
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**MARVEL**

**15.1** VARIANT  
EDITION







# PREVIOUSLY:

Since outing himself as Daredevil in a court of law, blind lawyer Matt Murdock has faked the death of his best friend, Foggy Nelson, moved out west to start a new practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie, and had more than a few run-ins with old foes looking to get even.

Recently, Matt cast off his cowl and completely embraced his role as The Man Without Fear—he's even writing a biography about his vigilante adventures. As his Daredevil duties have a tendency to take his attention away from authoring, Matt enlisted Foggy to help as his ghost writer.

With a deadline looming, Team Daredevil has hunkered down for a late night of storytelling...

\*The following takes place before Daredevil #15.



## “RETROSPECTION”

MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

## “WORLDS COLLIDE”

MARC GUGGENHEIM

WRITER

PETER KRAUSE

ARTIST

MATTHEW WILSON

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## “CHASING THE DEVIL”

CHRIS SAMNEE

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VC'S JOE  
CARAMAGNA  
LETTERER

SAMNEE &  
WILSON  
COVER

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JOE QUESADA  
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DAN BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE  
EXEC. PRODUCER



CENTRAL PARK.  
YEARS AGO.

Billable hours.  
90-hour  
work weeks.

Depositions.  
Document  
productions.  
Interrogatories.

Most lawyers  
blow off steam  
after work by  
finding the  
closest *bar*.

I'm  
not most  
lawyers.



I blame  
*Elektra*.

She hooked  
me on the  
*night*.

The most  
powerful  
drug I know.



CHAK  
CHAK  
CHAK

The pain  
threshold for  
sound is 130  
decibels.

For a *normal*  
person.

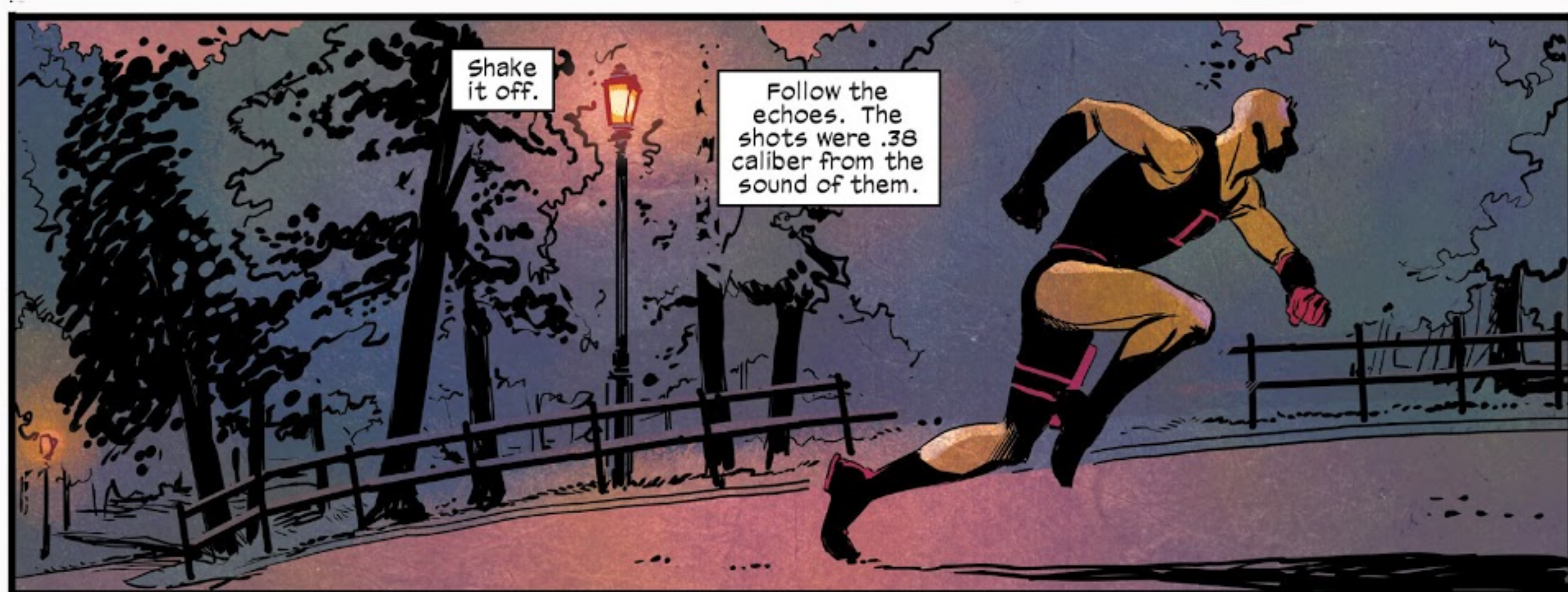




Those were  
170-decibel  
gunshots.



Feels like repeatedly  
slamming my  
head against the  
express train.

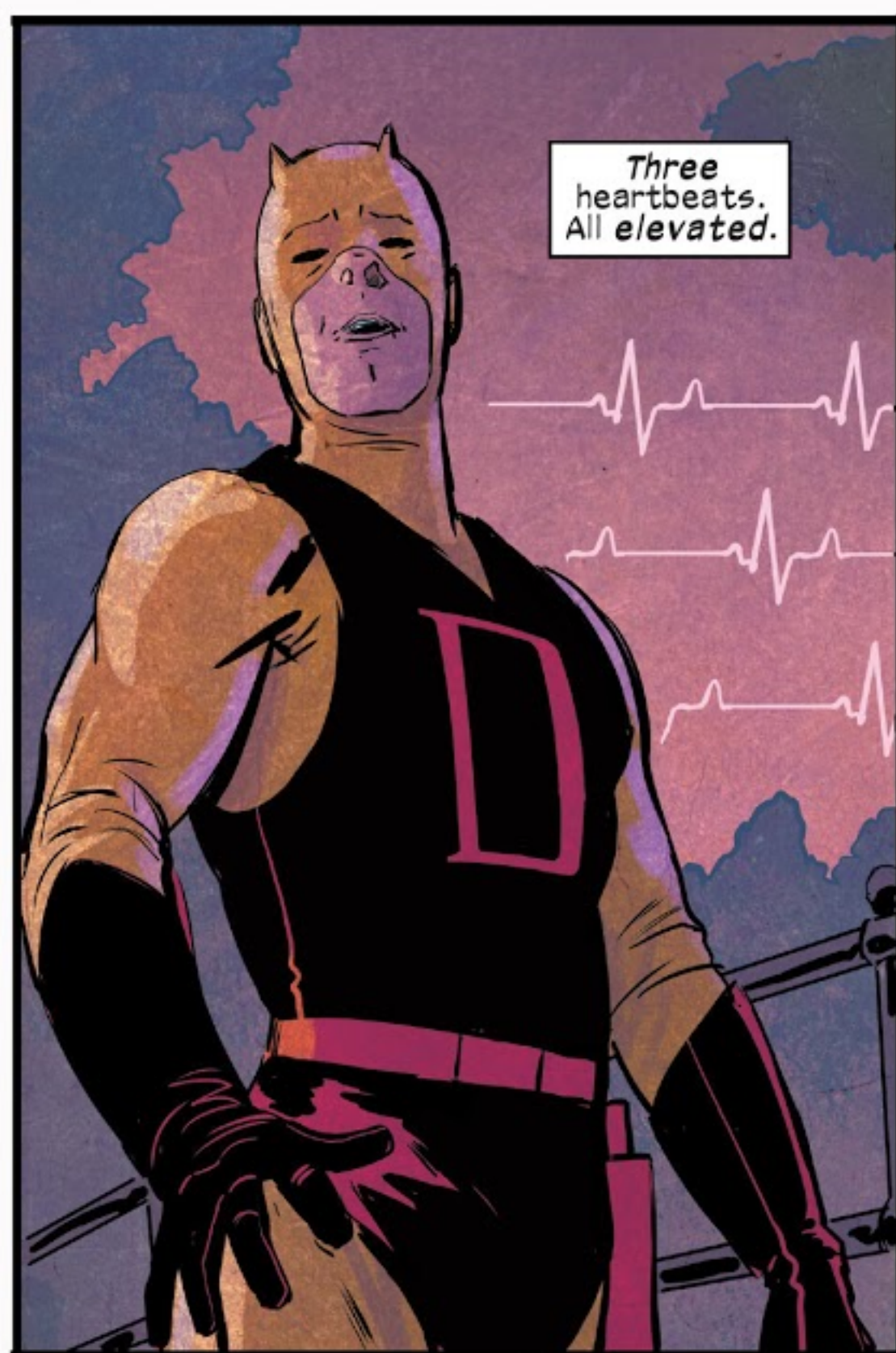


Shake  
it off.

Follow the  
echoes. The  
shots were .38  
caliber from the  
sound of them.



And they  
seem to have  
done their  
work.



Three  
heartbeats.  
All elevated.





Adrenaline is hitting them so hard, tracking them is like following a *neon sign*.



Follow the closest one...



Less than a yard away.

HUH HUH  
HUH--



Radar sense caught him tossing something away.

"Looks" to have been a .38.

GGH--



SLEEP.

CHAK





The two other heartbeats are long gone.

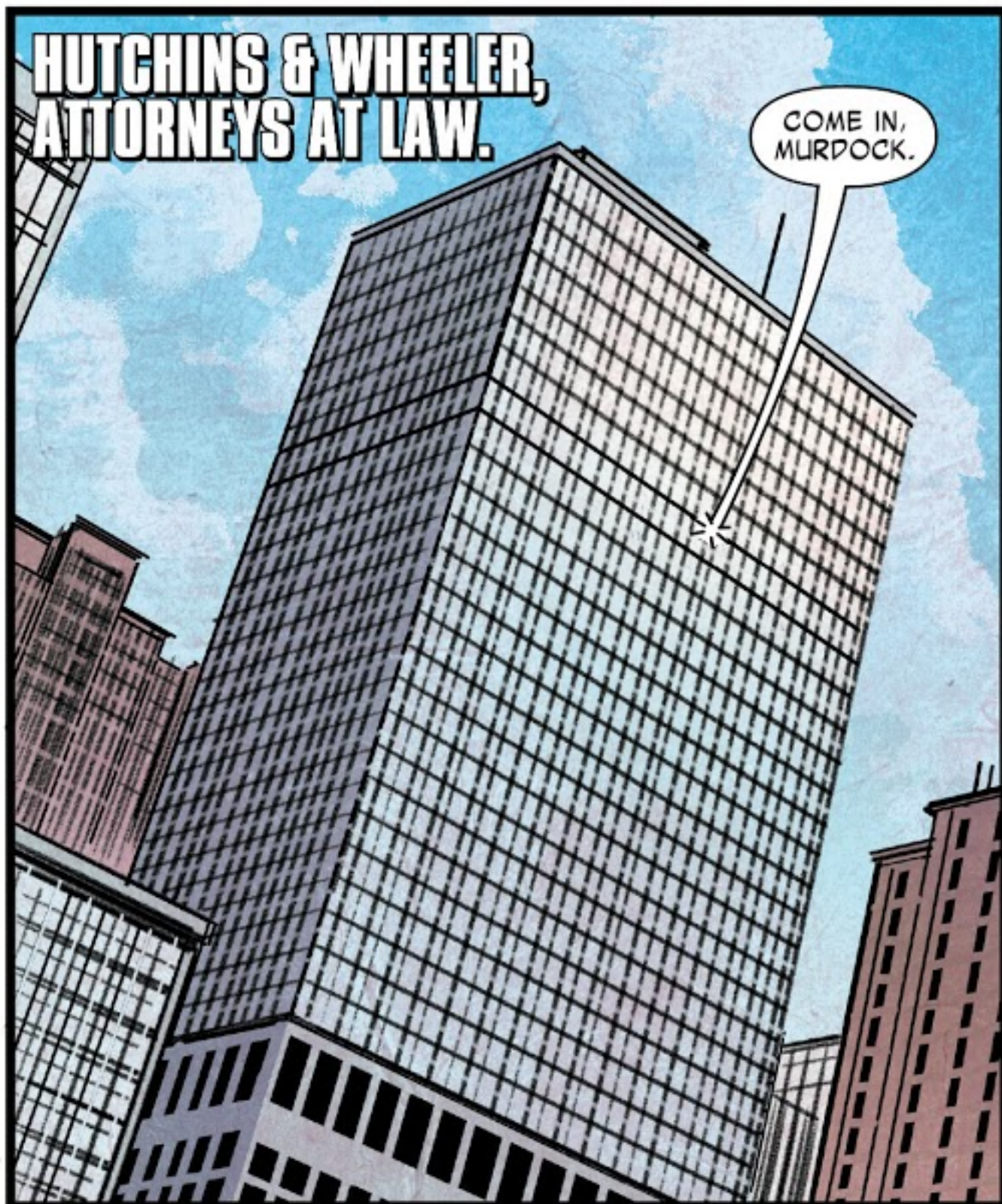


But it looks like I got the shooter, at least.



Burner cell. Comes in handy when making anonymous tips.

I WANT TO REPORT A SHOOTING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEAR THE RESERVOIR.



**HUTCHINS & WHEELER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**

COME IN, MURDOCK.



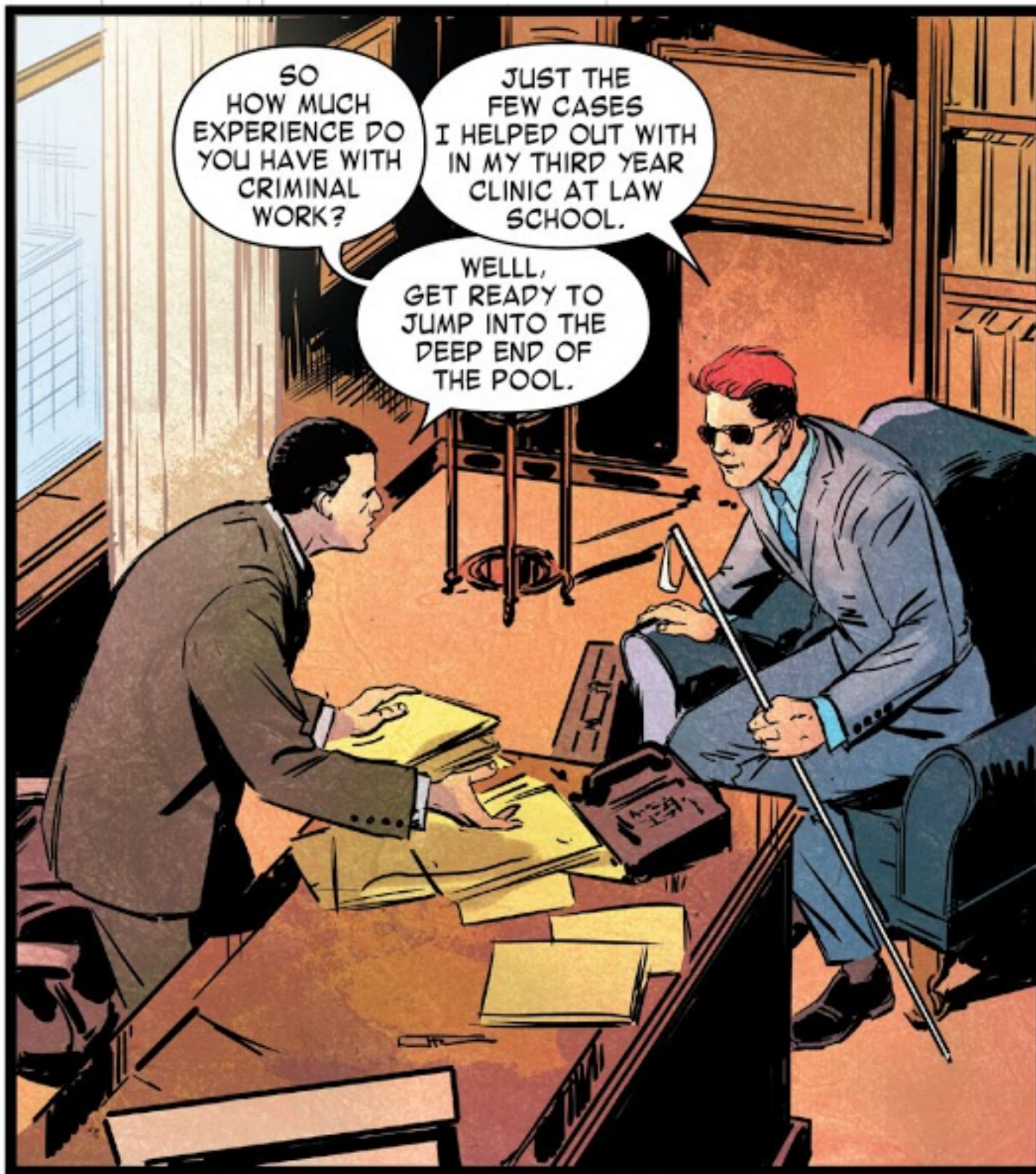
SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MR. WHEELER?

I THOUGHT WE WERE DOING THAT ALREADY, SIR.

EXTEND THE WORK WEEK BY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

CLEVER. SIT.

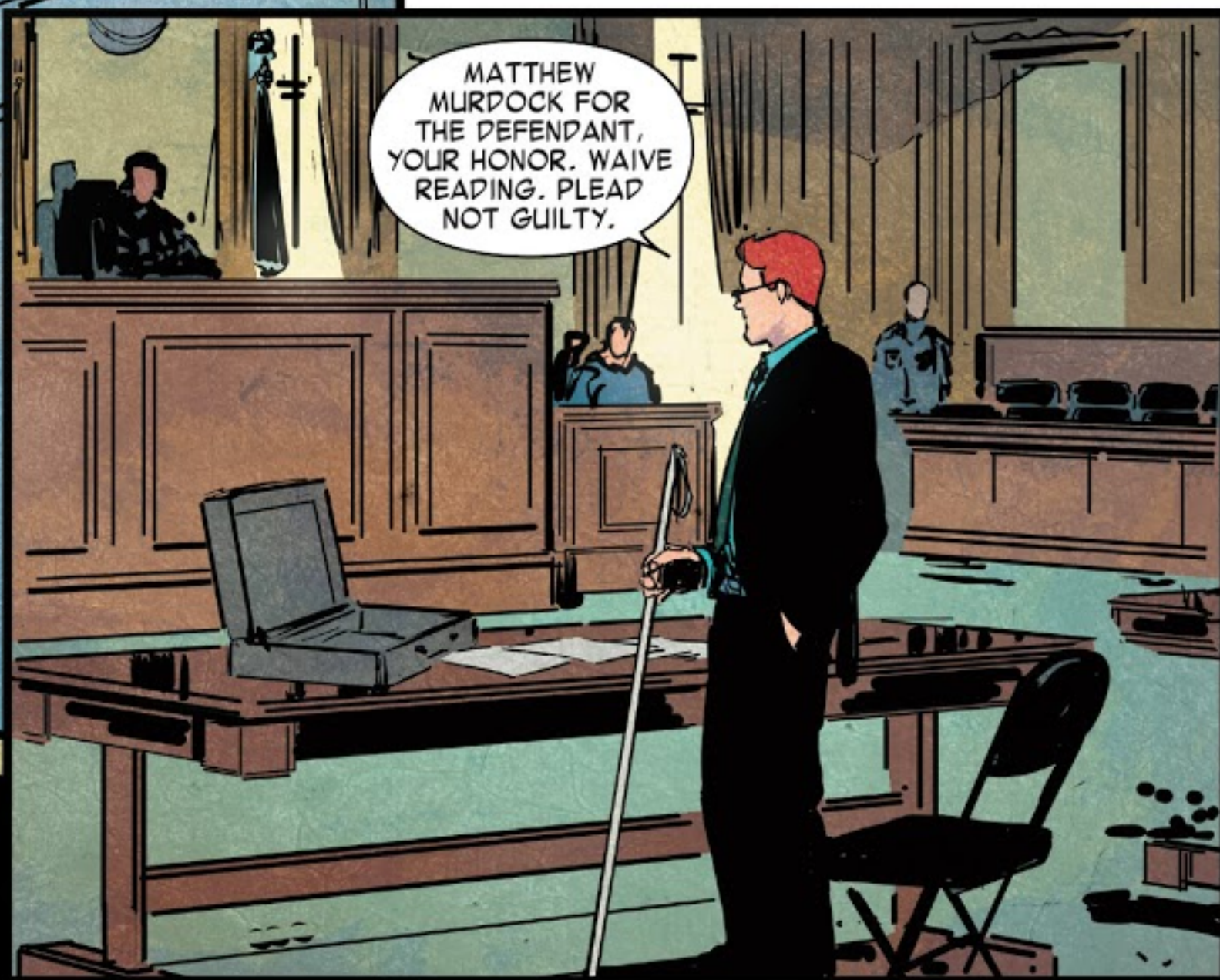








PEOPLE  
VERSUS  
SIFUENTES...



MATTHEW  
MURDOCK FOR  
THE DEFENDANT,  
YOUR HONOR. WAIVE  
READING. PLEAD  
NOT GUILTY.



SO NOTED. SET BAIL AT  
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS, CASH OR  
BOND.

**CRACK**



I'M GOING  
TO GO OUT ON  
A LIMB AND SAY  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
FIVE HUNDRED  
GRAND.

NO.

OKAY.  
THEY'RE GONNA  
REMAND YOU BACK  
TO HOLDING  
THEN.

I'M  
INNOCENT.

BEFORE  
THAT HAPPENS,  
MAYBE YOU COULD  
TELL ME A LITTLE  
BIT ABOUT YOUR  
CASE.



LUIZ--  
DO YOU MIND IF  
I CALL YOU LUIZ?--  
LUIZ, I MAY BE **BLIND**,  
BUT I CAN READ  
A **CASEFILE**.

THE MURDER  
WEAPON WAS  
RECOVERED FROM THE  
SCENE WITH **YOUR**  
FINGERPRINTS  
ON IT.



IT'S NOT  
MY GUN...

THEN YOU  
HEAR AS BAD AS  
I SEE, LUIZ. BECAUSE  
I JUST TOLD YOU YOUR  
**PRINTS** ARE ON IT.











"WHAT ARE HIS  
MOTIVES? WHAT  
DOES HE WANT?"



I WANT TO  
KNOW WHO THE  
OTHER SHOOTERS  
IN CENTRAL  
PARK WERE.

I WANT  
TO KNOW WHO  
THIS MAN, THIS  
"DAREDEVIL"--

--WHO IS,  
ESSENTIALLY,  
ACCUSING MY  
CLIENT OF  
MURDER--

I WANT  
TO KNOW  
WHO HE  
IS.



OTHER  
THAN A  
CRIMINAL.

"WE KNOW  
HE'S AT LEAST  
GUILTY OF  
ASSAULT..."



...AND, IN  
THE CASE, OF  
THE DEFENDANT,  
INVOLUNTARY  
IMPRISONMENT.

CONSIDER  
THE FACTS...



"AN UNKNOWN MAN  
IN A DISGUISE  
ATTACKS  
SOMEONE..."



"...TACKLES  
HIM TO THE  
GROUND..."















So why are you out at night again, Matt?



Tell yourself it's because the other two suspects are still out there.

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.



Tell yourself it's *not* because you think Luiz wants to plead guilty to a crime *they* committed.

WHERE CAN I FIND THEM?



THEY-- THEY MIGHT NOT BE THERE ANYMORE...

WHERE?

I HEARD THEY BOUGHT THIS STORAGE LOCKER...

WHAT?



SECOND-HAND **WEAPONS** AND STUFF. THIS GUY WAS LOOKING TO MOVE THEM... THEY BOUGHT THE ADDRESS OF THE STORAGE LOCKER...



TELL ME WHERE.





IT'S  
36-8-12...

I TRIED  
THAT.

36-RIGHT,  
8-LEFT,  
12-RIGHT...

THANKS,  
MR. FANTASTIC,  
I KNOW HOW  
TO WORK A  
COMBINATION  
LOCK...

YOU  
THINK TURK  
SOLD US A  
BOGUS  
LOCKER?

EVEN  
TURK'S  
NOT THAT  
STUPID...

WE'RE  
TALKING  
ABOUT TURK  
HERE.

THAT'S  
A GOOD  
POINT.



**CHIK**

GOT  
IT.



THIS IS  
GONNA BE THE  
BEST TEN GRAND  
WE'VE EVER  
SPENT...



LOOKIT  
THIS STUFF.  
IS THAT THE  
RINGMASTER'S  
HAT?

CHECK  
THIS OUT...



I COULD  
BE DOC  
OCK WITH  
THESE...

I DOUBT  
THAT VERY  
MUCH...



YOU'LL  
BE TOO BUSY  
DOING TWENTY-  
FIVE YEARS  
TO LIFE.

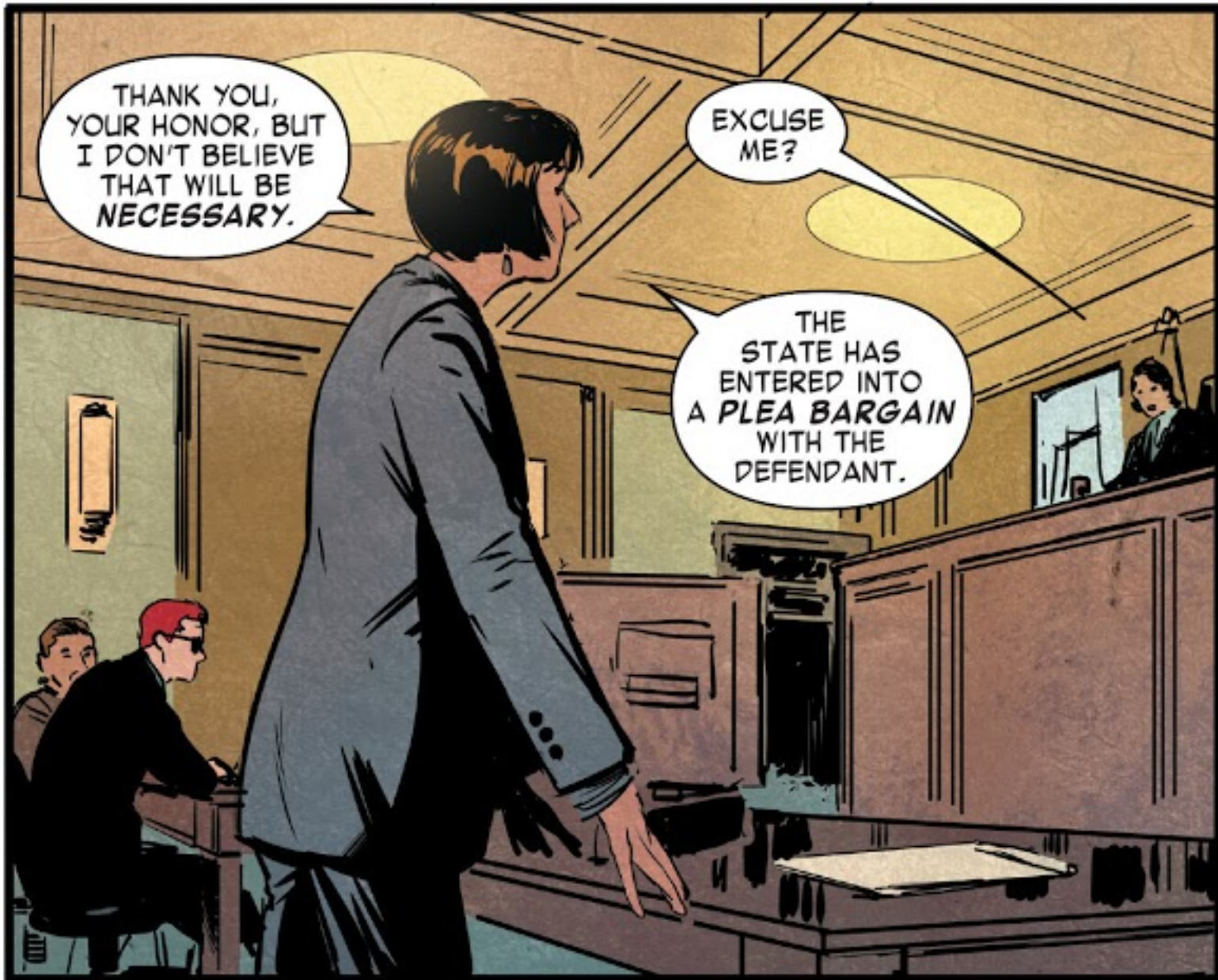




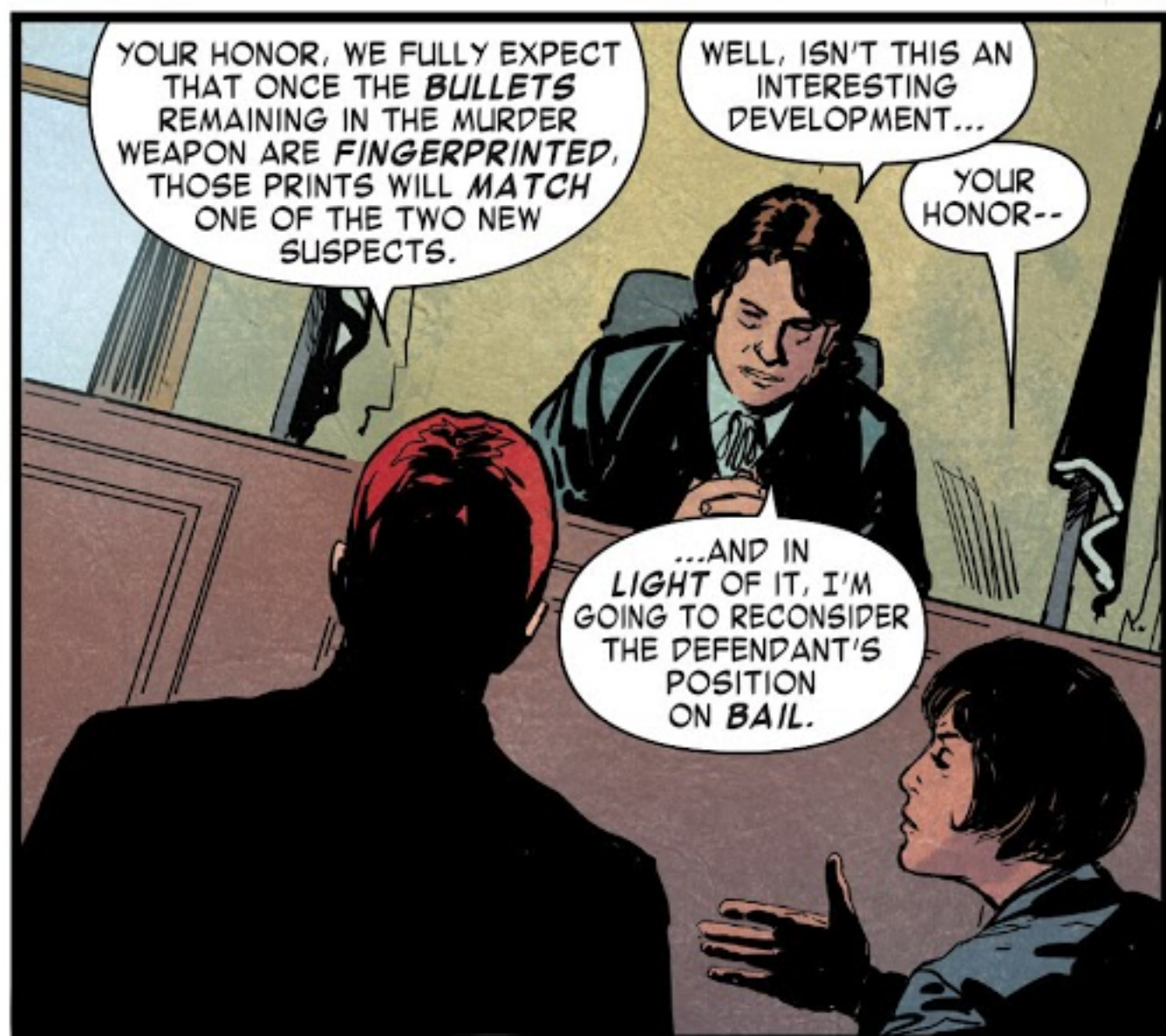
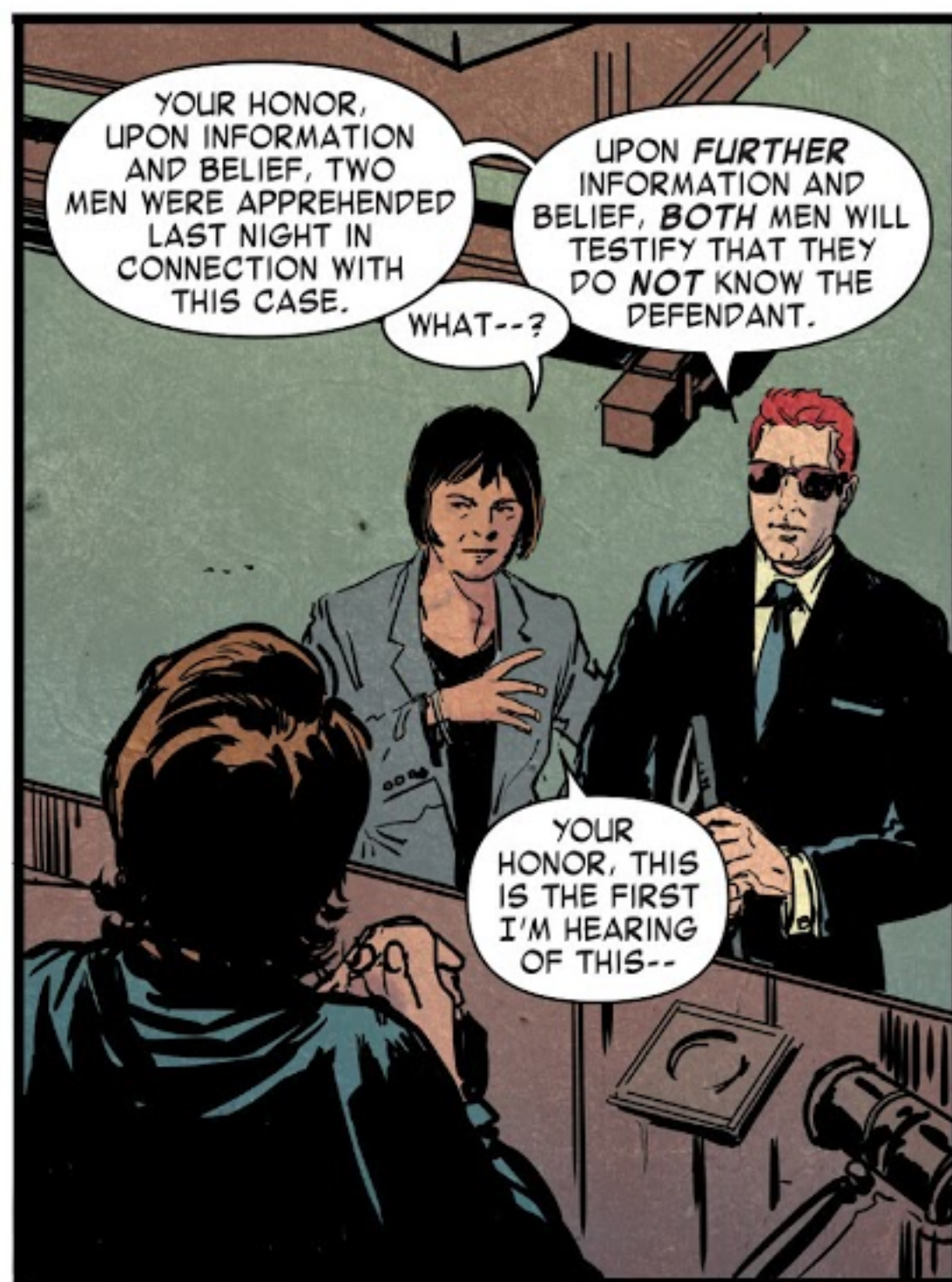








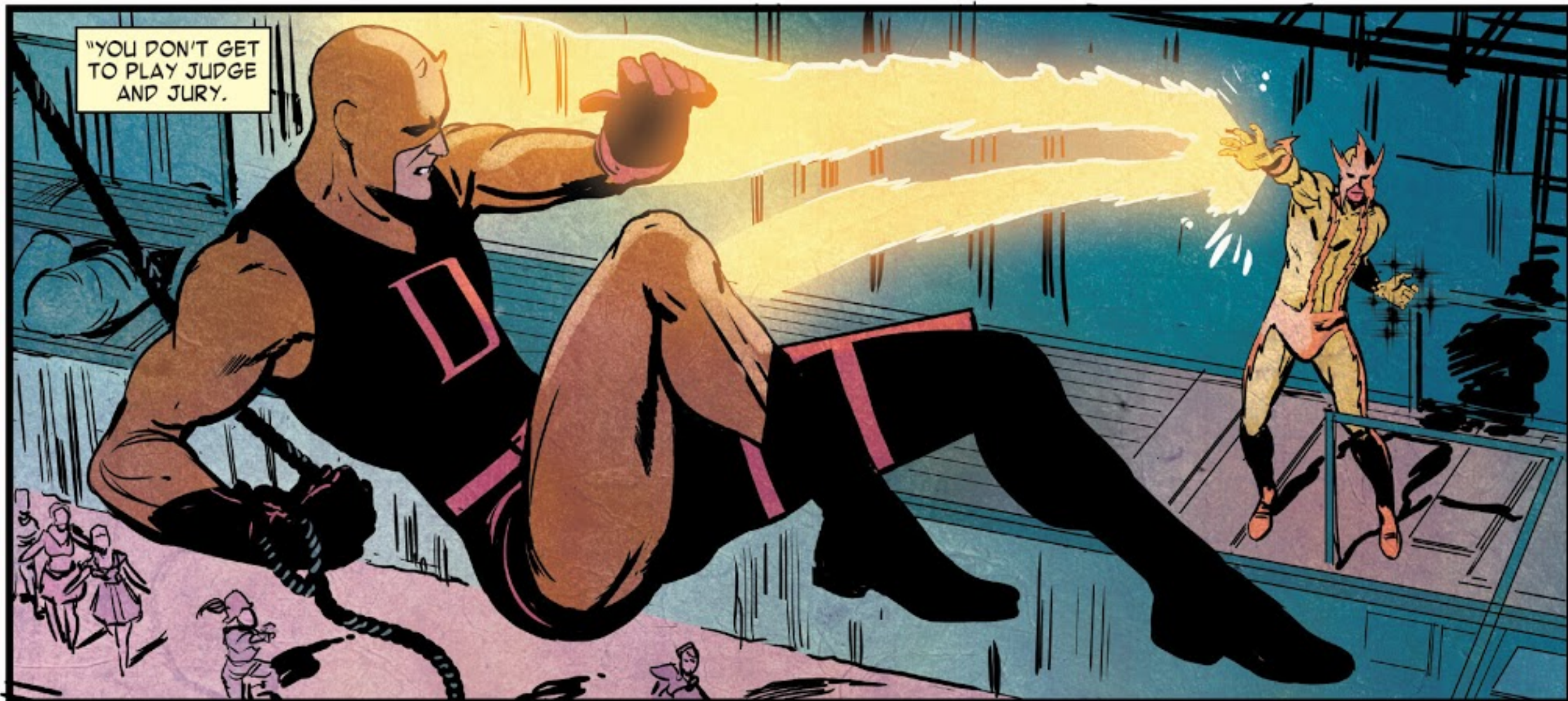




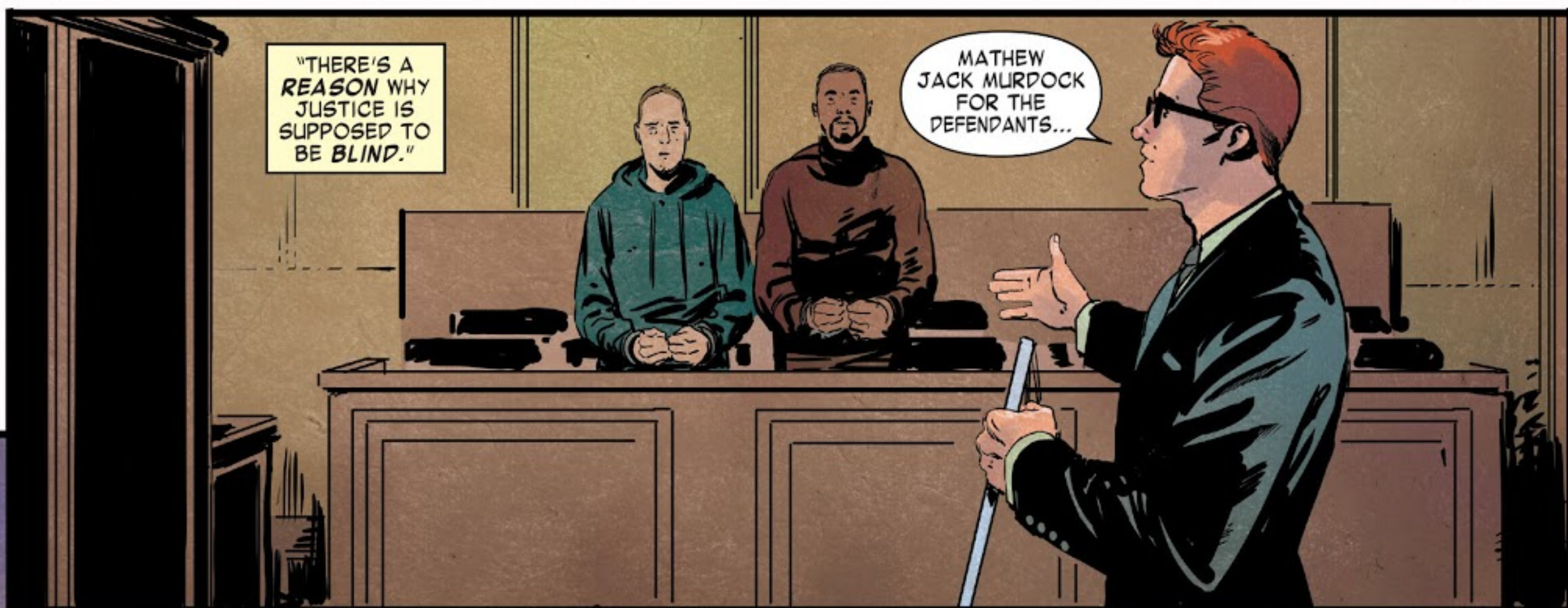








"YOU DON'T GET TO PLAY JUDGE AND JURY."



"THERE'S A REASON WHY JUSTICE IS SUPPOSED TO BE BLIND."

MATHEW JACK MURDOCK FOR THE DEFENDANTS...



"I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GO, OR WHAT YOU DO..."

"NEVER FORGET THAT."



THE  
END.



SEE, THIS  
IS WHY I DECIDED  
NOT TO GET YOU AN  
"APPLAUSE" SIGN FOR  
YOUR BIRTHDAY. WE'D  
NEVER BE ABLE TO  
AFFORD THE  
ELECTRIC BILL.

GOOD STORY.  
KINDA STREET-  
LEVEL, THOUGH. DO  
YOU HAVE ANY ABOUT  
**STILT-MAN** OR  
**LEAPFROG**? THOSE  
GUYS CRACK  
ME UP.



IT MAY  
SURPRISE YOU  
TO LEARN THAT  
ON THE RIGHT DAY,  
ANY CRIMINAL CAN  
BE A GENUINE  
**THREAT**.



THE TRI-  
MAN?



MOST ANY  
CRIMINAL.



TAKE *DIABLO*,  
FOR EXAMPLE.  
MORE *PUNCHING BAG*  
THAN *WORLD-BEATER*.  
THAT GUY, BUT  
THERE WAS THIS  
*ONE TIME*...



SOME YEARS AGO,  
NEW YORK.

This feels nice. Wind in  
my hair, well horns.  
Good to take a swing  
now and again--clear the  
cobwebs. Especially  
after the falling out  
Karen and I had.

ANY AVAILABLE  
UNITS, A MAJOR DRUG  
DEAL INVOLVING "DIABLO"  
AND A NUMBER OF KNOWN  
OFFENDERS IS UNDER WAY  
AT THE SYRACUSE SALT  
MINE. ALL UNITS, PLEASE  
RESPOND.

CAR 36  
EN ROUTE,  
DISPATCH!

THIS STORY TAKES  
PLACE AFTER  
PAREDEVIL VOL.1 #57

Coffee  
break's over,  
Murdock.

TEN-FOUR,  
CAR 36. GOOD  
LUCK OUT  
THERE.

*Diablo*, catchy  
devil themed moniker  
aside, has been little  
more than a thorn in  
the side of the  
Fantastic Four.

But if I don't get  
to the mines in time  
New York's Finest  
are going to need  
more than *luck*.



Made it. Even without the benefit of my radar sense I could have followed the taste of all this salt from halfway across town. Reminds me of Dad's cooking.



...AND THANKS TO MY GENEROSITY I'M ALLOWING YOU ALL TO BE A SMALL PART OF THIS GRAND SCHEME.

NEVER HAS THERE BEEN AN OPERATION WITH THE POTENTIAL FOR SUCH A HIGH PROFIT MARGIN.



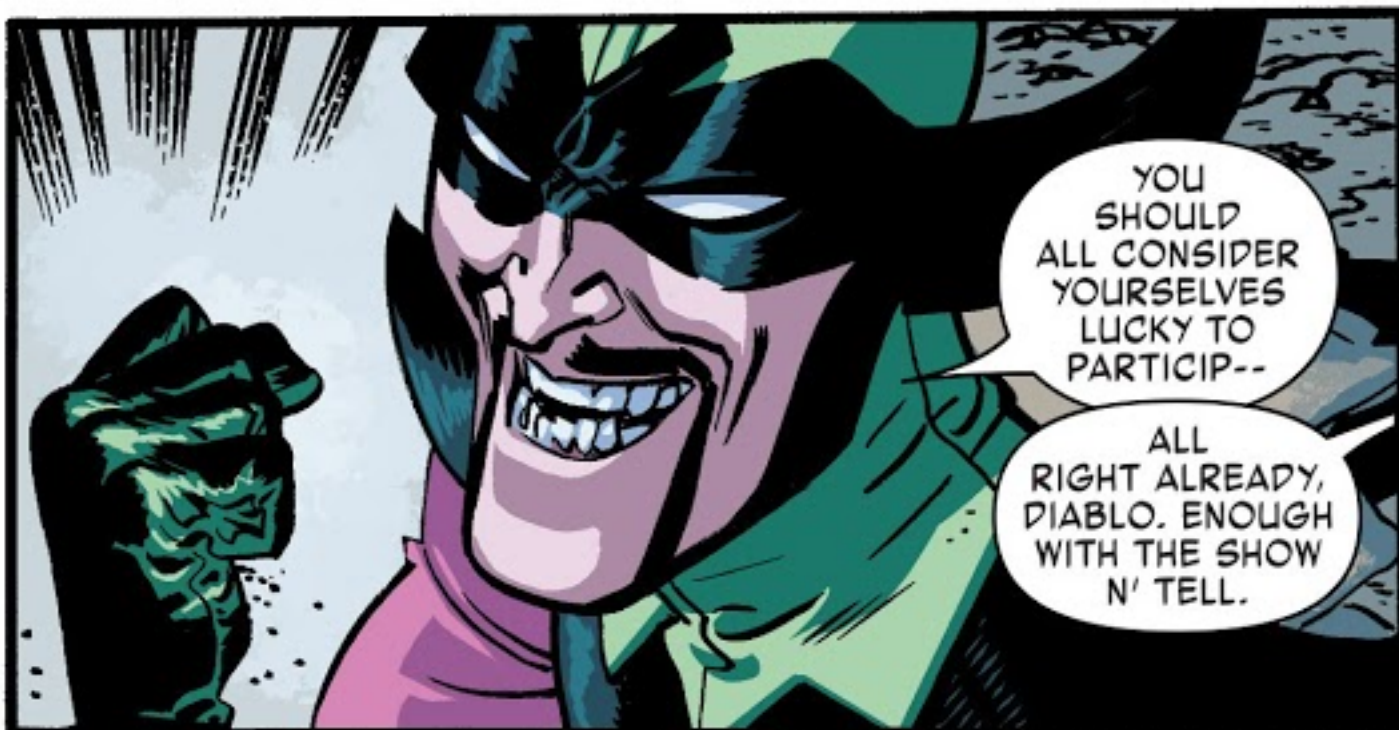
I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE FORMULAS AND CALCULATIONS FOR MONTHS.

FASHIONING A DRUG TO GIVE ALL ITS RECIPIENTS EXACTLY WHAT THEY CRAVE. AND LEAVE THEM POSITIVELY **BEGGING** FOR MORE.



YOU SHOULD ALL CONSIDER YOURSELVES LUCKY TO PARTICIP--

ALL RIGHT ALREADY, DIABLO. ENOUGH WITH THE SHOW N' TELL.



YEAH, WE STAY IN THIS MINE MUCH LONGER'N ALL OUR GUNS'LL RUST!

WHERE'S THE PRODUCT?



WHY, GENTLEMEN, IT'S ALL AROUND YOU. AS I WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN, THE SALT ITSELF HAS BECOME OUR PRODUCT.



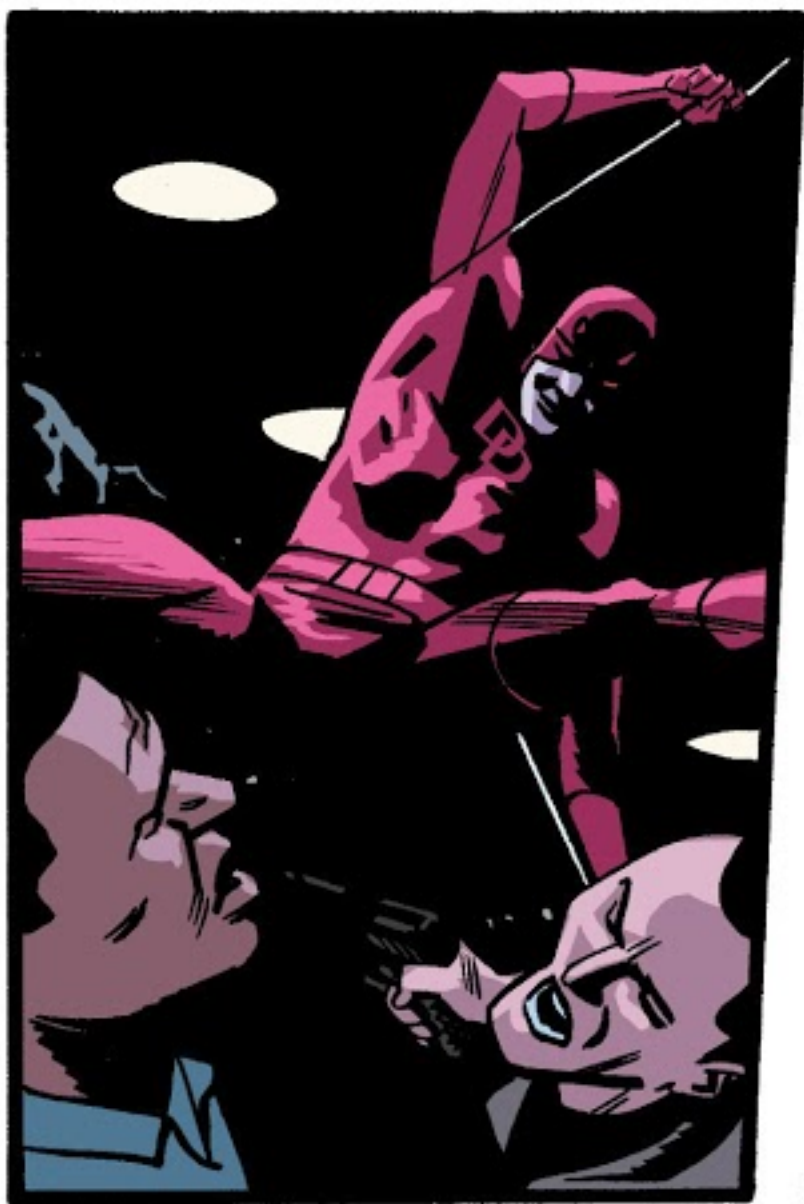
AND IN IT WE HAVE AN **INFINITE** SUPPLY.

YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME PARTICIPANTS IN THE LARGEST DRUG DEAL IN HUMAN HISTORY.

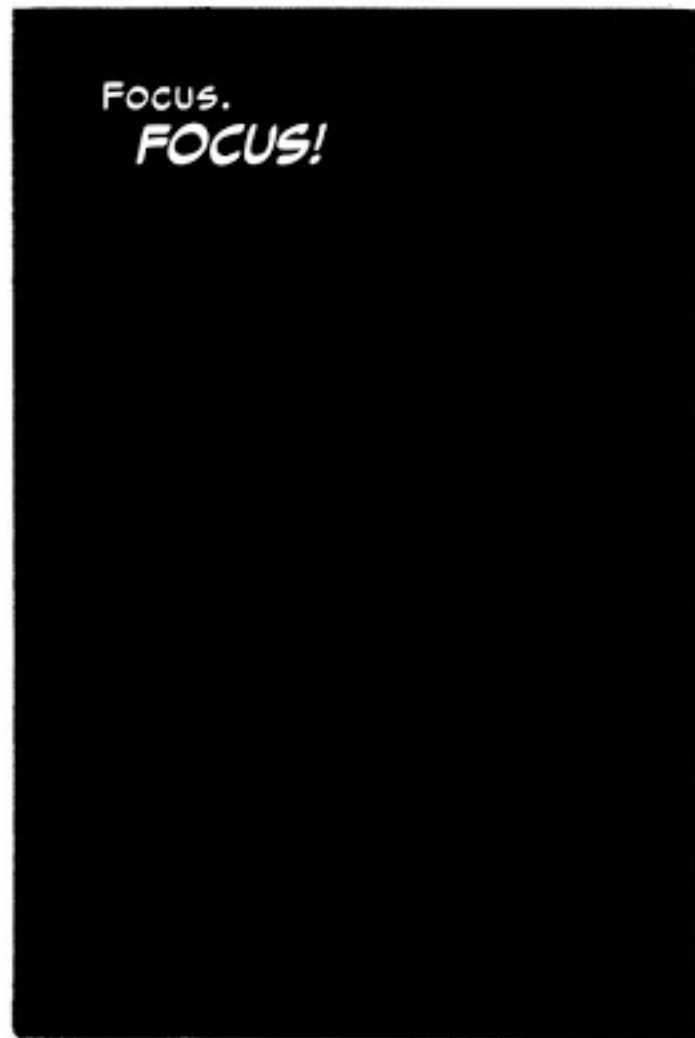
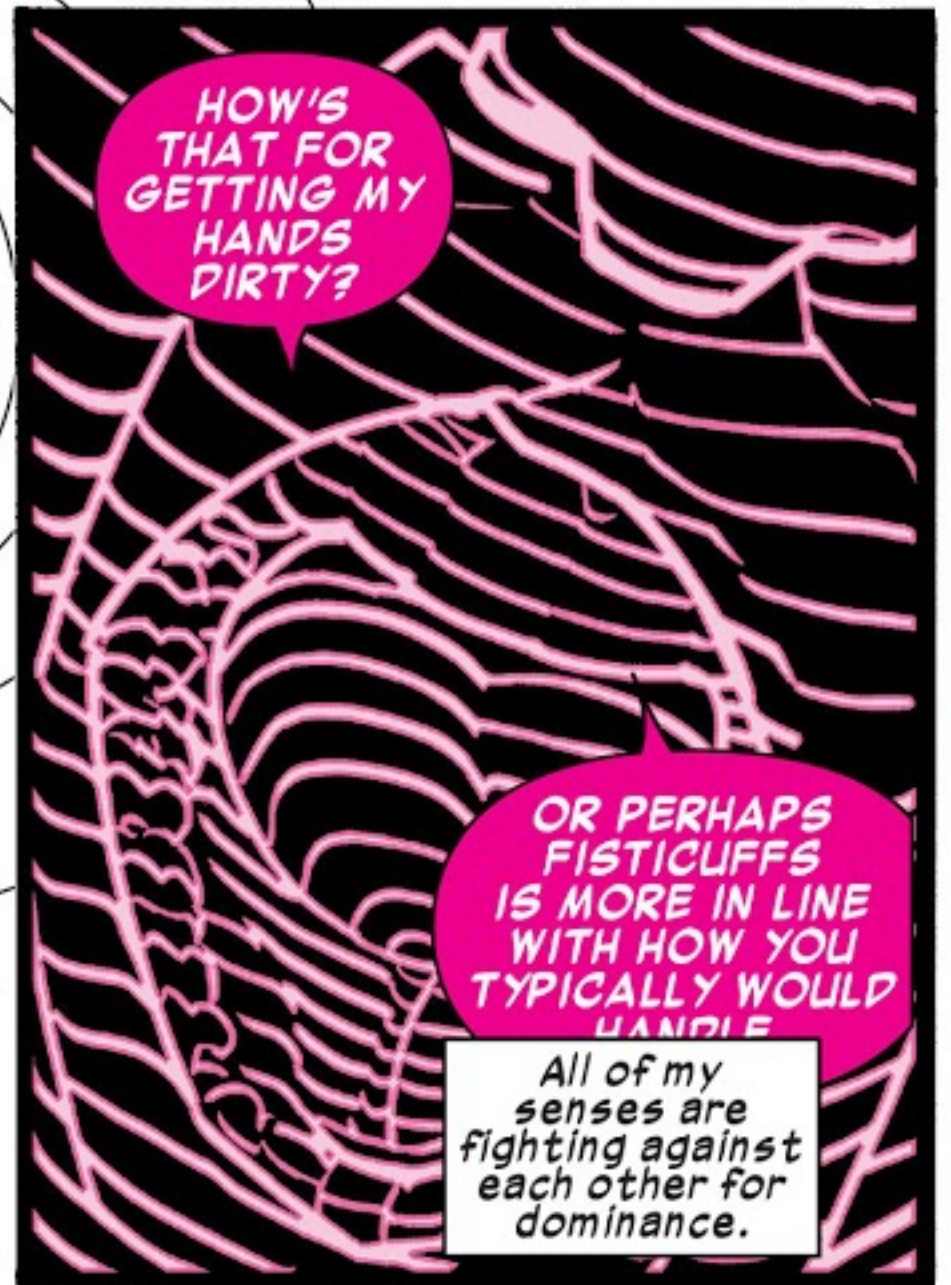
MORE LIKE THE LARGEST **DRUG BUST** IN HISTORY!















SOON THE  
DRUGS IN YOUR  
SYSTEM WILL SUPERCHARGE  
EACH OF YOUR FIVE SENSES.  
IT'S A RUSH TO BE SO  
ACUTELY AWARE OF ALL  
YOUR SURROUNDINGS  
AT ONCE.

IT'S SUCH  
A HIGH THAT FEW  
HAVE LASTED MORE  
THAN A DAY WITHOUT  
ANOTHER  
FIX.

I OWN  
YOU NOW,  
DEVIL.

WE'LL BE  
SEEING EACH  
OTHER AGAIN  
VERY SOON.

Supercharged  
senses? Well  
there's a  
novel idea.

I just need  
to get a lock  
on my radar.  
The one sense  
that's uniquely  
mine and mine  
alone.



Focus.

Focus,  
Murdock!

Grr!  
**FOCUS,  
DAMN  
YOU!**

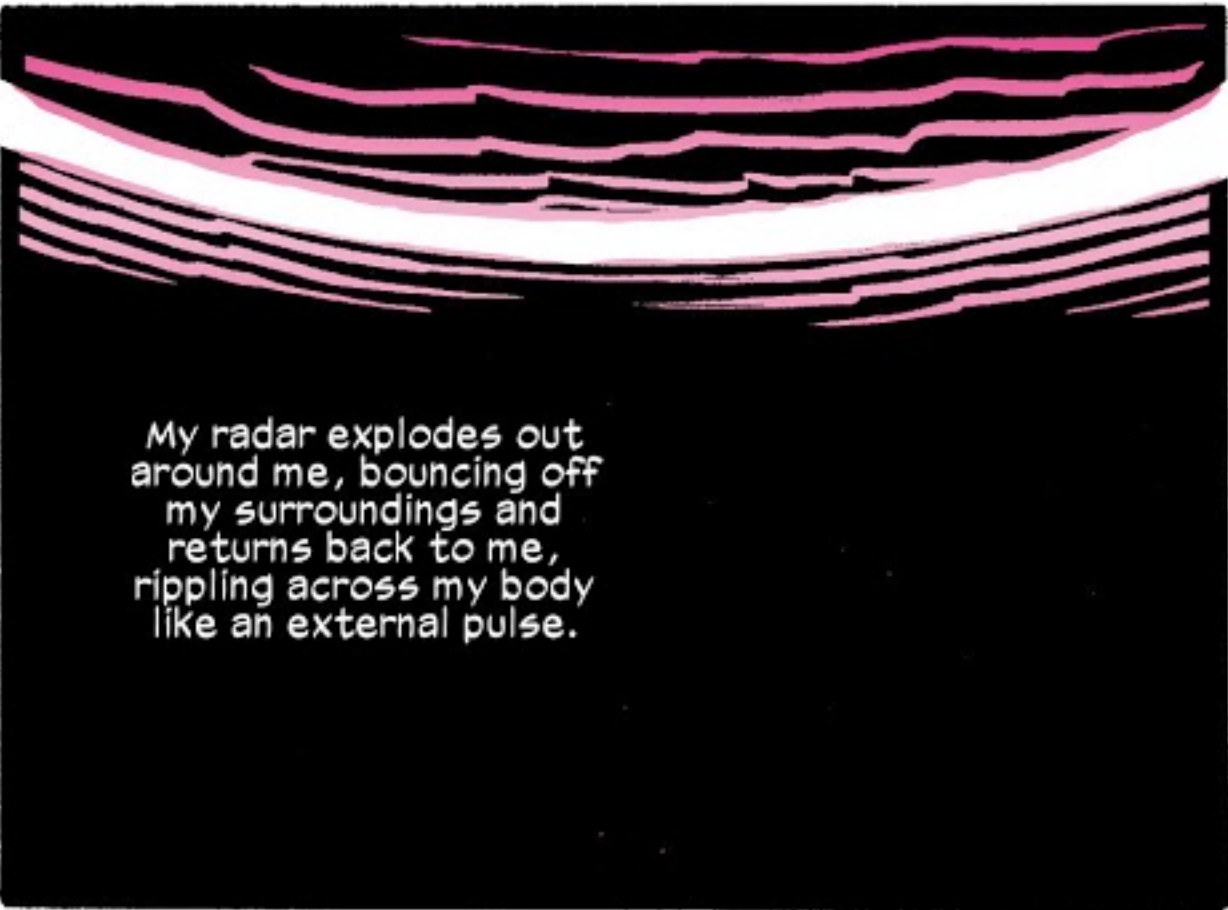


Thank goodness. After  
20 odd years of living  
with this throbbing in  
my skull. With every  
beat of my heart--



It only took  
me a moment to  
realize that I have  
been taking it  
for granted.





My radar explodes out around me, bouncing off my surroundings and returns back to me, rippling across my body like an external pulse.



Not so fast...

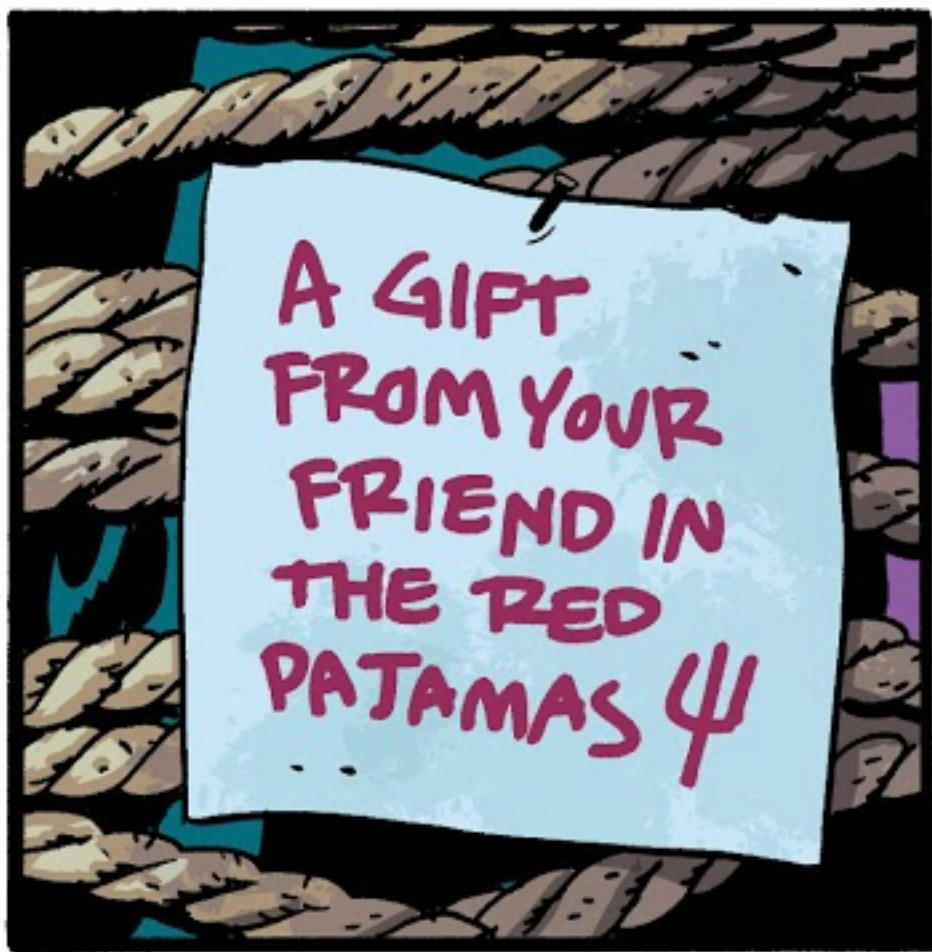


All of my senses are completely raw.

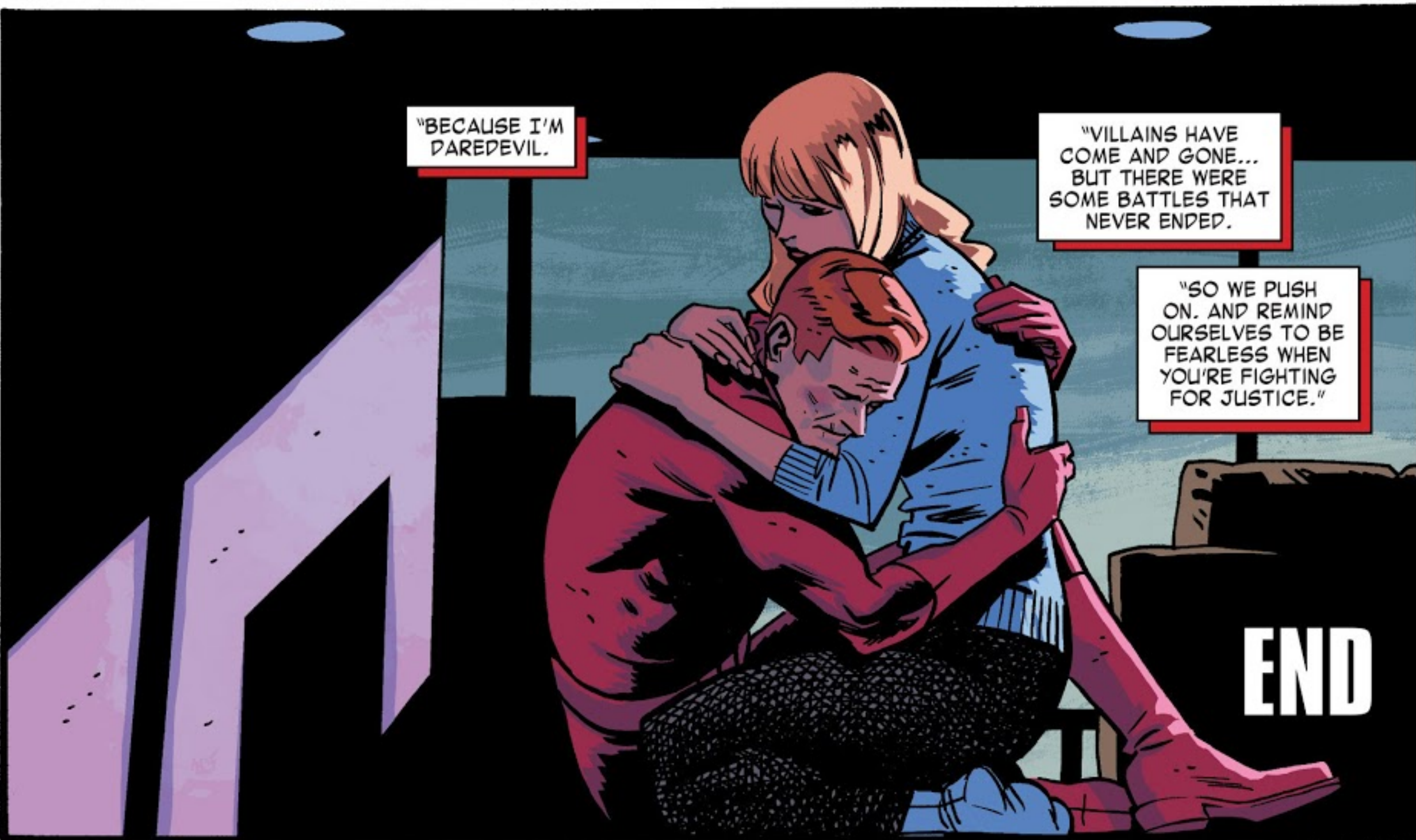
I've got to get a handle on this--

Who says the police are never around when you need them?











**MARVEL**

016

# DAREDEVIL



SAMWEE'S  
MW

**WAID  
SAMNEE  
WILSON**



PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: He is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil’s enemies, Matt very publically faked Foggy’s death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

With his identity out in the open, Matt Murdock recently cast off his cowl, fully embracing his role as The Man Without Fear. While chasing a rumor of The Owl’s escape, Matt wound up working with his foe’s daughter, Jubula Pride, who has abilities like her father. A strong lead sent them to Alcatraz Island where they found The Owl inextricably connected to a surveillance super computer by his captor...The Shroud!

The pair fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt’s personal and professional life. Now, Daredevil has no choice but to turn to the only person with enough power and influence to repair the shattered pieces of Matt Murdock’s reputation — Wilson Fisk a.k.a. The Kingpin!



**MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE**  
STORYTELLERS

**MATTHEW WILSON**  
COLORIST

**VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA**  
LETTERER

**SAMNEE & WILSON**  
COVER

**ALEX MALEEV**  
VARIANT COVER

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CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER


**DAN BUCKLEY**  
PUBLISHER

**ALAN FINE**  
EXEC. PRODUCER







Years ago, God in one of his darker moods crammed much of the world's spite and cunning into a quarter-ton sack of flesh and named it *Wilson Fisk*.



Over the years, Fisk and I have taken turns *shattering* one another.



Today, the cycle ends.

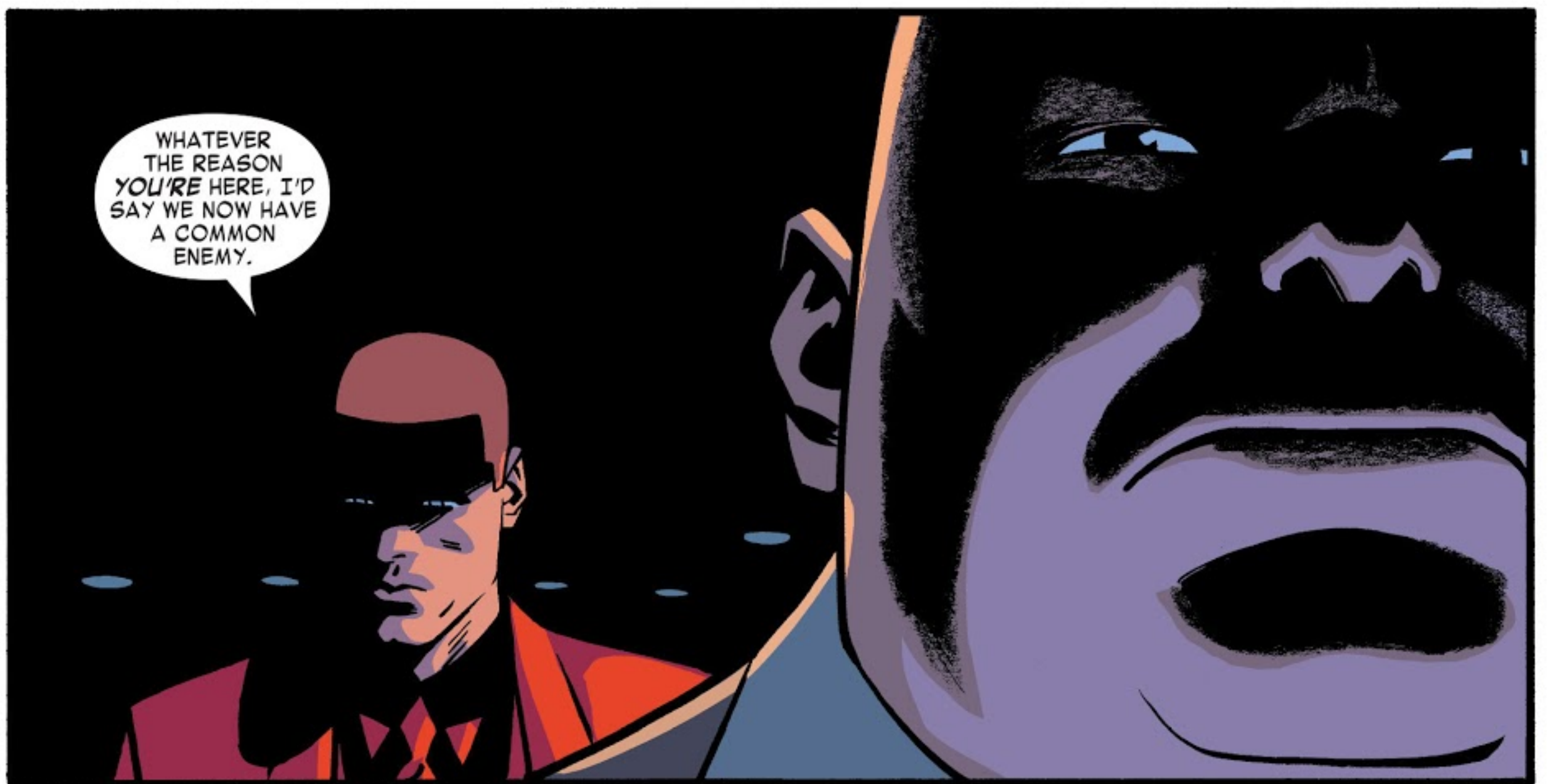


Today, he and I both learn what it means to make a deal with the *devil*.













But for the bass of his heartbeat, he goes mute as we wander amidst the *Degas* or *Picassos* or whatever he's assembled. They're all blank canvases to me.



It's obvious I want something, and he's savoring that. Fine. Let the baby have his bottle.



At least he's off-balance. He has tells only I can detect.

First, he's out of New York, out of his element.

Second, whatever happened to him in his time away, his body's still repairing itself. He's not at his peak power.



The irony is *killing* me. I'll probably never have a better chance than I do right now to *destroy* the most evil man I've ever *known*, and I don't *dare*.

Not with so much at stake.

HAVING A MUTUAL FOE HARDLY MAKES US ALLIES, MR. MURDOCK. WHAT DO YOU *DESIRE* THAT YOU WOULD COME TO ME?





WHAT YOU  
OFFER.  
PROTECTION.

SHROUD'S  
HUNG A BIG,  
FAT TARGET ON  
EVERYONE IN  
MY CREW.



YOU'RE THE  
ONLY MAN I KNOW  
WITH ENOUGH CLOUT  
TO GET THE PRESS, THE  
AUTHORITIES AND ALL MY  
ENEMIES TO BACK OFF  
IMMEDIATELY.

KIRSTEN AND  
THE DEPUTY MAYOR  
SHOULDN'T HAVE THEIR  
CAREERS RUINED BECAUSE  
THEY BEFRIENDED ME.  
FOGGY IS STILL FIGHTING  
CANCER AND THE STRESS  
OF BEING HOUNDED  
COULD KILL HIM.



IF YOU STILL  
HAVE THE JUICE  
THAT'S BEEN YOUR  
TRADEMARK, ONE WORD  
FROM THE KINGPIN AND  
THEIR HARASSMENT  
ENDS. THEIR SAFETY  
IS GUARANTEED.

I SEE.

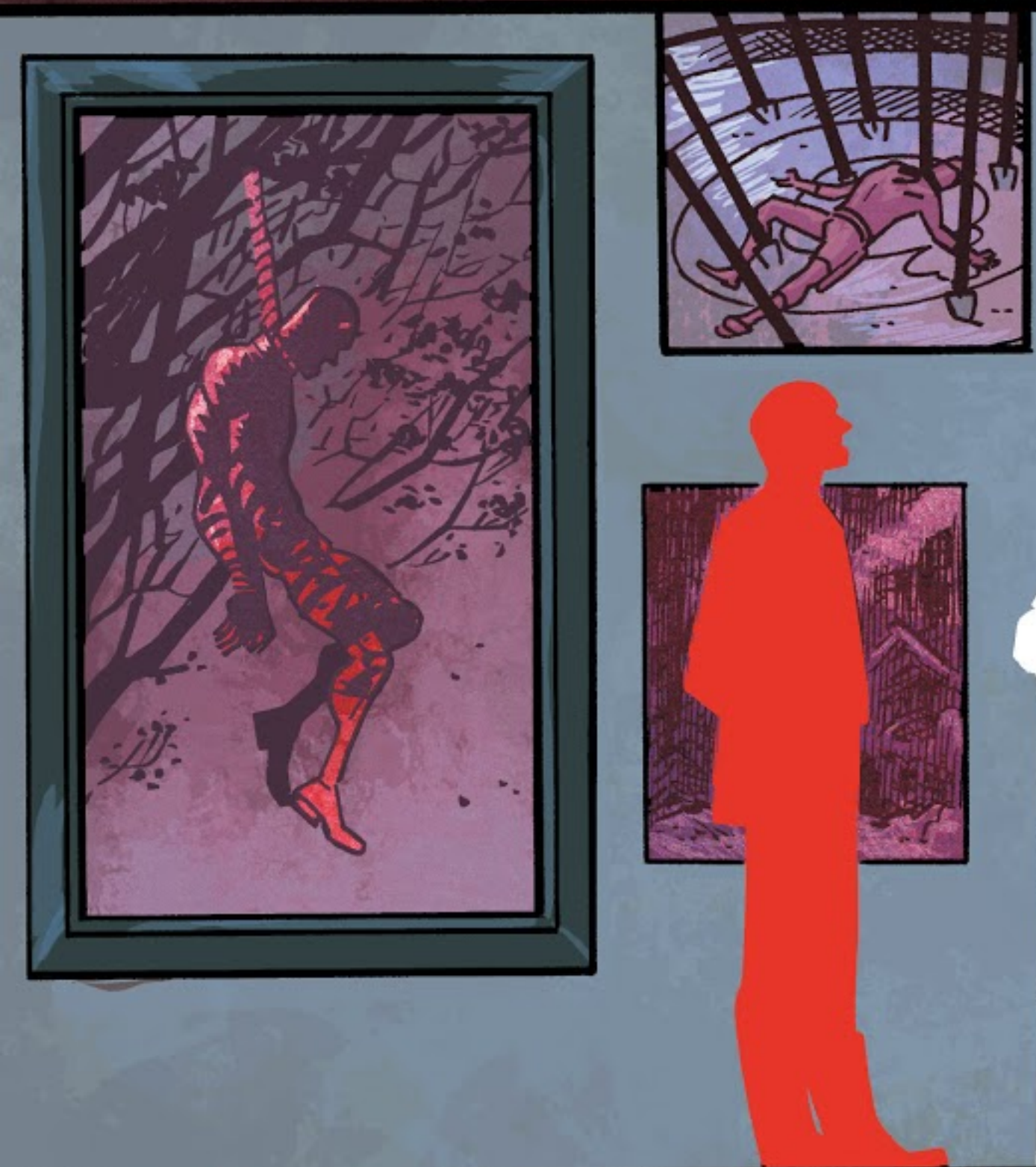
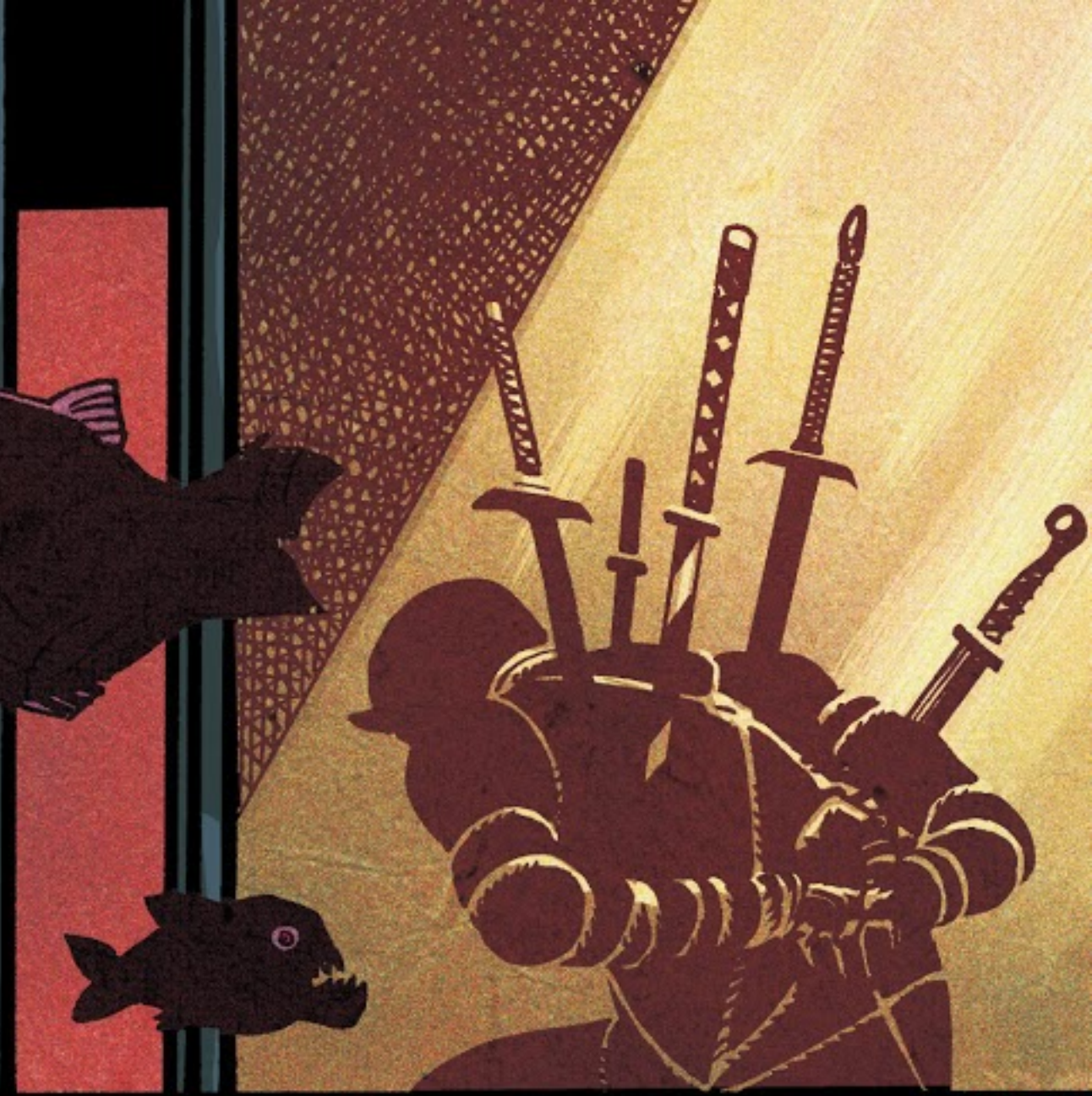
AND WHAT  
COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY OFFER  
ME IN RETURN  
FOR SUCH A...  
CONSIDERATION?



I OFFER  
YOU THE DEATH  
OF MATT  
MURDOCK.

INTERESTED?









KIRSTEN?  
HOW LONG HAS  
MATTY BEEN  
GONE?



WE LIVE IN A  
POST-WRISTWATCH  
WORLD. MY CLOCK IS  
MY PHONE, AND WE  
DON'T DARE TURN  
ON A PHONE.

STRAIGHT  
UP, FOGGY--  
MATT DID **NOT**  
**TELL** YOU WHAT  
HE'S GOING TO  
SAY TO FISK?



NOT A  
WORD. HE KNEW WE  
WERE BOTH GOING TO  
TRY TO STOP HIM. GIVING  
US DETAIL WOULDN'T  
HAVE MADE A  
DIFFERENCE.

OH, WELL.  
AT LEAST  
MATTY'S GOT A SOLID  
TRACK RECORD FOR  
THINGS GOING WELL  
WHEN HE ACTS  
IMPULSIVELY.



±sight±  
±sight±





WHAT? THE WAY YOU WERE BEING HARASSED, I WOULDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT TO BE NEAR A PHONE.

I WAS EXPECTING A CALL. BEFORE ALL THIS BLEW UP.

FROM WHO? NO ONE HAS YOUR NUMBER BUT ME AND MATT.



AND MY ONCOLOGIST.

HE WAS GOING TO TELL ME HOW LONG I'VE GOT LEFT.



























He enjoyed that. He loves it when he thinks he's gotten under my skin. But he won't *reply*.

I've just handed him the ability to control me--*much* more satisfying than simply *murdering* me--and he's searching for a *loophole*.

Why can't you ever just take the gift you're *given*, you sick bastard?



Go for the *gavel*, Matt. Push him.

I'LL WITHDRAW MY OFFER AT NOON.

NOW, IF YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME...



"...I HAVE WORK TO DO."





I loathe airports.



Between the noise and the bustle, I might as well be a bumblebee in a turbine.



While I wait, I pray for Foggy. And for Kirsten's forgiveness.



For the memory of how it feels to be held by her, or to hear his laugh.

I pray that they will understand how much I love them.



I've met Julia Carpenter once or twice, in passing, but I could never identify her in a mob.

I can't even get past the TSA without causing more commotion than I can handle.

What I'm hoping is that I can find her *fast*--









MAX? MAX,  
IS THAT YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?

I'M  
PUTTING  
THINGS BACK  
TOGETHER  
IN MY LIFE,  
JULIA.



START  
WITH YOUR  
JAW.

Enough people are screaming  
"blind" that it's not hard to guess  
the shroud's cloaked the area.

Which means  
Kingpin's men can't  
find her, either, so--



MS.  
CARPENTER,  
STAY  
CLOSE!

IT'S  
PAREDEVIL!  
I'LL HANDLE  
THIS!

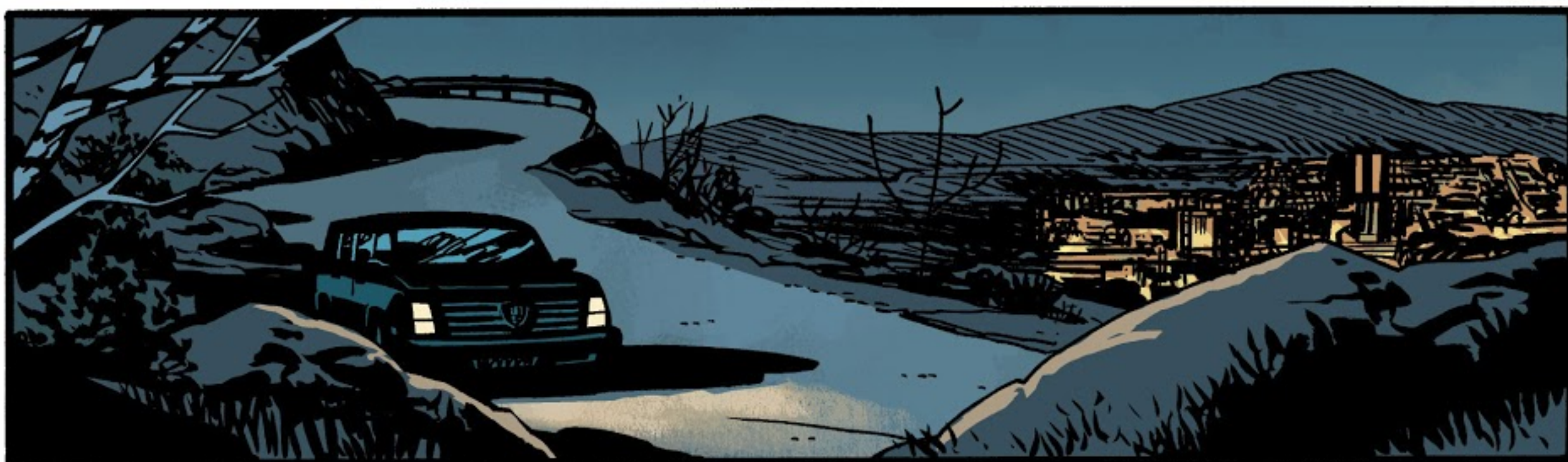


KRAK











...I  
ALREADY  
HAVE  
THAT.

TO HELL  
WITH THE  
OWL.



**NEXT:**  
**FINALE PART 1**



WAID • SAMNEE • WILSON

# DAREDEVIL



SAMNEE:15  
MW





There's no walking away from this one.

He calls himself *Ikari*. He has all of my fighting abilities. His enhanced senses are as sharp as *mine*.



And there's one other thing:

He can *see*.



We've been brawling for hours, but we're almost done...



...because all I can do is let him *kill me*.



## PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: he is Daredevil.

To protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Recent rumors of The Owl's escape led Matt to team up with the villain's daughter, Jubula Pride, in an effort to find him. The two discovered The Shroud, one of Daredevil's alleged allies, was using the villain to power a surveillance super-computer to track down his ex-girlfriend, Julia Carpenter.

Unable to extricate The Owl, Matt and Jubula fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life.

Murdock's only chance to rebuild his reputation was to seek help from Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. the Kingpin, but nothing good can come from making a deal with the devil...



# MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

# MATTHEW WILSON

COLORIST

# VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

LETTERER

# SAMNEE & WILSON

COVER

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SIX HOURS AGO.  
SAN FRANCISCO  
INTERNATIONAL  
AIRPORT.

YOUR  
EX FOR MY  
FATHER, SHROUD!  
THAT'S WHAT I'M  
OFFERING!

WELL?

Jubula was just fighting  
for her dad, the Owl...  
but her timing was jaw-  
droppingly awful.

JUBULA,  
**NO!**

YOU'RE  
MAKING HER A  
TARGET--!

The only reason I  
knew where to find  
Julia Carpenter--

--was because  
Kingpin had sent  
his own men to  
round her up.

I'M  
NOT A  
HOSTAGE,  
BITCH.

I USED  
TO BE  
SPIDER-  
WOMAN.

**KRAK**

NF!

SHOW SOME  
RESPECT!

**FWAK**





MAX, GET  
OUT OF MY  
WAY!



He didn't.  
He just kept  
dishing out rage.

I had to attend  
to what really  
mattered...



...before  
it became  
too late.









Fisk obviously knew that if he had *Julia*, he could control the *Shroud*--

--and, thus, the *Owl*.

If I'd made the effort, I bet I could literally have heard Fisk sweating with anticipation over the opportunity to monitor and manipulate every bit of electronic data on the West Coast.



**FOUR HOURS AGO.**  
**KINGPIN'S PENTHOUSE**

His ambition complicated things.

HE'S EXPECTING ME.

**WAM**



He and I *both* wanted Shroud out of the picture, but I wasn't willing to simply hand him an innocent woman to use as a poker chip.

I'd *take* her away from Fisk if necessary, but since he and I were in the middle of bartering a deal, it'd be easier to *negotiate* her safety.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I'D LET YOU GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPING?



**SNP**





NOW.

Nothing's  
easy.



Not now.



BACK  
TO DARK  
GLASSES  
I SEE,  
MURDOCK?



OLD  
HABITS DIE  
HARD, I  
SUPPOSE.

TELL ME  
WHO YOU'D LIKE  
THEM *DELIVERED*  
TO AND I'LL DO  
YOU THE  
*COURTESY...*





THE SHROUD HAS A PSYCHOTIC FIXATION ON THAT WOMAN, WHICH IS PROBABLY WHY SHE LEFT HIM AND **CERTAINLY** WHY HE WANTS HER BACK.



WE CAN MAKE **OUR** ARRANGEMENT WITHOUT HAVING TO INVOLVE HER.

IN FACT, I HAVE TO **INSIST**. LET JULIA CARPENTER GO OR BE PREPARED TO RENEGOTIATE **OUR** DEAL.

TAKE ME TO HER.



WITH PLEASURE.

He wasn't pushing back. His pulse holds steady.



Something was *wrong*. Something *bad*.



There was something I wasn't *accounting* for and it *baffled* me.



And with the turn of a doorknob, Fisk upended the entire *chessboard*.

The heartbeats and scents in the room were unmistakable.

Julia...

...Foggy...

...Kirsten...













Ikari may have forgotten, but I didn't.



The cops are hunting me under an open-fire command.



Presuming they've been advised of Ikari's prison break, I'm sure the same order applies to him.



I wish it scared him.



!



I wish anything did.









I DRAW MY POWER FROM OPERATING IN PRIVATE, MR. MURDOCK.

I MAINTAIN MY AUTHORITY BY HIDING MY RESOURCES, NOT PARADING THEM FOR OTHERS TO SCRUTINIZE AND REND.

I PREFER NOT TO ANNOUNCE MY PRESENCE OR EVEN MY WHEREABOUTS.



I'M AT MY MOST EFFECTIVE WHEN OTHERS ARE TERRIFIED OF SO MUCH AS MENTIONING MY NAME.

IF YOU WISH TO APOLOGIZE TO MY GUESTS FOR HAVING CHOSEN A FAR LESS STRATEGIC PATH, I WON'T STAND IN YOUR WAY.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE EVERYTHING I WANT.



I OWN YOU.



YOUR OFFER TO ABANDON MURDOCK'S WORLD? TO GIVE PAREDEVIL A NEW IDENTITY ONLY YOU AND I WOULD KNOW?

THAT WAS RIFE WITH POTENTIAL. BY THE TIME YOU'D FINISHED THE SENTENCE, I'D ALREADY IMAGINED FOUR WAYS TO LEISURELY DESTROY YOU WITH THAT.



BUT NOW YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BARGAIN WITH. SO HERE'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE.

YOU WANT ME TO WORK FOR YOU.













Hours on,  
the best I can  
hope for is a  
stalemate.



I've managed  
it long into  
the *night*.



But Ikari was  
rested and  
prepared.  
I was *not*.



I won't let Fisk take  
Foggy or Kirsten  
away from me.  
I can't let him win.



But if I lose, there's no  
guarantee they'll be safe.  
No one can rescue them.











NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



ONE OF KINGPIN'S CHATTEL TALKED.

HE TOLD ME FISK IS IN TOWN AND HAS JULIA.

IF WE GO IN TOGETHER, WE CAN RECLAIM HER.

Oh, my God. This is the absolute *last* thing I need right now--!

LISTEN TO ME! THIS ISN'T HELPING!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

WE BOTH KNOW I CAN DEFEAT YOU. THIS ONE'S BARELY A CHALLENGE.















# MAN WITHOUT FEAR

the autobiography of

# **DAREDEVIL**

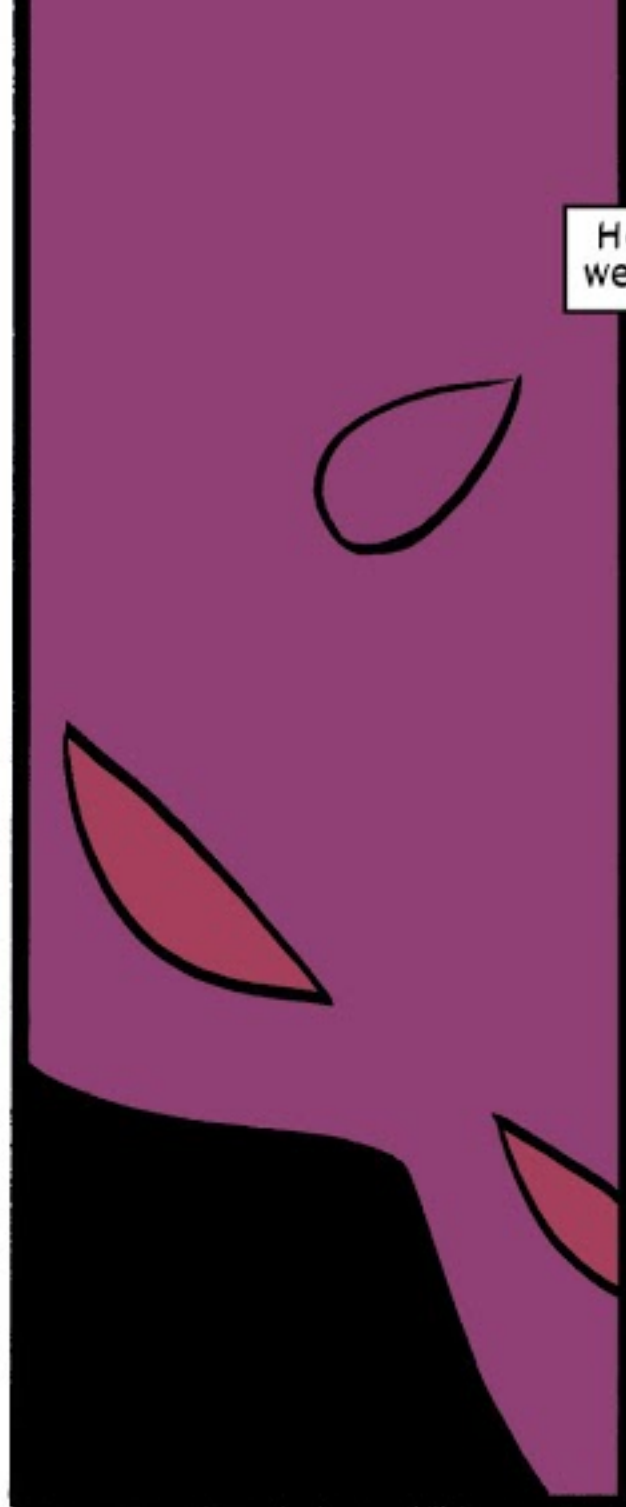
## MATTHEW MURDOCK

WALD  
SAMNEE  
WILSON

**MARVEL**

018





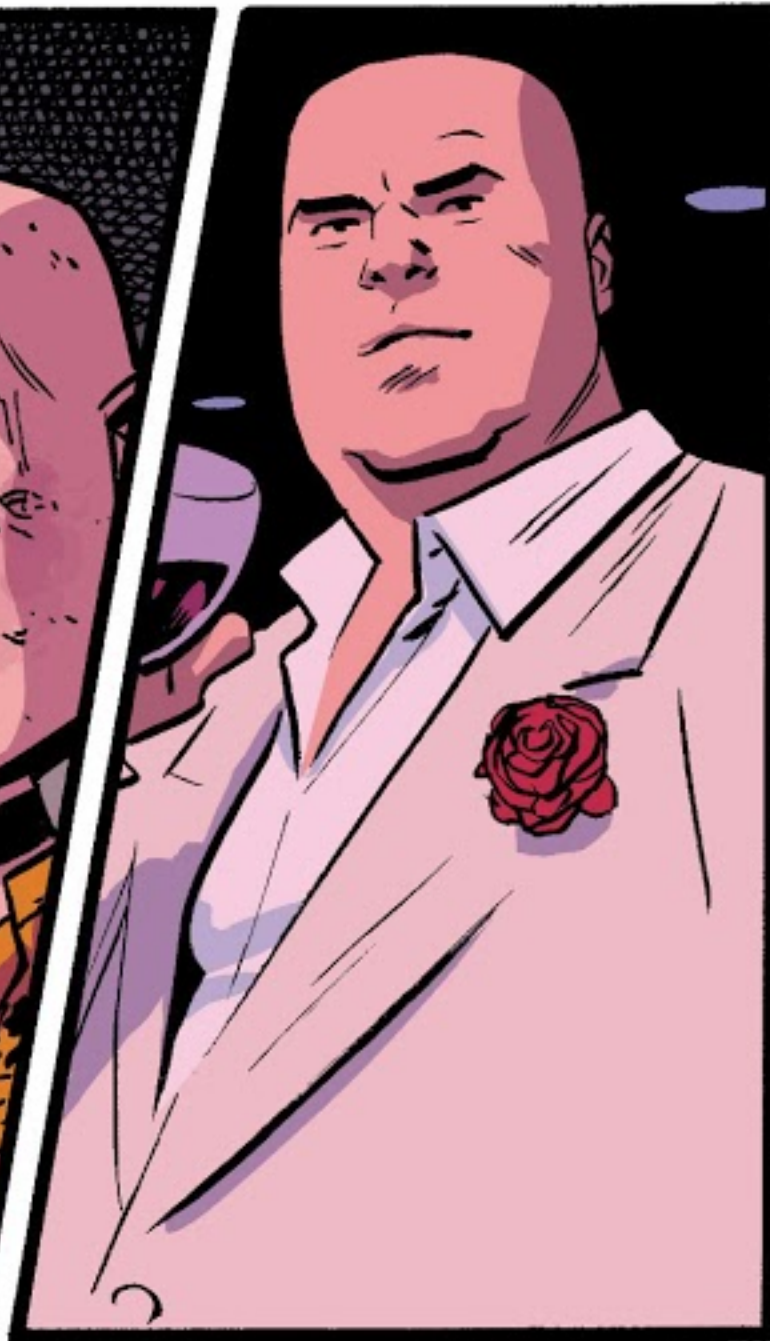
Here  
we go.



One last  
chance to  
either make  
everything  
*right*...



...or to condemn  
myself and those  
I love to the most  
merciless death  
imaginable.









## PREVIOUSLY:

After years of maintaining a secret identity, Matt Murdock has come clean to the world: he is Daredevil. His heightened senses, including his 360-degree radar sense, are now a matter of public record.

In order to protect his best friend Foggy Nelson from Daredevil's enemies, Matt very publicly faked Foggy's death. They then moved to San Francisco, where Matt opened a new law practice with his girlfriend, Kirsten McDuffie.

Rumors of The Owl's escape led Matt to team up with his foe's daughter, Jubula Pride, to find him. The two discovered The Shroud, Daredevil's alleged ally, was using The Owl to power a surveillance super-computer to find his ex-girlfriend, Julia Carpenter.

Unable to extricate The Owl, Matt and Jubula fled, but not before The Shroud broadcast malefic footage of Matt's personal and professional life.

To salvage his reputation, Matt turned to Wilson Fisk, a.k.a. the Kingpin. But Fisk double-crossed Daredevil, taking Julia, Kirsten and Foggy captive and forcing Matt into a death match with the assassin Ikari. Matters were only made worse when The Shroud intervened and killed Ikari...

Without a hope and with everything to lose, Matt faces his darkest hour...



# MARK WAID & CHRIS SAMNEE

STORYTELLERS

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We have maybe *minutes* before Kingpin figures out what's going on.

DADDY,  
PLEASE...I'M  
TRYING TO  
GET YOU  
OUT...

YOU  
WENT BEHIND  
MY BACK,  
JUBULA.



WE'LL  
TABLE THAT  
FOR NOW.

EVERY  
SECOND  
COUNTS.



IF YOUR  
FATHER'S LISTENING  
TO YOU AT ALL,  
THIS IS THE TIME TO  
POUR YOUR *HEART*  
OUT TO HIM...

Fisk has a unique tell:  
a specific way his  
breath slows when  
he's disappointed.



As it sinks into him that  
Daredevil's no longer his to  
murder *personally*, he's  
breathing like that now.

His hostages  
aren't breathing  
at *all*.





Like Fisk, they think I'm dead at Ikari's hands.



They haven't yet tipped to the fact that I'm so desperate to rescue them...somehow, against impossible odds...



...that I'm wearing the clothes I pulled off a *dead man*.

LET ME MASQUERADE--

MY WAY OR NO WAY. YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLE.

THE FASTER YOU GET TO IT, THE FASTER I CAN TAKE MY RAGE OUT ON YOU AFTERWARD FOR YOUR PART IN THIS. YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU WANT. GO.

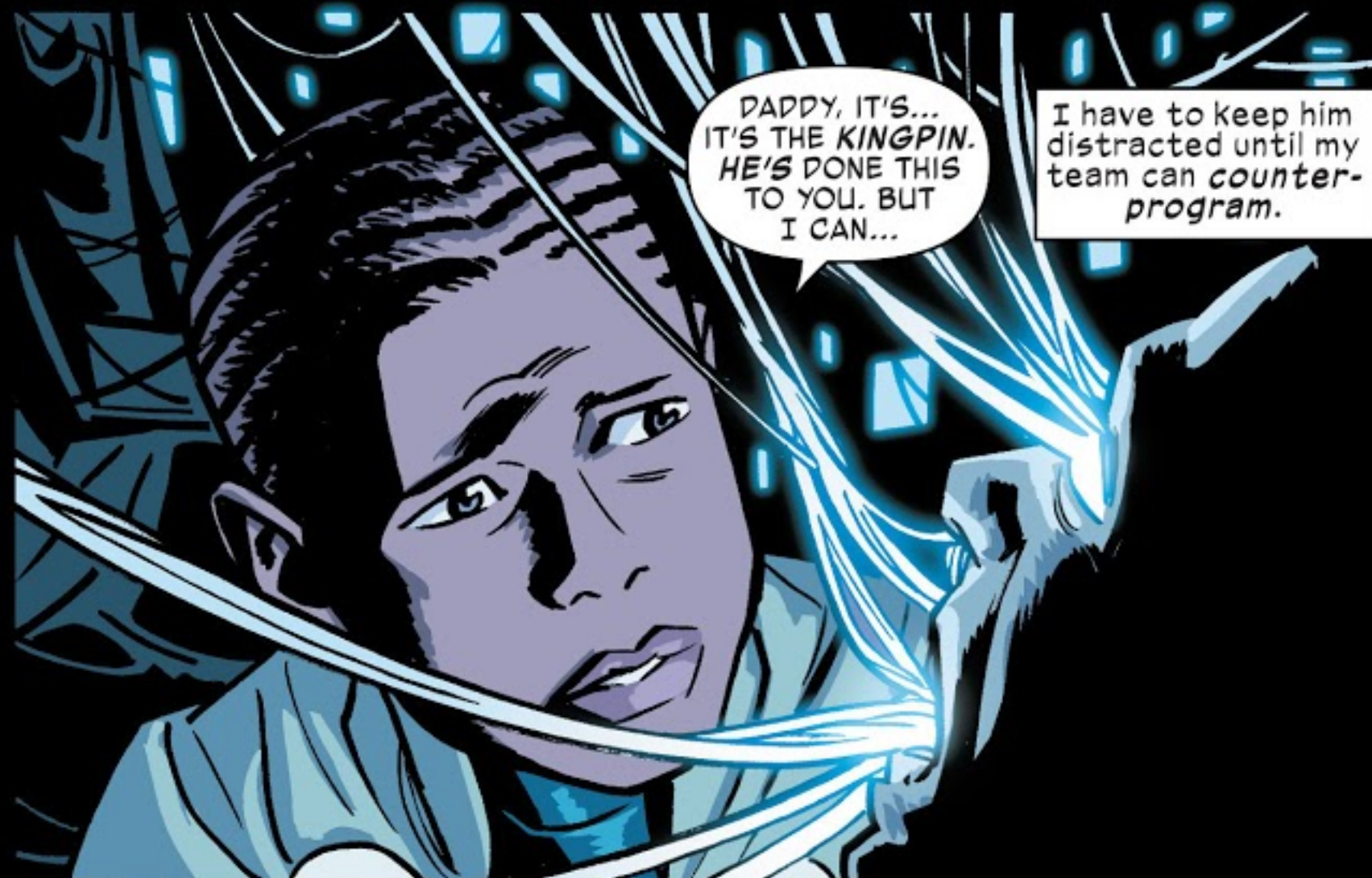


Too many guns, not enough exits. What I have in mind is the only option. I'm stalling by giving Fisk what he was half expecting, but that'll play only so long.

Any moment now, one news radio-listening goon or another is bound to break the electronics embargo here...

...and storm in to show Fisk news footage of The Shroud throwing Ikari off a *rooftop*.

TELL THE LIE AND I'LL SET HIM FREE.



DADDY, IT'S... IT'S THE KINGPIN. HE'S DONE THIS TO YOU. BUT I CAN...

I have to keep him distracted until my team can *counter-program*.



...I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO GET REVENGE...





He's waiting for me to speak further, but one wrong word, one misstep, could blow everything. I have no idea what's already been said between Ikari and Fisk.

I'm banking on two things.

One: Because the sound of voices is so routinely critical to my survival, I tend to listen intently enough to be a passable *mimic*.



STILL SERVING DINNER?

Two:



I'm not so passable that *another blind person* would necessarily be fooled.

I'LL HAVE A PLATE MADE UP.

One who used to be a trained combatant *herself*.



THIS CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE MURDOCK'S COWL.

YOU DELIVERED THE CORPSE IN THE EXACT MANNER WE DISCUSSED? I REQUIRE UNMISTAKABLE VERIFICATION, YOU UNDERSTAND.



Damn it.

OF COURSE.

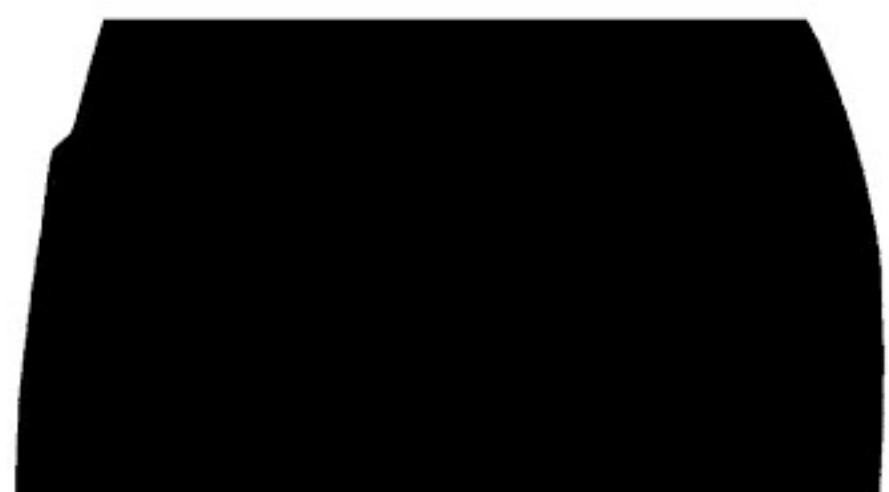


THEN SHOW ME.



WELL?

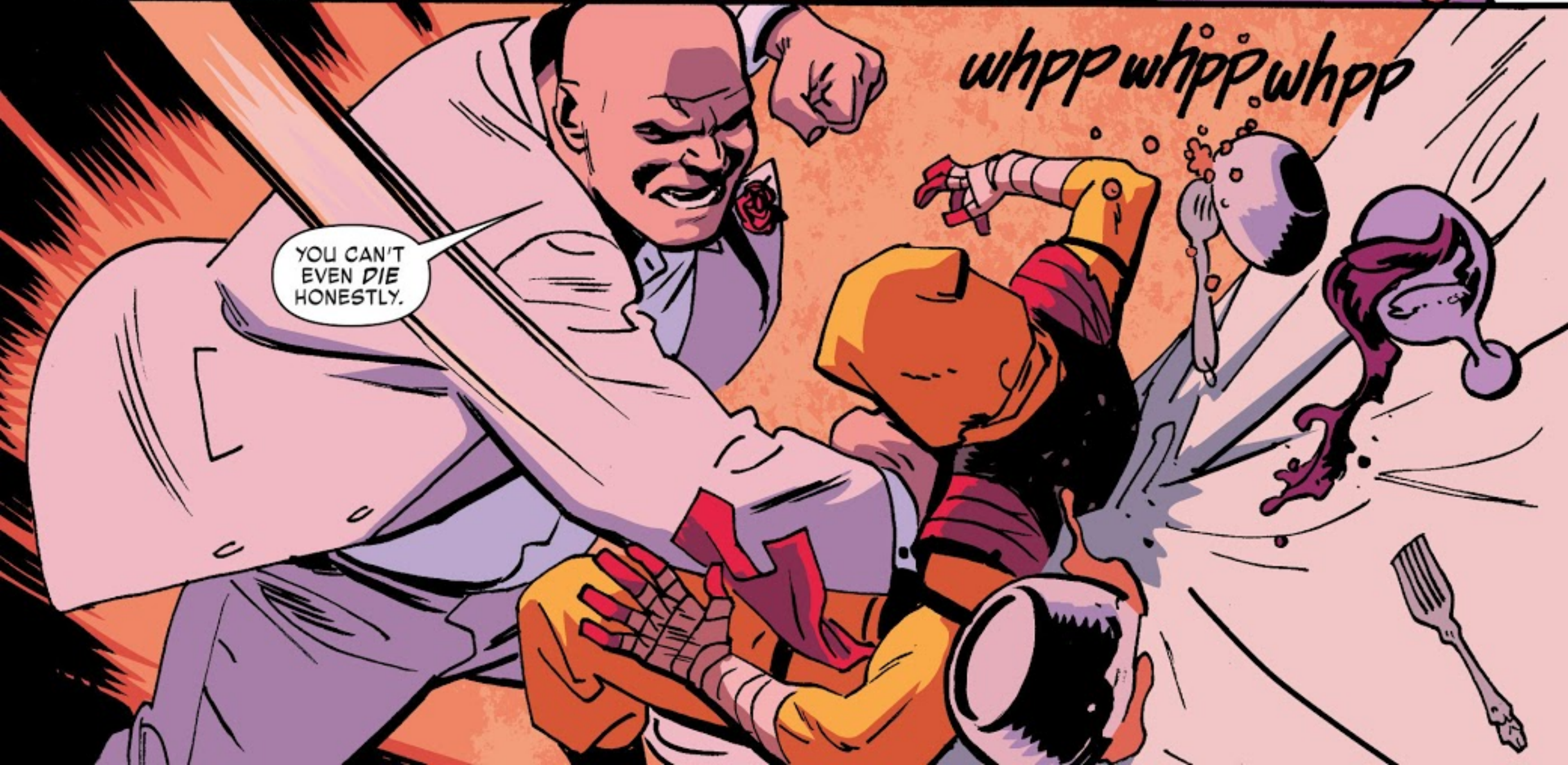
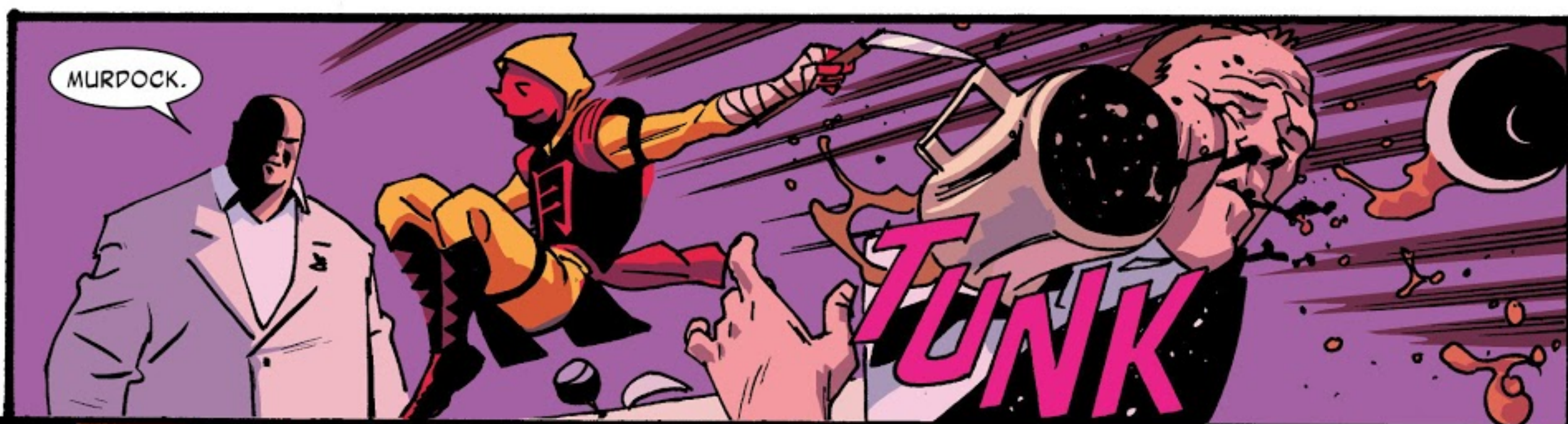
SORRY. I WAS JUST REMEMBERING HOW MUCH HE *BEGGED* AND *CRIED* AT THE END.







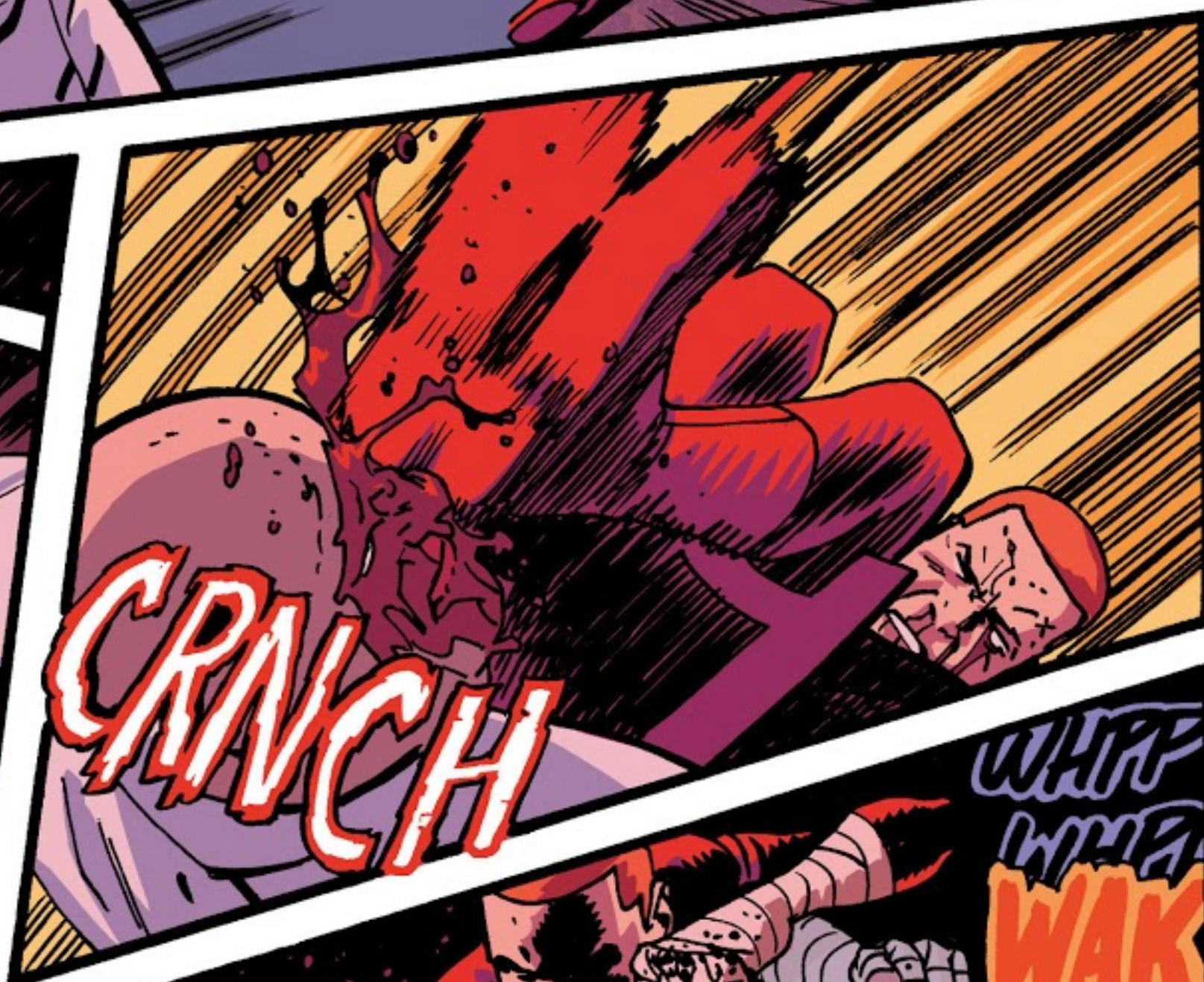














WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP-WHPP



FULL  
DISCLOSURE.

EVERY SECRET  
BUSINESS DEALING,  
EVERY HIDDEN BANK  
ACCOUNT, EVERY  
CLANDESTINE  
RECORD--

--EVERY CONCEIVABLE BIT  
OF DATA REGARDING AT-  
LARGE FELON WILSON FISK IS  
CURRENTLY BEING SIMULCAST  
TO EVERY SCREEN IN  
THE BAY AREA--

--AND THIS  
STATION IS BEING  
ADVISED THAT FEDERAL  
AGENTS ARE EVEN  
NOW CONVERGING ON  
FISK'S CURRENT  
LOCATION!



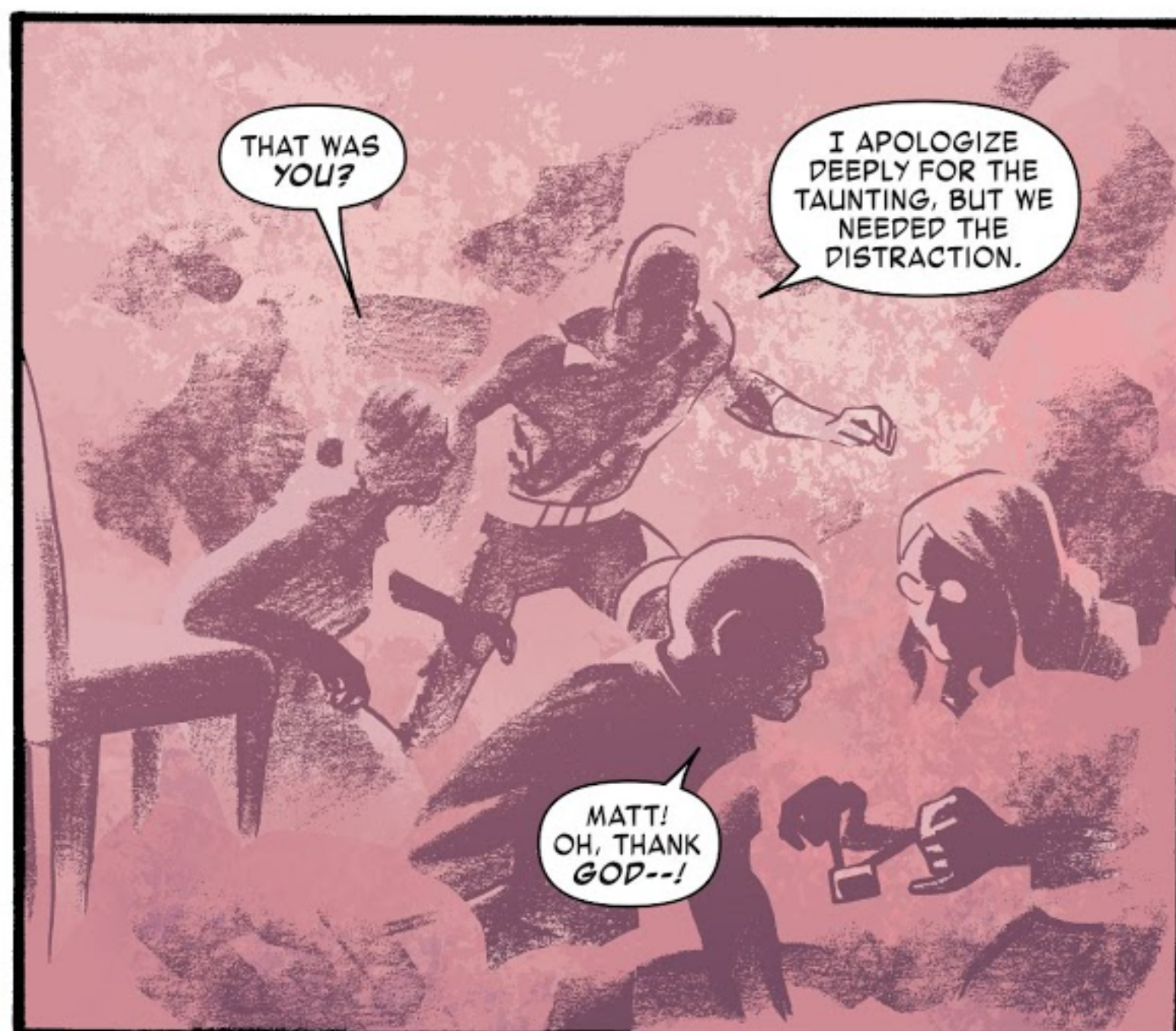
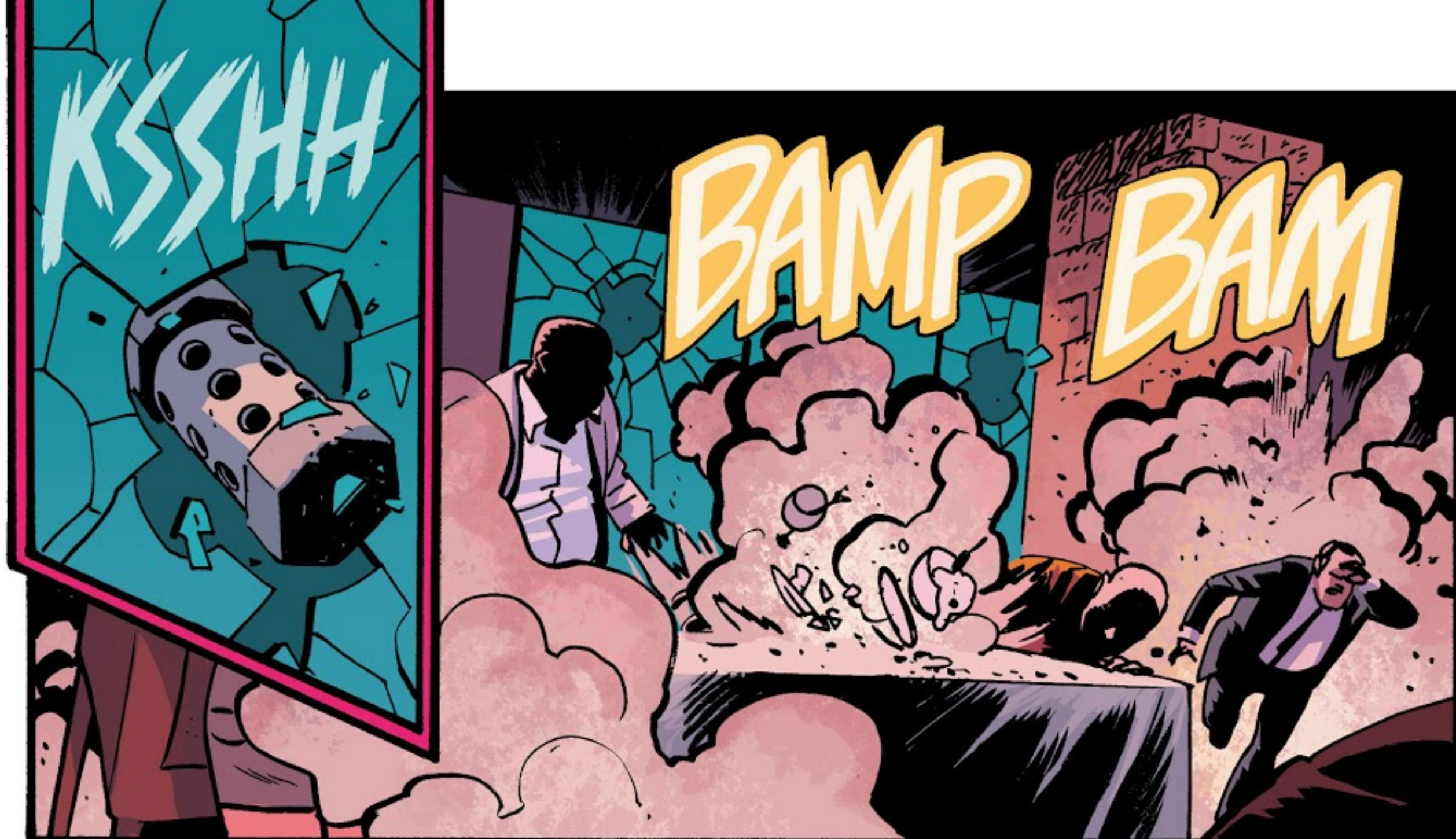
I DRAW  
MY POWER  
FROM OPERATING  
IN *PRIVATE*,  
MR. MURDOCK.

I MAINTAIN  
MY AUTHORITY BY  
HIDING MY RESOURCES,  
NOT *PARADING*  
THEM FOR OTHERS TO  
*SCRUTINIZE*  
AND *REND*.



YOU WERE  
SAYING...?











It's not over.

There are always loose ends left to tie up.

--TO-TIE-UP.

SAVING FILE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY"...

The Shroud was one. By the time I doubled back to his hideout, The Owl and Jubula were long gone--and just as whatever Fisk's eventual stab at revenge will be, they're a problem for another day.

The Shroud, we caught. Julia joined me. She was an amazing sport. She knew he would never stop menacing the public until the two of them were finally reunited.

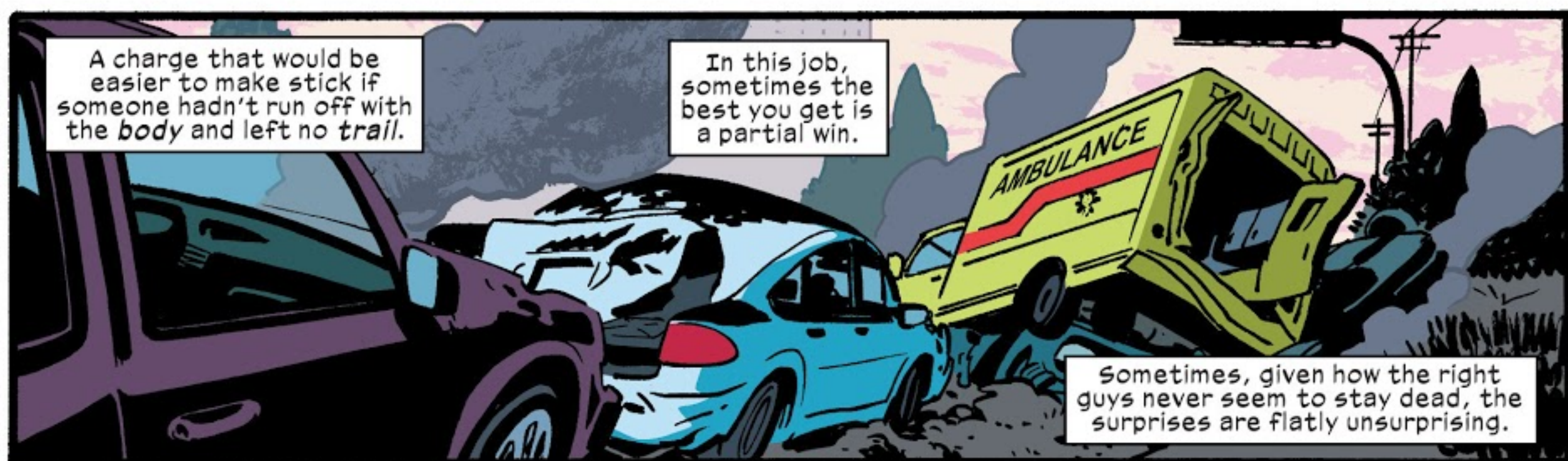
It takes a lot to step up to a crazy ex.

Even when your lips have been coated with enough tranquilizer to bring down a bear.

He'll join Fisk behind bars.

After all, he was-- among his many other crimes-- responsible for the murder of *Ikari*.





A charge that would be easier to make stick if someone hadn't run off with the *body* and left no *trail*.

In this job, sometimes the best you get is a partial win.

Sometimes, given how the right guys never seem to stay dead, the surprises are flatly unsurprising.



Sometimes you get to walk away from the worst of it, albeit with an awful limp.

The Deputy Mayor had my arrest warrant rescinded and helped clear my name against all my firm's angry, wiretapped clients...



...but there wasn't much she could do about restoring our credibility as *attorneys*.

But every great once in a while...



...whenever God takes count and decides you've built up enough good karma...







...you get  
an all-out  
victory.



OH, GOD,  
FOGGY--!

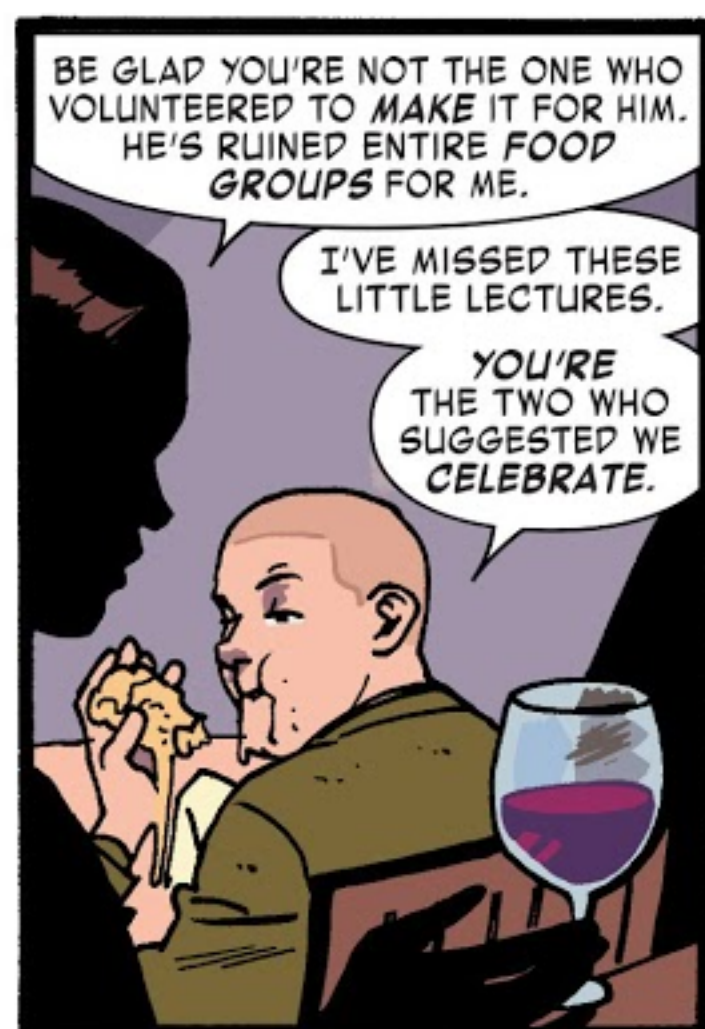
...MMM!  
yyysdd I cld  
MMPPH hvve  
MMM-ything...

BECAUSE  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
THERE WAS  
SUCH A THING  
AS WEAPONS-  
GRADE HEAD  
CHEESE!



IFFFF  
SMACK my  
pzza.

THAT'S NOT PIZZA.  
PIZZA DOESN'T MAKE  
ANGELS CRY. WHY IS  
THERE KETCHUP  
ON IT?



BE GLAD YOU'RE NOT THE ONE WHO  
VOLUNTEERED TO MAKE IT FOR HIM.  
HE'S RUINED ENTIRE FOOD  
GROUPS FOR ME.

I'VE MISSED THESE  
LITTLE LECTURES.

YOU'RE  
THE TWO WHO  
SUGGESTED WE  
CELEBRATE.

WHEN I  
CAUGHT A WHIFF OF  
YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY  
BACK IN FISK'S DINING  
ROOM, I NEARLY BROKE  
CHARACTER. IT GAVE  
ME HOPE.



HOPE  
REWARDED. MY  
DOCTOR SAYS MY  
CANCER'S IN FULL  
REMISSION.

CONGRATULATIONS,  
SIR. WELL DESERVED.



TOMORROW, BACK TO A  
SENSIBLE DIET?

I PROMISE.  
TODAY, I DINE LIKE  
A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD  
WITH A PRIVATE  
CHEF.

GARCÓN!  
MY PORK  
RINDS AU  
JUS, PLEASE!



DESSERT IS FOR  
CLOSERS. ARE  
YOU TWO READY TO  
GO JOIN MY DAD  
AGAINST A SEA OF  
REPORTERS  
SO WE CAN GET  
ON WITH OUR  
LIVES?



THAT  
WAS THE  
DEAL.

THAT KEPT  
HIM FROM  
CANCELLING MY  
AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
AND SUING  
ME.

SMALL PRICE. C'MON. THIS  
IS A WALK OF THE CAKE  
VARIETY. THEY JUST WANT  
TO KNOW DEETS LIKE WHY  
YOU FAKED FOGGY'S  
DEATH, WHY OUR CLIENTS  
GOT RECORDED,  
ETCETERA.

ALL OF  
WHICH YOU  
HAVE PERFECTLY  
GOOD ANSWERS  
FOR.

PUT ON  
YOUR CHARM,  
DO THAT WHOLE  
GRATINGLY TRANSPARENT  
THING, AND WE CAN  
FINALLY MOVE ON TO  
WHATEVER'S NEXT IN  
THIS WACKO LIFE.



READY?

AFTER  
YOU.



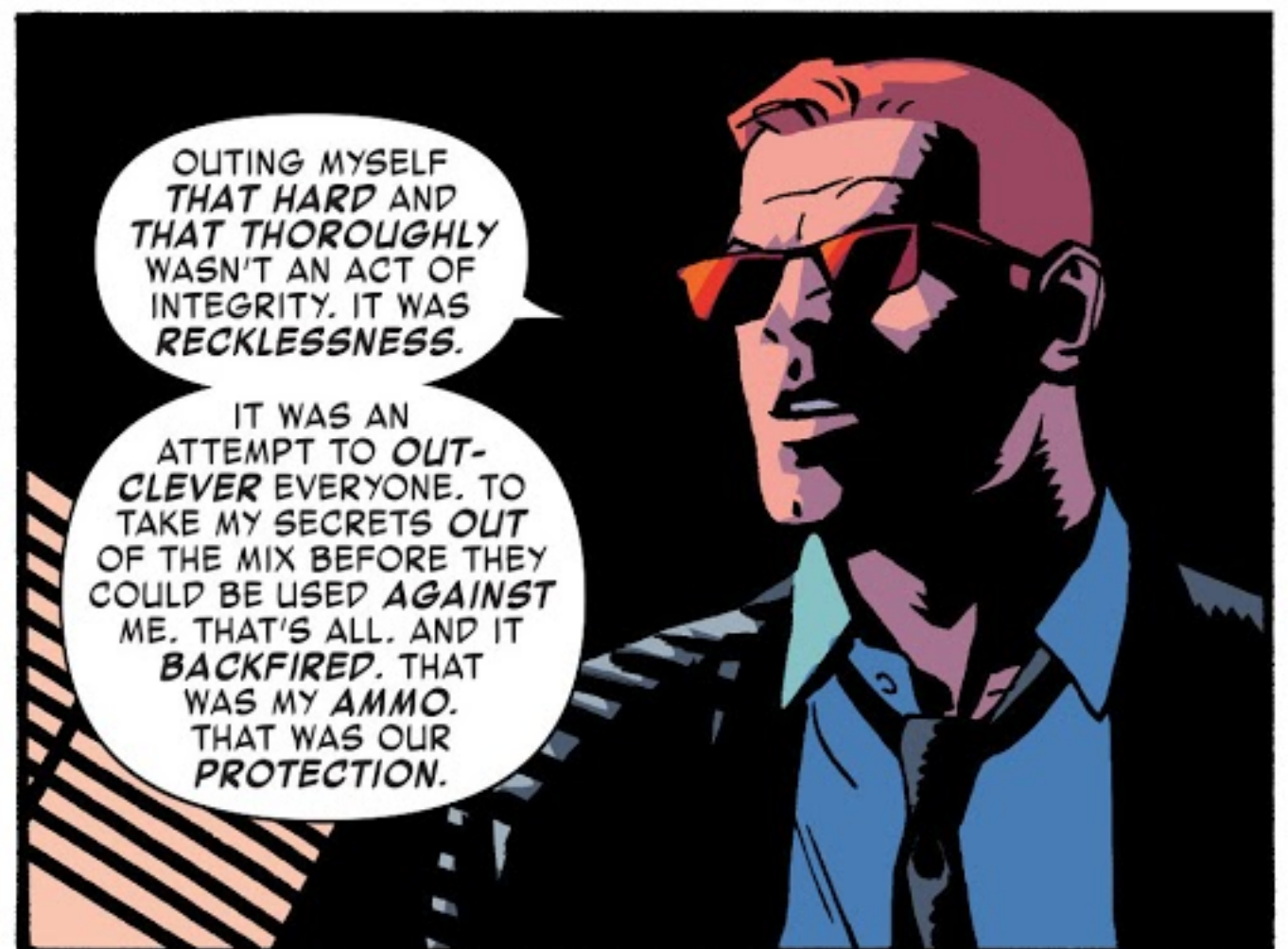
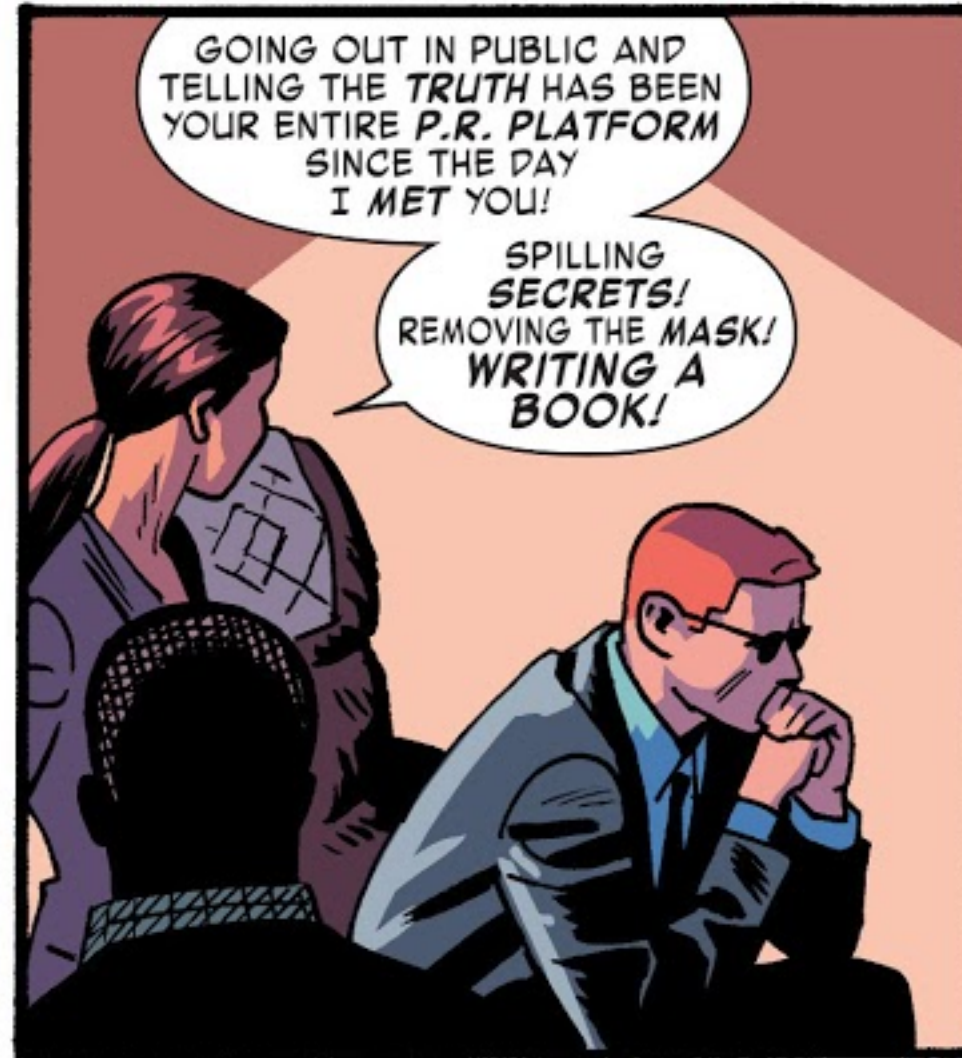
CAN WE GET  
THIS SHOW ON  
THE ROAD,  
PLEASE?

SORRY.  
GANG'S ALL  
HERE, DAD.

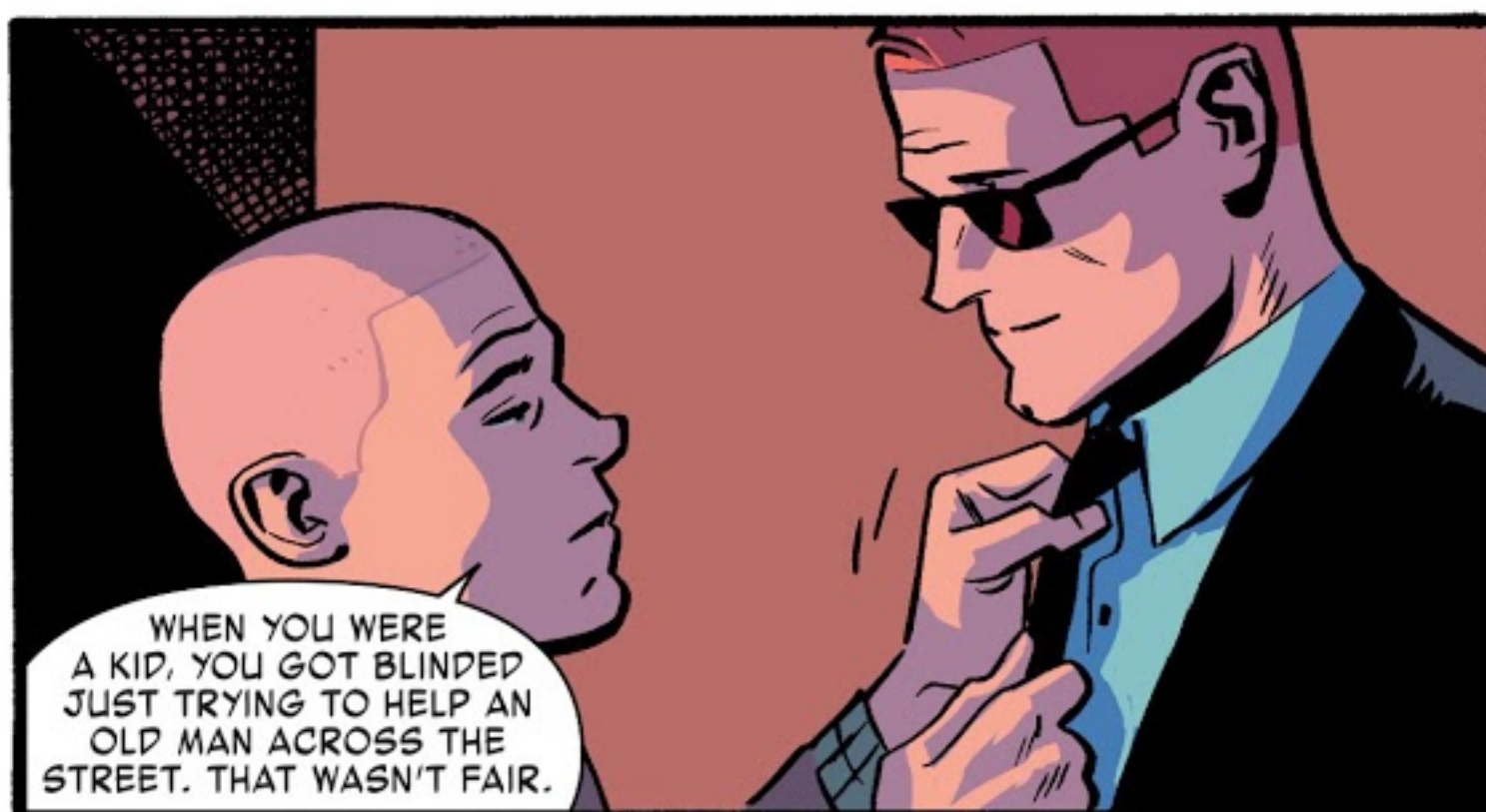
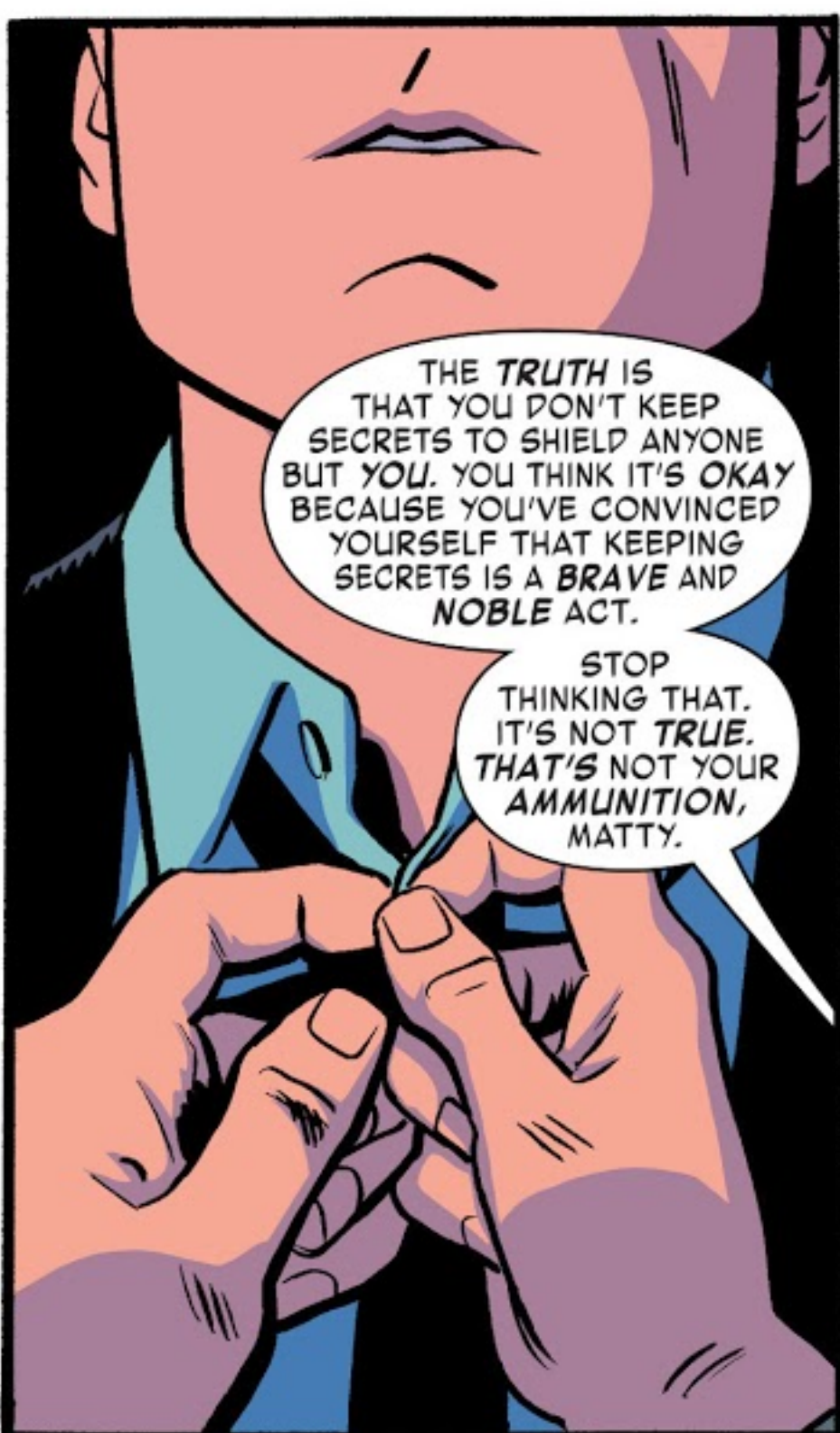


OH?

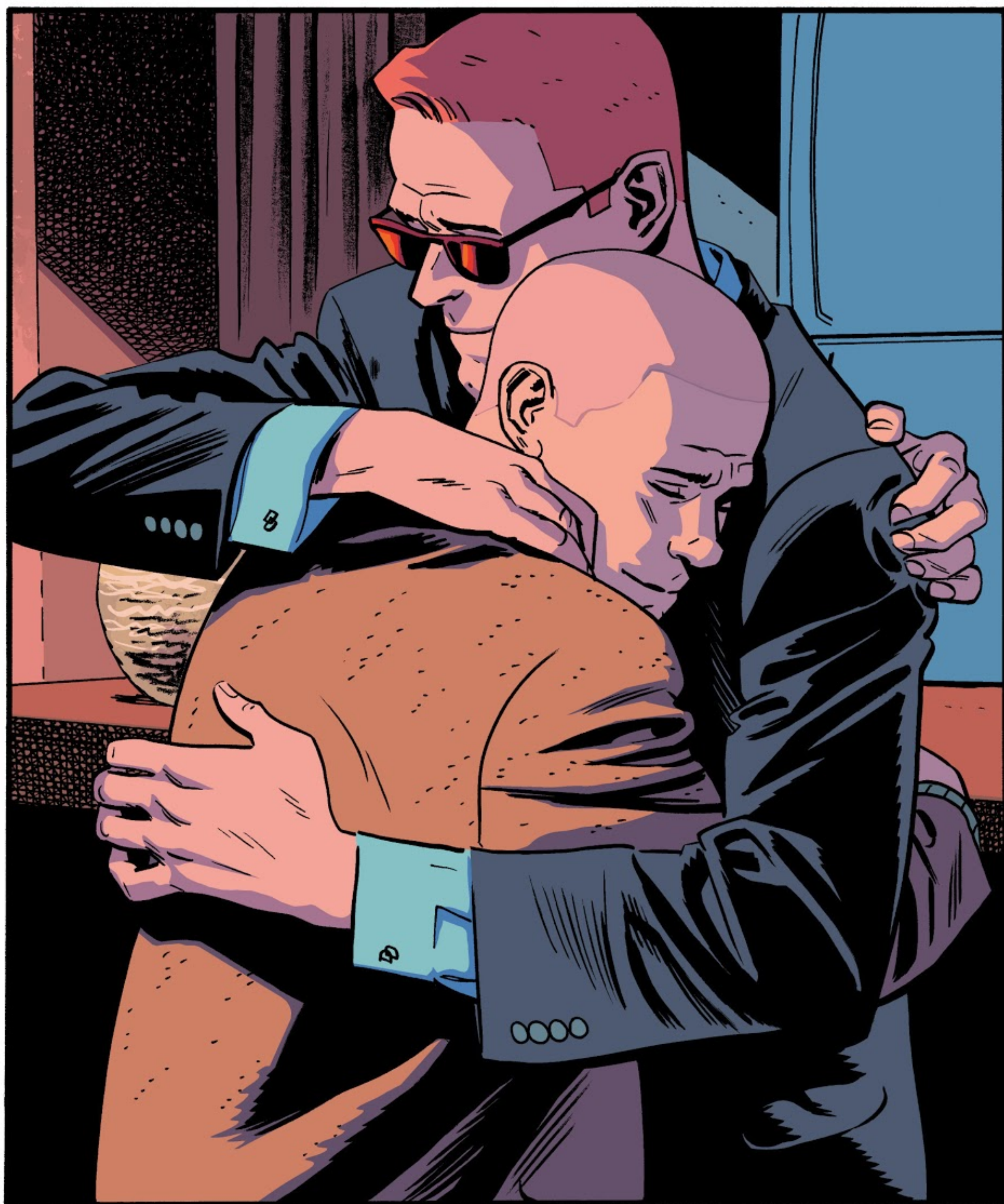










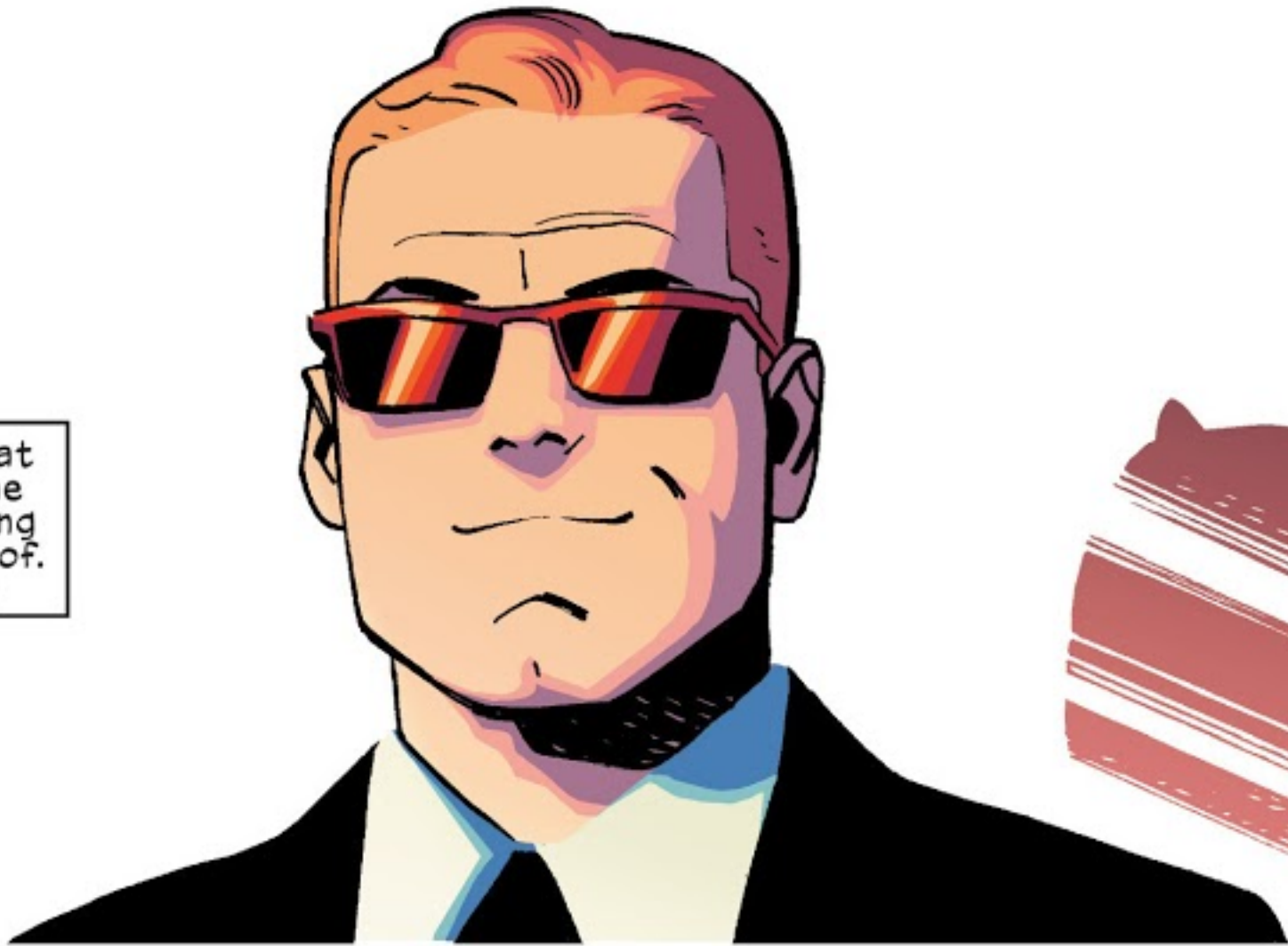






Perhaps those two things aren't wholly unrelated.

I can see that now. That the light is nothing to be *afraid* of. Not really.





I mean, I may not  
have *eyes*, but for  
the love of God...

...I'm not  
*blind*.

# THE END

